

HIS SECOND VENTURE
Grand New Serial by
M^{RS} BAILLIE REYNOLDS

The **Quiver**

April
1924

1/-
net





The Anzora Effect

ANZORA
CREAM
for slightly
greasy scalps

ANZORA
VIOLA
ideal for
dry scalps

1/6
PER BOTTLE
2/6
Double Quantity

ANZORA
Vanishing
CREAM
for ladies. Keeps
the skin soft
and white and
is delicately per-
fumed.

IN JARS 1/3



ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO LTD WILLESDEN LANE, N.W.6.

That "Kruschen" Feeling!

"He never could do it," you say? Well, perhaps he couldn't. But he *feels* like doing it. You'll feel the same, too, every day of your life, when you've made up your mind to practise the Kruschen habit of health—the habit of the "little daily dose."

Not One Salt but Six

Again the voice of the doubter is heard: "How can just a single salt do all this? I've taken Epsom and Glauber many a time, and never yet had a glimpse of that 'Kruschen' feeling."

Epsom and Glauber! Brimstone and treacle! Castor-oil and syrup of squills! You might as well chew a bunch of grapes and wonder why you remain sober.

Kruschen is *not* a single salt. Epsom and Glauber are, and therefore perform but a single function. They are merely a part of the treatment you need.

But Kruschen, the one and only Kruschen, is a blend of *six different salts*, each of which has a different duty to perform. Because, owing to the artificial life you lead, your system is prevented from supplying itself naturally with these six vital salts, you suffer from depression, headaches, undue fatigue, indigestion, "nerves"—to say nothing of rheumatism, gout and other ills caused by impurities of the blood and derangement of the inner mechanism.

NOW IN 3 SIZES

Kruschen Salts are now sold by all chemists in bottles of three sizes at the following prices:—

6d.
1s.
1s. 9d.



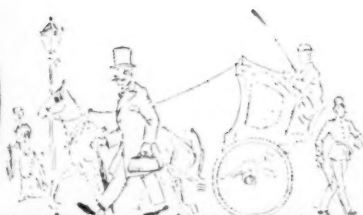
It's the little daily dose that does it!

Kruschen Salts prevent all these ills. They not only rid the body of all clogging waste matter, but they act directly on the blood stream, purifying and invigorating it and filling every vein in your system with tingling health and vitality. Remember—it's the *little daily dose that does it*. So make up your mind here and now to start and maintain the daily habit of health, and you will soon find yourself wondering how you ever got on in the old days without this splendid aid to fitness. A 1/9 bottle contains 96 morning "pinches." Get a bottle to-day.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Per 1219 d 95-



PLAYERS' NAVY CUT TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



Yesterday—

SMOKERS of the 'nineties were as difficult to please as those of this later generation. Yet twenty-five years ago the popularity of **PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO and CIGARETTES** was just as clearly defined as it is to-day. The quality has never faltered—never deviated from the high standard originally aimed at. They are

Better than ever to-day!

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

PLAYERS' NAVY CUT TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



'JACK'
An Allenbury Baby
Age 10 1/2 months

The Vital Question to Mothers—and the answer.

How to bring up baby—how to ensure the little one's happy progress through healthy infancy to sturdy childhood?

This is the vital question which confronts every mother who is unable to nurse her baby either wholly or in part. The mother of this sturdy boy found the answer—the only satisfactory one—in the

'Allenburys' Progressive System of Infant Feeding

This system has been approved by the highest authorities, and to-day more than ever it is recognised by those who know from experience to be the highest standard for Infant Feeding. The 'Allenburys' Foods are pure and free from contamination: they are of the correct character and composition and modified to meet the requirements of infants according to their ages. These Foods are designed particularly for Infant Feeding, and are manufactured by a unique series of processes which makes them peculiarly suitable for that purpose. Convincing evidence of this is their special suitability for use in conjunction with breast feeding.

MILK FOOD No. 1
Birth to 3 months

MILK FOOD No. 2
3 to 6 months

MALTED FOOD No. 3
6 months and onwards

MALTED RUSKS
Baby's first solid food

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

On receipt of the attached coupon
we will send **POST FREE** a

4oz. TIN OF FOOD

and
120 page BABY BOOK



*The 'Allenburys' Foods are prepared at
Ware, Hertfordshire, from the pure
milk of pedigree cows pastured in the
Home Counties.*

Coupon

Mrs. ...

requires, free, a copy of 'Infant Feeding & Management' and a sample of Food

Her baby's age is ...

Send this Free Coupon Today



Now Spring is here

This Spring, as never before, beauty is demanded in feminine footwear, and as always MASCOT Shoes intelligently interpret Fashion's latest caprice. But, what is more, their standard of quality is commensurate with their style, and the daintiest models give just as much comfort and service as do the Oxford and Derby shapes. Visit the local Depot and see the many delightful MASCOT Shoes on display.

MASCOT
Shoes from 18/6 per pr.

Write to-day for delightful Booklet of Spring Styles and name of nearest Agent.

NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

Now Published
at Three & Six net

Tell England
ERNEST RAYMOND

"His tribute to the heroism of youth is written with real sympathy and power."—*Punch*. "‘Tell England’ is a story which all England should read."—*Tatler*.

Cassell's, Publishers, London.

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists, 4s. 6d. a tin.

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**RESTAURANT CAR
EXPRESSES**

BETWEEN

LONDON—

King's Cross
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EASTERN COUNTIES

MIDLANDS

**PRINCIPAL YORKSHIRE
TOWNS**

NORTH OF ENGLAND

SCOTLAND

EAST COAST ROUTE

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST

KING'S CROSS

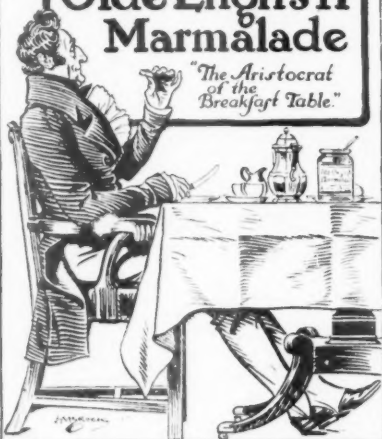
and SCOTLAND

THE CONTINENT
via **HARWICH**

Full Travel Information obtainable from any L.N.E.R. Office or Passenger Managers at Liverpool Street Station, LONDON, E.C.2; YORK; Waverley Station, EDINBURGH; or Traffic Superintendent, L.N.E.R., ABERDEEN.

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table."



Prepared by a special process preserving the valuable tonic properties & full natural flavour of the Seville Orange.

Chivers & Sons Ltd. The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge Eng.
Purveyors By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

WOOD BROS. MATERNITY WEAR.

(As supplied to Royalty and Society)

TAILORED TO MEASURE.

Fashionable styles need not be looked at askance by Expectant Mothers now that Wood Bros., Ltd., fit their cleverly designed Self-Adjusting Maitreux Band into the waistband of every garment they make. Preserves a graceful and normal appearance. Write for catalogue of designs to Managers. Prices: Skirts from 14/11; Coat Frocks from 55/6; Costumes from 63/-; Accouchement Suits from 14/11; Maternity Belt 12/6; Complete Lavettes from 35/-; Maternity Corsets from 8/11. Full satisfaction or money refunded. Wood Bros. also supply every thing for Baby from Birth.

SPECIALITY.—Improved models of Maitreux Corsets. Give perfect support and preserve graceful lines of figure. Prices: 12/5, 17/6, 2/6.

WOOD BROS., Ltd., Maternity Wear Specialists, 17 St. Mary's Street, Manchester.
(The original inventors of Maternity Wear.)



The "Lucy" Charming Coat Frock.

GREY HAIR HINDS HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 the Flask, or direct, stating shade required, from

HINDS, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.

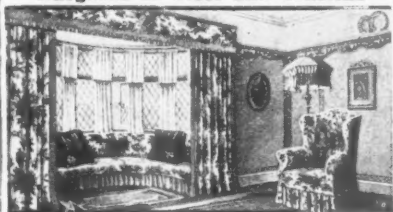


The Home Beautiful

WONDERFUL VALUES

Economy in Furnishings.

Bargains in Nets and Muslins



CRETONNES, 31 in. wide, from 11/4 per yd.
SHADOW TISSUES & TAFFETAS, from 2/11 per yd.
REVERSIBLE CRETONNES and PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS, from 1/11 per yd.
CASEMENT CLOTHS, 31 in. wide, from 10/4 per yd.; 30 in. wide, from 1/8 per yd.
WOVEN FIGURED CASEMENT CLOTHS, from 3/8 per yd. 30 in. wide.

Resist Tropical Sun

"Sunbriaf"

Sea Air and Washing

UNFADABLE FABRICS

All Fabrics prefixed with the word "SUN" are guaranteed unfadable. Any length failing to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

"SUN-VEIN" CASEMENT CLOTH, 33 shades. Creams from 1/8 per yd. Colours from 1/11 per yd.

"SUN-HAVEN" CASEMENT CLOTH, 2/8 per yd., 50 in. wide.

"SUN-SYRIAN" CASEMENT CLOTH. The effect of silk, but better wear. Creams, 2/11 per yd. Colours, 3/11 per yd.

"SUN-VARA" BOLTON SHEETING. Creams, 2/11 per yd. Colours, 3/11 per yd.

"SUN-VIE" TWILL. Soft hanging fabric. 4/11 per yd., 50 in. wide.

"SUN-PRUF" PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS and CRETONNES, from 2/9 per yd.

THE "SUN-VASE" CURTAIN

Guaranteed Unfading



THE "MADLOW" CHAIR. A BARBARIN IN UPHOLSTERY. Useful inexpensive Chair. Covered in Plain Linoleum. 37/6. Or with Loose Cover as illustration, 55/-.
LACE NETS AND MUSLINS.

LACE NETS AND MADRAS MUSLINS in large variety, from 1/4 per yd.

ORDERED LACE NETS, 31 in. wide, from 2/11 per yd.

ERISE-BISE NETS in numerous designs, from 11/4 per yd.

VITRAGE NETS, from 1/2 per yd.

COLOURED MADRAS MUSLINS in effective designs, from 2/8 per yd.

LACE CURTAINS, from 4/6 per pair, 31 yds. long.

SWISS EMBROIDERED CURTAINS, from 23/6 per pair 3 yds. long.

THE "SUN-VASE" CURTAIN. Decorative Madras Muslin. Curtain on cream ground with an effective design in mauve, pink, and green. 3 yds. long. 34 in. wide. 38/9 per pair. Guaranteed Unfading.

Williamson & Coe
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM S.W.4 LONDON

STANWORTH'S
"Defiance"
 REGD
UMBRELLAS.

Just Wrap Your OLD UMBRELLA
 in paper, tie to a board or stick, and post to us to-day with P.O. for 7/6. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our "Defiance" Union and securely packed.

Postage on Foreign Orders 2/- extra. A post card will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 8/- upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
 Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



Be better dressed at half the usual cost

Let us tell you about a new and wonderfully simple plan by which you can learn at home in spare time to make all your own and your children's clothes, literally at less than half what you pay in shops.

The Woman's Institute is bringing the joy and economy of better clothes at large savings to thousands of women and girls all over the world.



There is nothing amateurish about the work of our students. The instruction is so thorough, yet easy that the "home-made look" is not there. You progress rapidly to confidence, accuracy and finish.

Soon—surprisingly soon—you could make

THIS SMART COAT FROCK (illustrated) of wool marocain-trimmed with eren lace, for 37/6. About 5/- guineas would be its price in a shop. Is not a fact like that worth your serious consideration?

Chis Millinery. If you wish to be well supplied with hats that are chic and in the latest style, yet cost very little, you have only to acquire the knowledge of Practical millinery contained in our Millinery Course.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just write to-day for our "Dressmaking Made Easy" or "Millinery Made Easy" booklet, either of which will be sent gratis and post free.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE OF DOMESTIC ARTS AND SCIENCES, LTD.,

Dept. 41, 71 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

FREE GIFTS FOR OUR READERS

Several well-known manufacturers are offering this month free gifts to our readers. These offers are all made by reliable firms and are well worth accepting. Please mention **THE QUIVER** when writing for these gifts.

TWO ZOX POWDERS, the famous and old-established remedy for Neuralgia, will be sent per return post by applying to The Zox Co., 11 Hatton Garden, E.C.1, enclosing 13d.-stamped envelope.

FOR BABY.—Messrs. Mellin's Food Ltd., London, S.E.15, will send samples of their well-known food, together with descriptive booklet, on receipt of 6d. in stamps.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR MOTHERS.—A beautiful illustrated new catalogue of 115 pages has been issued by the Treasure Cot Co., 103 Oxford Street, W.1. Every mother should send a post card for a copy.

SPRING CLEANING NECESSITY.—The old carpets must be made clean and bright for the sunny days of spring. The proprietors of Chivers' Carpet Soap will send you a tablet free, enough to clean a large carpet, upon application. It is necessary to enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Address, F. Chivers & Co., Ltd., 9, Albany Works, Bath.

EASY WASH DAYS.—The famous Preserve Soap is a revelation to those who have not tried it. By its aid the whole family wash can be got through without washing machines, scrubbing, or the usual drudgery. A free sample tablet can be obtained by writing to the Australian Soap Co., 6 New Compton Street, W.C.2. It is important to mention "The Quiver."

A FREE BREAKFAST TABLE.—A valuable contribution towards a free breakfast table is a packet of Force, the famous food for children and adults. A post card will bring this to you free if you mention "The Quiver." Address, "Sunny Jim," Dept. A.D.12, 197, Great Portland Street, W.1.

TOILET CREAM FREE.—A touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream is very refreshing to the skin. By sending 3d. to Messrs. Pond's Extract Co., 71 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, you can secure a box of both Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream.

INFLUENZA CONQUERED.—A free packet of Cephus, the infallible remedy for Influenza, Feverish Chills and Rheumatism, can be obtained without charge by writing to Cephus, Ltd., Blackburn.

DON'T LOOK OLD! But restore your grey and faded hair to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.

Its quality of deepening greyiness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their youth in 2/- sold Everywhere. 2/-

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. Phipps & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes skin eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disgusting blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 4s years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Pimples	Redness	Psoriasis	Roughness	Rashes	Eczema	Scurf	Acne	Blotches	Spots	Rosacea
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Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. Phipps & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/2 and 1/- . It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Why Ladies Should Never Use a Razor

In youth the hair on a man's face is fine, soft and downy. After he commences to use a razor it becomes stiff, coarse and wiry. A razor only stimulates hair growth, just as trimming a hedge makes it grow faster and thicker. This is why ladies using razors find the hair only grows coarser and coarser and returns each time more rapidly and more thickly than before. With the discovery of Veet ladies need no longer use razors. Veet is a perfumed, velvety cream that removes hair like magic. It has been endorsed and recommended by the medical profession. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Veet has no unpleasant odour and is as easy to use as a face cream. You simply spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone. It leaves the skin soft, smooth and white. Entirely successful results are guaranteed in every case or money is returned. Veet may be obtained from all chemists, hairdressers and stores for 3/6. Also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/- (trial size by post for 6d. in stamps). The Health Laboratories (Dept. 29A), 68 Polsover Street, London, W.1.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

A New West-end Hat 2/9

Sounds foolish, but we can renovate and remodel to entirely new and latest shape, your old Velour, Beaver, Felt, Panama, Tagel, or Leghorn hat at a total cost of from 2/9 to 4/3, according to shape. You won't recognise the delightfully new creation to which we will convert the old hat you contemplate discarding. Meanwhile send for our

FREE DESIGN BOOK,

showing 100 latest fashionable shapes to which we can remodel.

The re-shaped hat is not a compromise when returned—it looks like a brand new hat straight from the shop. (Re-dyeing to darker colours costs 1/6 extra.) Don't buy a new hat. Send for the book to-day. Gents' hats cost 4/6 to renovate (not Bowlers or Silk Hats.)

We guarantee SATISFACTION or REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL without question.

DYEING & DRY-CLEANING

We can send your old clothes back like new. This cost is very low and delivery particularly quick.

Ladies' Costumes and Gents' Suits, 6/6.

Other prices shown in OUR FREE BOOK.

A. Wright
Department 83
Albert Road,
LUTON.



FOR ACUTE RHEUMATISM AND SERIOUS KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Trained Nurse explains how to effect a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment used in hospital.

When even slight kidney derangement is neglected, there is not only the risk of developing Bright's Disease, Dropsy or other practically incurable maladies, but the certainty that rheumatic disorders will eventually result. I know from hospital experience that articular muscular and inflammatory rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, bladder or gall stone, etc. are all simply the penalties of neglecting weakened kidneys. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply drink plenty of water and flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by adding a small teaspoonful of pure refined *Alkia Saltrates* to a tumbler of the water. Any chemist can supply this curative compound at slight cost, and it dissolves uric acid as hot water dissolves sugar. Once the sharp crystals are dissolved *they cannot be painful*, and are soon filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. The saltrated water will also stimulate the liver and intestines, clearing these of poisonous impurities which otherwise clog all the eliminative organs. Avoid too much red meat, sugar, salt, alcohol and tea. A milk and vegetable diet is good. Keep the skin active by exercising until you perspire freely, for the skin eliminates toxic impurities and acids. This is specially important if you are past middle age and have backache, stiff muscles and "rusty" joints. Or, if disinclined to strenuous exercise, an occasional bath in hot water medicated with a handful of *Reudel Bath Saltrates* will answer quite as well and stop any pain within ten minutes.—N. H.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES

Carriage Paid.
Free Packing Case.
7 Days' Approval.

E. J. RILEY LTD., York Works, ACCRINGTON.

Riley's 'Home' Billiard Tables—to fit conveniently on any dining table. Prices from £27, or in monthly instalments. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables to suit any room. Prices from £220, or in monthly payments. All our full-size tables on easy monthly payments extending 3 years. Accessories and Repairs. Write for Price List.

"HOME STUDY—THE KEY TO SUCCESS"

This booklet gives full particulars of Pitman's 80 Postal Courses, embracing: English and Secretarial Subjects, Short-hand, Bookkeeping and Accountancy, Banking, Law and Accounts, Economics, Modern Languages, subjects of general education.—Write for free copy to-day to

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221 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.



Simple and descriptive booklet forwarded postage free on receipt of ad. in stamp. Particulars of a unique and interesting "Progress Book" will also be sent you.

MELLIN'S FOOD,
LTD., LONDON,
S.E.15

'Always Happy & Contented'

A baby can be either a sheer joy or a constant anxiety to mother, and it is the feeding that makes all the difference. Mrs. Jackson, of Wembley—one of the happy mothers—writes:—

"Peggy is 14 months old and weighs 26 lbs. Her health is splendid and she is always very happy and contented. . ."

The whole secret of the success of the Mellin's Food way of infant feeding is its nearness to nature.

Mellin's Food

when prepared as directed, provides all that is necessary for developing strong and robust bodies with plenty of bone and muscle.

Shoes that rise to the occasion

Norwell's are shoes that any well-dressed woman will gladly wear on any occasion. So often an expensive turn-out is ruined by the wrong shoes—or worse, by the right shoes grown too quickly shabby. There are shoes in Norwell's catalogue for everyone's every need—shoes whose unusual wearing properties postpone the state of shabbiness—inevitable with even the best shoes—to a very far-distant future.

Norwell's 'Perth' Footwear

"Direct from Scotland"



22/6

POST FREE.

Lady's "Lovat," Style 137.

A beautifully-made brogue, with or without overhanging tongue. Uppers of selected Black Box Calf or Brown Willow Calfskin, bottomed with specially hard-wearing soles.

GUARANTEE

Money refunded in full should there be the least dissatisfaction.



21/-

POST FREE.

Lady's "Dunalastair."

Style G 14. A most attractive shoe, fully brogued in a new design of punching. Supplied in Brown Willow Calf, Patent Calfskin and Grey or Nigger Suede. Wide welts, 1½ in. low Cuban heel. Sizes and half sizes.

When ordering, send pencil outline of stockinged foot obtained by running pencil around foot resting lightly on paper. Perfect fit assured.

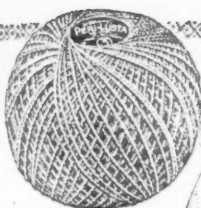
Orders from abroad receive special attention. Postage abroad extra.

Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue, mentioning "Quiver," to

NORWELL'S 'PERTH' FOOTWEAR, LTD.,
Perth Scotland

Q Q 3





The Beauty of Silk Without the Cost.

PERI-LUSTA Threads have all the beauty and delicate gloss of silk, but cost very little. No special precautions are needed in washing. Their dainty charm is proof against the hardest wear.

PERI-LUSTA

**KNITTING, EMBROIDERY,
AND CROCHET THREADS**

PERI-LUSTA Threads are suitable for all knitting and stitching purposes. They are a delight to work, every stitch firm and sure, and never ravel nor break.

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to
"PERI-LUSTA" Ltd.,

84, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.



MARKING TIME

WHENEVER YOU BUY NEW LINEN MARK WITH **JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK.**

BUYING-TIME IS MARKING TIME.
FOR USE WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING
(WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED).

Of all Stationers, Chemists & Stores. 6d. & 1s.
Used in the Royal Households.

WONDER-WORKER



(Patented) for PILES, HAEMORRHOIDS, and all RECTAL TROUBLES. A natural, unailing cure. Instant relief, soothing and comforting. NO DOCTORS. NO MEDICINES.
Lasts a life-time. Price 7/6.

To be inserted in the Rectum during sleep. No discomfort or unpleasantness. To enjoy good health, sleep and rest, no man or woman should be without it. From all Chemists throughout the world, or direct from **Wonder-Worker Co., Coventry House, South Place, London, E.C.2**, with complete instructions in plain wrappers, post free on receipt of Post Office Order for 7/6. Money returned if dissatisfied. Booklet free.

PEACH'S 1924 CURTAIN BOOK FREE



DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS.
SEND NOW FOR THIS BOOK,
550 Illustrations.

It describes fully different styles of Curtains for ready adaptation to any Windows. MODERN LACE CURTAINS, beautiful and attractive, of expert workmanship.

THE WEAVE THAT WEARS.
DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS.
IMPERIAL HEM CURTAINS, CASEMENT CURTAINS for IDEAL HOMES, made all sizes. Estimates free. NETS, CRETONNES, BLINDS, MUSLINS LINENS, LACES, etc. Send now for a FREE COPY of this BOOK, "IDEAL HOME DECORATIONS."

S. PEACH & SONS, 120 The Looms, NOTTINGHAM



When the children change to lighter clothes safeguard them against the risk of chill by clothing them in Chilprufe. In summer as in winter Chilprufe for children ensures an even temperature of the body, and is made in a special

**Spring and Summer
Weight No. 436**

to meet the needs of warmer weather.

Guaranteed Pure Wool

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

Made in a complete range of undergarments embracing every requirement from infancy upwards.

**EASILY WASHED
UNSHRINKABLE
& VERY DURABLE**

CHILPRUFE NURSERY SHOES AND SLIPPERS

in first quality materials, White and Coloured Glace Kid, can now be obtained from the usual Chilprufe Agents.

If unable to obtain Chilprufe, write, addressed to the firm, for name of nearest Agent.

THE CHILPRUFE MANFG. CO.
(John A. Bolton, M.I.H., Proprietor),
LEICESTER.



HALL'S DISTEMPER

By Appointment  to H.M. The King.

HALL'S Distemper,
with its 80 beautiful
shades, is foremost
among modern
decorations.

It combines art with health, and durability with both.
Its quick drying velvety surface will not rub off, and
withstands the hardest wear.

Address enquiries to the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:
SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., LTD., — HULL, — England.



For the upholstering of furniture

"Rexine" Leathercloth is
ideal, it looks just like
leather, wears better and
costs considerably less.

Your furnishing house can
show you samples of the
many and varied leather
grains and colourings.

REXINE LTD., REXINE WORKS, HYDE,
Nr. Manchester
London 42 Newgate Street, E.C.1

*When buying see
that "Rexine" is
specified on the
invoice to prevent
substitution.*

"Rexine"

LEATHERCLOTH

Ruptured?—

Throw Away Your Truss!

For many years we have been telling you that no Truss will ever help you. We have told you that the only truly comfortable and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance, and that it is

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IF you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send the attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance, and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

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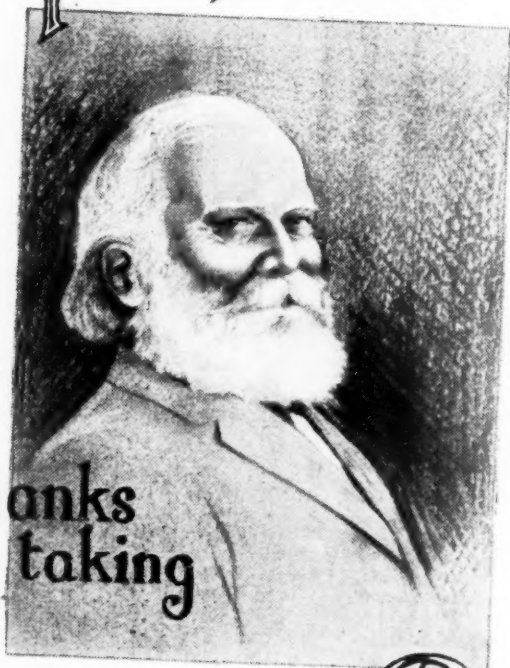
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April 1924

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The Editor's Announcement Page

What Makes a Child Naughty?

By Dr. Alice Hutchison

We no longer believe that a child's naughtiness is due to sheer irrationality: cause and effect apply with children as with adults. Dr. Alice Hutchison has written a thoughtful and well-informed article on this subject that will appeal to all interested in children.

This is one of the many articles to be included in my next issue. Other features will be a long complete story by Jennette Lee and "The Majesty of the Law," by Mary Wiltshire; "The Examination Mania," by Agnes M. Miall; "The Missionary—Real and Fictional," by Rev. E. Shillito; "How the English Village Grew" (fully illustrated), etc.

The Editor



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The QUIVER

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"Val sat down beside him on the edge of the bed, and promised to read him to sleep"—p. 522

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

His Second Venture

by

Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

CHAPTER I Sweet Home

RITA KNIGHT sighed and stirred reluctantly among her close-wrapped furs as the outline of the coast of Dover grew distinct through the sleet. She was, in some directions, a clever woman; all her life she had succeeded in obtaining the thing she wanted; but her present desire—the offer of Colonel Caron's heart and hand—she had not achieved, although nobody could, or in fact did, accuse her of not having tried.

She could not plead lack of opportunity, since they had travelled together from India, and there existed between them that link of old acquaintance and old regard which is so strong among Anglo-Indians. She was now journeying to England, widowed, to rejoin the little daughter whom she had not seen for ten years. The colonel, a newly made widower, was on leave, but due to return to the East as soon as he should have set his house in order.

With all her mind, soul and strength, Rita was determined to get back to India if she could. When she envisaged her future in England, living as a nobody, on narrow means, either in a maisonnette in West Kensington or in the remote country village wherein her young daughter now awaited her, her heart turned to water within her.

Colonel Caron was distinctly well-to-do. His Hertfordshire home was within easy distance of town . . . and before he settled down therein, would intervene two or three more blissful years in India, with money enough to live in real luxury. . . .

Of course, three ready-made children constitute a bit of a handicap, particularly

when they are the children of so detestable a woman as Blanche Caron. Rita had already decided that this should be her answer if any friends were spiteful enough to hint surprise that nothing definite had resulted from the intimacy of the voyage. Oh, yes, Carfrae Caron was a dear; "but three of them—and my own girlie as well! These mixed families are difficult. . . ."

What a mercy for poor Carfrae that Blanche was dead! One never expects a woman of that kind to die. These nerve cases usually live for ever. It was some years since the lady in question had accompanied her husband to India. After the birth of her third child she had retired to Hertfordshire and the sofa, giving, as she told her friends, all her time and attention to the wonderful task of training young minds. Her death was quite unexpected, the result of an accident; everyone surmised that the feelings of the widower must have been those of pure relief.

It was, however, very recent—even more recent than Mrs. Knight's own bereavement. Perhaps, even in these unsentimental days, it *was* too soon for an actual proposal of marriage.

Rita had sincerely mourned Jack Knight, not merely because he had been a most indulgent husband, but because his death left her shorn of almost all that made life pleasant. A heartfelt sigh escaped her as she watched her ayah tying up a bundle on a seat near. Hired for the voyage, this woman was taking the next boat back with another lady in charge; and Rita was dolefully considering the misery of putting on her own boots and arranging her own hair.

Colonel Caron came strolling towards her, his coat collar turned up, his manner pre-occupied.

THE QUIVER

"Well"—he winced from the wind-driven, icy sleet—"old England welcomes us in her own inimitable style, doesn't she?"

There was something very moving in the appealing gaze of the beautiful eyes lifted to his. Rita was, in fact, three years older than the youthful colonel, rapidly promoted during the war; but she did not look her age. They made an elegant, harmonious pair; her slim height could be seen as he raised her to her feet, steadying her against the gusts with light fingers on her arm. Her thirty-eight years might well have passed for twenty-eight, so unlined was her face, so wavy and brown her thick hair.

"So it's over," she said. Her voice, always musical, quivered on a note of touching poignancy. "The warm, sunny chapter of my Indian life has passed! Now for the rigours of an English winter in the north!"

"You are going straight to Grendon?" he asked with a touch of compunction. A shade of softness veiled his usually hard light-grey eyes.

"Oh, I must! My little girlie will be counting the minutes——"

His jaw set grimly. "That so? I don't see my own little lot yearning for my company. However, we must hope for the best. Ah! We've stopped! Here, ayah!"

"No, don't call her, please; find me a porter. She is going to Folkestone to join the memsahib with whom she returns to Calcutta."

"Why, but that leaves you alone for all that long, cold journey."

"I must get accustomed to being alone," she replied, averting her face and flinging into her voice that brave quiet which makes so strong an appeal to the mere man.

Caron's well-cut face looked hard, and he had the reputation of being difficult to handle, though during the voyage he had, as people said, eaten out of Rita Knight's hand. Yet she had failed, and she knew it. What she did not know was by how narrow a margin she had failed. Her words and her smile moved the man horribly. His exterior might be adamant. Within he was a mere mush of sentiment.

The gangway was, however, down and the first-class passengers already surging forward. The two moved along in the crowd, and each with different feelings knew it to be too late. Her regret, his relief, were alike silent.

Mrs. Knight's large quantities of personal luggage and effects were all registered through to Charing Cross. She had nothing

to do but to secure a corner in the train, which the colonel did for her, and brought her a cup of tea and the first English newspaper. Then he shut her into her compartment and strolled away, murmuring that he must travel up with a certain General Cobb, who was an influential friend of his.

That was final. As the train ran through the murky February landscape her spirits sank and sank. She was plunged in depression when at last she saw the mean platform of Charing Cross looming dimly through an unwashed kind of atmosphere, yellow and stagnant.

On that platform was a man whose face she knew well. He was Lyndsay Eldrid, an artist who had spent a cold weather at the station where her husband was in the Woods and Forests Department. He was running eagerly beside the train, his face alight with welcome; and suddenly she remembered that he was brother to Blanche Caron, and was obviously there to meet his brother-in-law. She had seen a good deal of him during his visit to India, and he had acknowledged her hospitality with the gift of a beautiful water-colour sketch of her bungalow and garden. She remembered his having told her that when in England he lived with his sister at Archwood, Caron's house in Hertfordshire, not far from Marderstead.

She was standing up, reaching for her bags in the netting and wondering whether, with the train so full, a lone female stood any chance of a porter, when she heard a merry voice, "Hallo, Mrs. Knight!" and saw both Caron and Eldrid at the door of her compartment.

"Carfrae tells me you came over in his boat! Lucky beggar! There's never a really charming woman on the boat I travel by! It's awfully nice to see you again! Give us those things. What time's your train? We want you to come and lunch with us, won't you?"

Her spirits rose. She had a gleam of hope. Caron, she thought, could hardly commit himself until he had been home and had reviewed the position of things at Archwood. But he did not mean to let her slip. She smiled, the pretty smile not too wide, carefully calculated, which men thought so womanly, and looked wistfully at him.

"But, dear man—this moment off a journey—look at me!"

"I do, and I like looking," cried Eldrid, declaring that they would take no refusal.

She suffered herself to be persuaded.



"The two moved along in the crowd, and each
with different feelings knew it to be too late"

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

THE QUIVER

"I've two hours before my train leaves Euston," she owned, "time enough to be thoroughly miserable all by myself. So if you'll let me have ten minutes before a looking-glass, and if you'll swear not to land me at the Ritz, but in some small nook in Soho where daylight never penetrates, I'll risk it!"

"Off to your mirror, dear lady, but don't let it keep you too long, as I should certainly do in its place," laughed Eldrid, who seemed extraordinarily exhilarated; and in a quarter of an hour she found herself in a taxi with the two of them, being driven towards a certain Italian restaurant which was the young man's special fancy.

"And where is it you're bound for?" he wished to know. "I forget exactly where your country place is."

Rita laughed softly. "My country place! Doesn't that sound nice and important? Unfortunately my cottage at Grendon is an unmarketable white elephant. It is in Westmorland, but *not* in the lake district. Nothing can more forcibly explain its hopelessness. If we could but move it twelve miles nearer Ulleswater we could let it for fabulous sums in the summer. But it is miles from everywhere. You could hardly fancy there was so lonely a place in England. It belonged to an old aunt of Jack's, and she left it to him with a few hundreds a year. I wanted to sell it, but he had memories of childhood there, and always wanted to end his days in it; and certainly it has proved an ideal spot for Val to be brought up in."

"Val? Your child? I thought she was a girl?"

"So she is. My husband's mother was called Valeria. That seemed to me too alarming a name, so we compromised on Valery. She has been at Grendon most of her life, in charge of a devoted Miss Kirby who used to be Jack's governess and adores the Knight family. We naturally thought her a heaven-sent boon when we were faced by the necessity to leave Val in England."

"Well you might! You probably have no idea how lucky you are! My poor sister could never find anyone strong enough to cope successfully with our young turks; and now that she is gone chaos is come again! I tell you I never was so pleased in my life as when I saw this old chap's ugly mug grinning at me through the carriage window."

"Yes, you looked absurdly pleased."

"Pleased! It isn't the word. I've been carrying on here the whole winter. Picture it! The bachelor uncle! I can tell you, those imps of darkness have put it across me! I had to engage a governess; thought I'd be careful, and took one who said her age was forty—owned to forty, mark you! I considered that safe. But, I tell you, she waves her hair and powders her nose, and wears jade jumpers and skirts to her knees! She expects one to provide her with chocolates and flowers, and would like to be taken out to dinner and a theatre! I tell you, I tremble for Carfrae."

"I don't think he'll be in much danger, from your description," laughed Rita. "He can take care of himself as well as you can, I should think!"

"Nevertheless, the lady sounds perilous," said Caron gravely. "I think I shall dismiss her and send the whole lot away to school."

"If you can get any school to take 'em," said their candid uncle. "They are the limit, I tell you! Poor Blanche has bitten with all this Montessori stuff, and the consequence is they can hardly read; you never saw such ignoramuses. Aster, the eldest, is nearly eleven, and she said she had never heard of Julius Caesar!"

"You are not concerned to praise your nephews and niece," observed the colonel with a wry smile.

"Oh, I believe they'd have been quite decent average kids if they hadn't been allowed to be a law unto themselves! They want taking in hand, that's all. Why, Lance is nine, but if you sent him to a good prep. school he'd have to go in the bottom form with kids of seven. That's why I thought they'd better have a governess first; but she can't make 'em learn!" He chuckled to himself. "Aster says that Miss Lane's aura is antagonistic to her," he said mischievously.

Rita smiled gently, looking sympathetic, but not too much so. "They are evidently very original children," said she, "as one might expect with such a mother. Well, you might do worse than take on my dear old Kirby, for I don't suppose I shall be able to afford to keep her. . . . But I expect Colonel Caron will soon reduce chaos to order. . . . At any rate, colonel, if things get too tiresome, you can always come to Grendon for a little rest. Whatever faults the place may have, it is at least full of tranquillity; and I would love you to see my little girlie."

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CHAPTER II

Rita's Daughter

"SO Valery's mother is coming home at last! Arrives to-night, so Miss Kirby tells me," remarked Mrs. Hudson as she entered the vicarage dining-room and pulled off her gardening gloves in preparation for helping the vicar to cold mutton.

"To-day? Dear, dear! We must go round to-morrow and pay our respects," replied the vicar, lean, elderly and stringy-looking. "Well, she'll find her daughter a good, sensible, well-brought-up girl, won't she?"

"Just what old Miss Knight would have wished her great-niece to be," was the almost defiant answer. "Not many of that type to be found nowadays."

The vicar cleared his throat. "I do trust that Mrs. Knight may settle down here. When last I saw her she seemed to me regrettably frivolous; but since then she has known bereavement by the inscrutable decree of Providence."

"Humph! Let us hope for the best!" broke in his wife absently. She was gazing from the window, out beyond the imperfectly tended garden, across a little valley to the lift of a wooded hill on whose southern slope stood an unassuming white house with a green veranda and green shutters. It was placed near the top of the hill, on whose flank the trees had been cut away to make open spaces of park land, with a few clumps. The figure of a tall woman could be seen, clad in a long rusty old coat, moving upwards from the valley towards the white house.

"There goes Valery; been down to feed the fowls. She's a quarter of an hour late to-day. Most unusual! How excited she must be feeling!"

Mr. Hudson adjusted his glasses and gazed pensively at the homely figure. "Ten years since they met, and Miss Kirby says Mrs. Knight still writes as to the little girl she left behind her." He chuckled guiltily. "Won't it be a bit of a shock?"

"It's very certain," rejoined the lady frigidly, "that the girl's size can't be altered."



The subject of these remarks had now reached home. She pushed open the door of the garden-room with her knee, shut it behind her with her heel, and proceeded

to lay down her empty dishes, to pull off her old coat and her goloshes, and to hasten away upstairs with an impetuosity which made the banisters rattle. Having reached the square landing at the top she paused, a smile hovering on her lips, and softly opened the door of the best bedroom.

It was ready for its guest. In all its early Victorian primness it stood there, its great mahogany "tester" bed covered with a dazzlingly white marcella quilt, its serviceable Brussels carpet swept to the final pitch of dustlessness, its wardrobe giving back each gleam of light and scenting the air with beeswax and turpentine.

Valery looked at the bed. It seemed incredible that "mother"—her beautiful dream mother—would that very night lay her head upon that pillow. Would she perhaps—who knew?—suggest that her "girlie" should share her bed? There was plenty of room!

Val took off her spectacles and polished them, for her eyes were misty. Almost timidly she approached the dressing-table and scrutinized its spotless cover, its bare appointments. What did it lack? Why, flowers, of course. When lunch was over she would run down the park to the Holt Clumps and gather snowdrops.

As she stood motionless, rapt in happy anticipation, all was so still that she could hear the singing of the beck in the hollow. It did not strike her as lonely. It was her life, and she had been always happy—perhaps the happier for the possession of two dream parents and the treasured hope of a life of glorious reunion. Upon her love for these parents, and theirs for her, all her simple philosophy of life was based. But they had never formed part of her experience, and her grief for her father had been chiefly a grief of the imagination.

When she and the faithful old Miss Kirby had eaten their rabbit and rice pudding, they went together into the drawing-room—a room only used by them on very rare occasions—to light the fire, that the room might be thoroughly warm for the traveller.

As the governess's gaze wandered round, it struck her suddenly as being both ugly and cheerless. All at once she saw it, as it were, with Mrs. Knight's eyes; and as she wondered how it would strike her, she also, for the very first time, wondered how Valery herself would strike a stranger, and a little pang constricted her kind heart.

Valery was stoutish and clumsy and big. Her spectacles made her look older than her age. Her thick mane, plaited in one

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long rope and coiled in a lump behind, was taken too abruptly off a forehead that needed shading.

No thought that anything in her own appearance could lessen her mother's love had ever crossed her limpid mind. She was not at all shy, eminently sociable in fact, and she beamed through her glasses as though she found in the universe something new, something splendid, because of her coming joy.

"I know what this house wants—flowers!" cried she. "Why, Kirdles, there are genistas and primulas in the greenhouse. I'm going to bring some in!" She dashed off, with Josh, her Aberdeen terrier, barking at her heels, and Miss Kirby stared after her with furrowed brow. She had done her best for her charge. Why was she now, for the first time, assailed by the thought that a whole generation had elapsed since her last post, and that her present pupil had been modelled not upon to-day, but yesterday?



Such was the daughter who swooped down upon the slim, sealskin-clad figure which alighted that night on the platform of the lonely moorland station and enveloped her in an embrace which seemed to be that of a giantess.

Rita gasped. Heavens! could this be true? Was this her Girlie, this strapping woman in spectacles, choking with emotion, trying to speak, hanging upon her with absolutely no doubt whatever that her joy was reciprocated?

"Never!" was her cry. "I can't believe it! My wee girlie . . . it's like a nightmare!"

Poor Miss Kirby's voice, repeating pitifully "A nightmare!" recalled her to herself, and she did her best to play up to the occasion, to return the tearful kisses, to express joy in this reunion; but the effort exhausted her last remnant of fortitude, and when at last she entered the Grange she was conscious of nothing but a fatigue so vast as to be like annihilation.

There was a blazing fire in her room, and the quality of the hot coffee and sandwiches provided left nothing to be desired. She pleaded headache, the necessity to be alone, and when Valery, crushed and disappointed, had unwillingly retired, she sank down in the cavernous arm-chair in which old Miss Knight had died, and tried to face this final disaster which had overtaken her.

The word *encumbrance* was the only term of description which would come to her. What man would be likely to marry Rita if at the price of having Valery as an inmate of his household?

When at last the returned traveller sank to sleep in the convolutions of the feather bed, it was with a despair that was ready to throw up the sponge altogether. Life had grown too ugly.

Breakfast time filled the little house with wintry sunshine, an odour of hot bacon, new bread and coffee.

Certainly English food is delicious! Under its influence Rita began to find something humorous in the situation. Gazing ruefully upon the uncompromising proportions of the ungainly girl, she remarked: "You should have been a boy, Val. You are absurdly like your father, you know."

"Yes, indeed, she is like darling Jack," eagerly put in Miss Kirby. "She is like him in disposition, too; I can't give her higher praise. I loved him better than anybody in the world."

"What a dear, faithful friend you are, Kirby," murmured the fair widow. "What would many people give to have a creature like you to leave in charge of their darlings! My old friend Colonel Caron, for instance, He has to go back to India; has lost his wife; his children are being ruined for want of a firm hand."

"But Kirdles," said Val quickly, "can't be spared from here, can she, mother?"

Rita sighed. "We shall have to count our pennies, darling. Things will be different now that father is gone." A dismayed silence followed this bomb-shell. Val, cruelly conscious of her mother's disappointment in her, now felt that if the steady and unflinching love and approval of Kirdles were to be taken away from her life was going to be a hard thing.

"By the way, Kirby," went on Rita, "tell me something about a man who lives somewhere hereabouts—a tall, untidy man, not very young, with the initials O. J."

"O. J.?" queried Kirdles. "Why, that must be Sir Otho Jerrold, the M.F.H."

"Ah! He looked like an M.F.H. somehow. What's his wife like?"

"He isn't married. Such a pity! If he had been, he might have had children, and Val would have had someone to play with. He lives at Grendon Manor, our only neighbour within miles."

"He tumbled into my carriage at Pen-



"'Only tell me,' she sobbed, casting herself at her mother's feet. 'I'd do anything in the world to please you'"—p. 518

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rith," said Rita thoughtfully, "and we had some talk. He is good company."

Miss Kirby looked doubtful. "The vicar doesn't get on with him at all," she volunteered. "Mr. Hudson fears his views are lax."

"Meaning that he can't be bothered to go to church, I expect," said Rita abstractedly, little knowing the shock of this remark to the listening girl. "Well, we must ask him here. How are we off for servants, Kirby? Could you invite a man to lunch? What is there in the cellar?"

Miss Kirby, crimson, dare not glance at Val, whom she had warned that her mother's mourning must preclude all gaiety for a while. The fact that Rita wore nothing remotely resembling weeds had, as it were, hit the good lady in the eye to begin with.

"I've never been into the cellar since we came," she owned. "Whatever was there is there still, I suppose. As to service, we have Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and Nellie—"

"The child who brought my early tea?"

"I do hope she did it right?"

"Oh, yes; but I should think we need another maid—someone who could wait on me."

"Oh, mother, let me wait on you!" burst out Val, aching with devotion and loyalty. "I simply love waiting on people."

"But, my child, I hope you'll be otherwise occupied; besides, I think you need someone to wait on *you*—especially to do your hair." She tried to speak playfully, but the criticism with which her eyes wandered over the unsightly head was to Val all the more excruciating because unspoken. "Some girls can never do their hair—temperament, I suppose," with a deep sigh.

Miss Kirby, bristling with championship for her nursling, interposed: "Val hasn't had much practice yet. She has only just put up her hair. I am sure she could arrange it better if she were shown how."

"Only tell me," sobbed the big creature, casting herself at her mother's feet. "I'd do anything in the world to please you."

"Well, Girlie, that's everything," was the gay rejoinder, as Rita's fingers removed half a dozen rather horrible hair-pins and let a shower of light hazel-brown hair, clean and silky, fall about the heaving shoulders.

"Straight as string," she muttered. "All the Knight women had straight hair. It's a pity, because you are doomed to wave it all your life, poor child! . . . So, then, the first things that need attention are the cellar, the parlourmaid, and my daughter's

hair. How far is it to Manchester? Girlie, I think we shall have to buy a little car. Do you suppose you could learn to drive?"

Val's doleful face broke into wide smiles. "Oh, mother, do you mean it? Why, I'd sooner drive a car than almost anything."

"Darling," her mother repeated mirthfully, "you certainly ought to have been a boy!"

CHAPTER III

Widowers' Houses

IT was April. A tearing madcap wind was rollicking over the ploughed lands, buffeting the coppices and shaking the red buds on the burgeoning trees. In the sunshine two horses stood on the gravel sweep in front of the house known as Archwood, a Georgian house of good type, plum-coloured brick, with red window dressings, and a charming pedimented doorway.

Lyndsay Eldrid, already mounted, awaited his brother-in-law. His brows were knit as he tried not to listen to the sounds from the hall within of raised voices, of screams of temper, and then of cries of a different quality, evidently those of a child undergoing punishment.

Presently through the open doorway came striding Carfrae Caron. His jaw was set, his face haggard; he looked both enraged and ashamed. As he flung himself on his horse Lyndsay noticed that he was trembling slightly.

Neither man spoke a word, but turned their horses and rode off down the drive, past the plantation, out upon the Winstable road, which they soon abandoned for a lane debouching on the other side, and found themselves out of sight and sound of earth-shaking lorries and hurtling cars, in a deep and rural solitude.

At last Caron broke silence. "It's enough to drive one to drink. Life's not worth living. And what am I to do? I've got to go out again in June. I shall have to shut up this place and send those mismanaged imps to some home for the derelict young who are cursed with fathers in India."

"They want a thoroughly good woman to handle 'em," sighed Eldrid. "They're not bad kiddies if someone could put the fear of the Lord into 'em."

"Yes, but where are you going to find her? How many thoroughly good women are there left in this worn-out country?"

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Nice specimens we have managed to collect, anyway. If they even had a nurse one could trust!"

"Blanche sent away old Nannie because she said her methods were too completely reactionary."

"Reactionary be hanged! She'd have kept 'em clean, seen that their habits were regular, drilled 'em into some kind of routine! I'm helpless!"

"This daily governess—Mrs. Jennings—is not so bad."

"No, but the house is pandemonium the moment she turns her back! If I forbid anything, they tell me that their mother never forbade them to do anything. I went into the library last night, past eleven o'clock, and there, if you please, was Aster curled up on the sofa reading 'Ann Veronica.' Said her mother always let her sleep downstairs if she preferred it. That I believe to be a lie. I don't think even Blanche would have gone to bed leaving the children strewn about all over the house."

"I never remember such a thing. Afraid Aster always was a bit of a liar."

"I had to carry her upstairs, kicking and screaming. It humiliates me! It makes me sick! But worst of all was what she said when I got her into her room and ordered her to put herself to bed. Would you believe it, Lyn, she said: 'Now I begin to see the charm of this brute-force idea. I could love and obey a man who did what you have just done to me.'"

"Jove!" was the uncle's awestruck comment.

"It's unnatural, it's foul; the echo of something she has picked up without understanding it from one of those so-called advanced novels." He wiped his furrowed brow. "I'm fairly up against it," he groaned.

"You'll simply have to marry again, old chap."

"No, rather not!" Caron made a gesture of forcible negation. His experience of matrimony had been disappointing. Blanche had looked so fair and was such a whited sepulchre! Her language was so high, her character so low! In his extreme youth—he married at three-and-twenty—he had worshipped her long white throat, her misty hair, her big vague eyes that seemed to hold a secret. The secret was soon learned. The image enshrined in those mysterious eyes was nothing but self, writ large. Blanche was one of those egoists

who must supply themselves with some plausible reason for self-worship. She invented a legend of her own high aims and intellectual superiority; but she had no high aims and no intellect. She lived upon catchwords and current phrases, culled from the pseudo-scientific cult of the moment.

"No, not again," muttered her husband. "Forgive me, Lyn, I expect it was quite half my fault that our marriage was such a failure; but a failure it was, to an extent that makes me hate and shrink from the idea of repeating it."

"Well," replied Lyndsay calmly, "the man who marries a woman of Blanche's type is simply asking for trouble. But all women are not alike, really, you know, old sport. And the only way to attach a woman permanently to the interests of the house of Caron would be to marry her, wouldn't it?"

"If one could just give the lady one's name, and then sheer off and leave her here to carry on, it might be thought of," was the ironic rejoinder; "but such an arrangement would call for the exercise of a tact I don't possess. . . . I wonder if Mrs. Knight could make any suggestion. I've got an invitation in my pocket from her to go up north and take one of the kids with me."

"Well," deliberated Lyndsay gravely, "she wants to marry you, Car; I suppose you're aware of that; but if you took Aster along she might be weaned from that desire. You might do worse. She's a charming woman, not without means; but there's a ready-made daughter, isn't there?"

"About Aster's own age."

"You'd have Mrs. Knight bringing an action against you for corrupting the morals of her young and innocent child."

"You know it wouldn't do," replied Caron impatiently. "Mrs. K isn't the sort of wife you could leave behind. She wouldn't see that at all. . . . But I'm so incredibly fed up here that I think I shall go there for all that. I'll take Lance. He's the best of the three. And as it is he and Aster who fight so diabolically, perhaps you could manage for a week or ten days, Lyn? I daren't go if you're not here. Mrs. Jennings might come for longer hours."

"Oh, if you remove one of those two I think the roof will stay on all right," laughed Lyndsay. "But take my word for it, you'll come back a doomed man! A fi-pun' note on it!"

"Done!" said the colonel quietly. "I

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resisted her during the whole of the voyage home, and I think I can now. Besides, I had a letter this morning from Belchamp. When I was at the W.O. the other day he mentioned to me that they are actually sending out an expedition with military escort into the Chugga Desert to test the truth of the secret city story, and his letter practically offers the command to me. One would have to look forward to the best part of two years, apparently, and, of course, I can't do it unless I leave the children well looked after. . . . But didn't Mrs. Knight, when she was lunching with us, say that she had just the kind of person I want up her sleeve?"

"Jove, now you mention it, I believe she did."

"Well, suppose I can get old Nannie to come back—I believe she would for me—secure this treasure, and send off Lance to a preparatory? Then I might accept the Chugga thing, which would be just after my own heart. If Mrs. Knight knew that I was contemplating doing that instead of going back to India, I don't think she'd be at all keen. Grass widowhood isn't her line."

"I don't suppose it would be; and you'll be a lucky beggar if you pull off the Chugga command. Think I'd go with you as sketch artist to the expedition—offer my services free! But beware, all the same; go slow with the fair widow. After two months in the wilderness she may be feeling a bit desperate."

CHAPTER IV A Temperature

THE rain, which had all day descended in torrents, ceased to fall at about four o'clock. By six the skies were blue and the radiance of an English spring was creating new heavens and a new earth. Carfrae Caron, in the train, felt his spirits rise. After all, he was young—still on the sunny side of five-and-thirty—and it was years since he had seen the mountains of Cumberland rising from the rolling, sun-kissed mists.

The exasperation of his irritated nerves began to subside. It had been a hateful business getting away. He had not foreseen Aster's jealousy at being left behind, nor the difficulty of packing Lance's clothes. Everything the boy had, seemed to be in ruins. This morning the boy himself, after

indulging for the past few days in an outburst of wild spirits, had given way to causeless tears, had refused to eat, and during most of the journey had sulked, half asleep, awakening in his father's mind the most dismal forebodings as to the impression he would produce at Grendon.

When the mountains came into sight, however, Lance began to sit up and take notice. He gazed at the distant summits of Helvellyn, Skiddaw and Blencathra and asked their names. When at last the little local train into which they had changed set them down in the wild moorland, Caron was boyishly conscious of a sense of adventure, of affronting the unknown, the wild, the mysterious. He wished, as he sprang lightly to the platform, that he was coming to meet youth—that Rita Knight were not so mature. He felt absurdly young, and looked it, from his clear eyes to his light-stepping feet, from his thick hair, untouched by grey, to his fair military moustache.

As he glanced round he was approached by a tall lady chauffeur, correctly attired in mole-coloured corduroys, and wearing her livery with some distinction.

"Is this Colonel Caron?" she asked frankly. And as he owned it: "I'm Valery Knight. Mother sent me to meet you. I've got the car outside. Will you please show the porter your luggage?"

Caron shook hands. "Mrs. Knight's sister-in-law?" he ventured, a trifle puzzled.

She laughed. "Her daughter."

"Her daughter!" Carfrae was so surprised that he said nothing at all. His brain spun. The image of Rita Knight suddenly slipped away into a long alley of antiquity down which he had no intention of following. She must be older than he—older than he had any idea of!

"Is this Lance?" went on Valery, friendly and conversational. "How are you?" She shook hands with the boy. "You can't think how I've been looking forward to your coming," she told him. "I like boys, and I never had a brother. Do you fish? There's quite a decent trout-stream in our garden."

Still talking, she led the way to the smart little car. "You sit by me, and the colonel can go behind," said she to Lance. "I've not long learned to drive, but I've been thoroughly taught."

They swung off northward towards Lowther, Caron ridiculously annoyed at being seated behind, as if she considered him an old gentleman.

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"Mother sent many apologies," she presently told him over her shoulder. "She wanted to come herself, but was playing off a round of golf. You'll find her at home, I hope; Sir Otho Jerrold said he'd bring her in his car."

They rushed past a tantalizing glimpse of Hawes Water, and plunged into ferny lanes redolent of spring. Every breath he drew seemed to Caron to be definitely perfumed. So through a garden-gate that stood open to a doorway of a house set in clumps of daffodils and hyacinths, whereat stood Mrs. Knight, charmingly got up in a black and white golfing suit and smiling a cordial welcome.

The room into which she led her guests was full of the scent of flowers and of pretty Indian things, the carven brass showing well against walls of dim blue. Although it was so late, tea stood awaiting the travellers, and in a low chair sat extended a long, bony man about five years older than Caron—a man with a short auburn beard and piercing red-brown eyes, which flickered over the face of the new-comer as though fearing a rival.

Rita introduced the two men with a thrill of deep satisfaction. Sir Otho, she said, was a godsend in this desert place, and was staying to dine that night in order that Colonel Caron might have a man to talk to. "He puts up with the vicar's bridge and our cottage cookery," smiled she.

"As you may guess, all that Mrs. Knight does is done to perfection," said Jerrold lazily. "Well, you had a wet journey, but I think the weather's taking up. The wind has gone into the right quarter, the glass is rising, and the moon is waxing."

"Oh, how nice of you to prophesy that!"

cried Rita. "This place is nothing in bad weather; we do want to show off a bit while Colonel Caron is here. Where are you off to, Val?"

Val, her hand on Lance's shoulder, paused at the door.

"Just going to show Lance the pony and puppies before it gets dark."



"Is this Lance?"
went on Valery.
"How are you?"

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The two whisked out, and could be seen a minute later running past the window in animated conversation.

Caron half wished he were with them, for the triangle formed by the lady and her two cavaliers was not altogether congenial. Sir Otho, in rather a marked way, held the talk upon the subject of a golf tournament in which the new-comer could take no interest; and presently Caron murmured excuses and went to see that his son and heir was clean and had brushed his hair.

He found Valery, dressed for the evening, just completing the unpacking and tidy bestowal of the boy's things in his spotless little bedroom. Lance was chattering as if

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he had known her all his life. His cheeks were scarlet and his eyes very bright. Miss Kirby, who was hovering about, put in a shy word. She thought the child overtired with his journey, and suggested putting him to bed and letting him have some supper there instead of coming downstairs. Lance, in a highly excited state, burst into tears at the suggestion, whereupon Val sat down beside him on the edge of the bed, hugged him, and promised not only to bring up his tray but to come and read him to sleep. To his father's unmeasured surprise, he instantly fell in with this suggestion, and forthwith began pulling off his jacket.

"But," expostulated Caron, "I can't let Miss Knight be bothered like this." Kirby turned her wise old eyes to his.

"She likes it better than any pleasure you could offer her," said she gently. "She is full of love and has never had anybody upon whom to lavish it."

The father yielded, and went off to do his own changing with a feeling of being suddenly relieved of a load of responsibility.

He descended to the drawing-room, well-groomed and fit, a rival to stir feelings of discomfort in the breast of Jerrold. Only Rita, however, was present as he entered, and she turned from the glowing fire, which lit up her soft grey draperies most becomingly, and held her hands to him with a gesture of more than cordiality.

"Let me bid you welcome again," she said. "You are part of my old life—the dear, vanished life of India! When you get back to Simla you will meet my ghost wandering about there!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm not sure that I *am* going back there," he answered bluntly. "I am nursing a wild idea of going off into the wide on a pioneering expedition—if I can get my family looked after. By the by," he added hastily, "Miss Kirby and Miss Knight have put Lance to bed; they think he's over-tired. I hope Miss Knight won't consider herself bound to worry about the kid."

"She's perfectly happy," said Val's mother swiftly, "with a boy, or a puppy, or even a rabbit."

"Not many girls left of her type, are there?"

"Not many—fortunately for their mothers. Oh, Colonel Caron, what *am* I to do with her? For, of course, I must face the fact that she'll never marry."

He faced round. "Not marry! Why not? Men don't all marry for looks."

"Perhaps; but very, very few of you marry *in spite of looks!* Oh, you need not spare me! I have no illusions about my unfortunate girlie. She's out of the running for the matrimonial stakes, but fortunately she won't be miserable in consequence. She is a contented creature. I think she was born to be the matron of an orphanage."

As Caron turned, upon the entrance of Sir Otho, he wished he could place this *rara avis* in charge of his!



After dinner the vicar came in to make a fourth at the bridge table, and Miss Kirby, to her unutterable relief and thankfulness, was left free to sit with her knitting, swiftly fashioning a jumper for Val.

Rita had just leaned back with a delicate sigh. "Ah, partner, if you had but opened hearts, they would have been two down!"—and Mr. Hudson had irritably retorted, "Not at all; Jerrold had another trump"; to which her rejoinder came instantly, "Which made both my diamonds good; he would have *had* to lead a diamond," when the door opened and Val put in her head.

"Kirdles dear, do you know where Trickle is?" she asked.

"My dear"—with a start—"what do you want Trickle for?"

"For Lance. I am quite sure he has got a temp.," said Val quietly.

Her mother stared, turning her beautifully dressed head towards the door. "What on earth is Trickle?"

Kirdles rose, driving her long pins through her ball. "Val's baby name for the clinical thermometer," she replied as she hastened away.

The colonel pushed back his chair. "I suppose," said he, in accents of bitter resentment against fate, "that I had better go and see."

"No, wait; it's probably some nonsense of Val's," was the consoling rejoinder. And the deal proceeded.

In a few minutes, however, Miss Kirby returned, and her face was very grave.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but I fear your little boy is really ill, Colonel Caron. He is 104, and his breathing seems much oppressed. Val is changing in order to go for the doctor. I don't wish to alarm you, but it looks to me like pneumonia."

(End of Chapter Four)

WHY WORRY?

by
Stanhope W. Sprigg

MOST people have an idea that there is some hidden but potent virtue in worry, and that if you don't worry at times you are a bit abnormal, a bit careless, or even a bit too cold-blooded. Now I admit at once that I am a total disbeliever in worry of any sort, but before I discuss this "strange, sad disease of modern life" I want to tell you a curious experience of my own which, I fancy, will prove to you pretty clearly at the outset why worry is not really the beneficent force it is usually estimated to be. We can then discuss what worry really is; but, anyway, I think I can prove from a very strange but true story that it is not half so unselfish or half so noble as some of its addicts pretend.

Tired and Haggard

It happened like this. Some time ago I had arranged to lunch at a well-known club with a playwright, a young man who was the author of one of the most charming plays then in possession of the London stage. Originally he had been a medical student, but he had found, like many others, as time went on that he had not cared about the surgery that he had been called on to perform, and so he had drifted into literature. That he wrote plays was merely an accident. Nearly everything he wrote was instinct with a creative spirit.

When I joined him at lunch, however, I was surprised to see that he looked tired and haggard. "It's the penalty of success, I think!" he explained, when I rallied him about it. "The fact is I worry—worry whether I shall ever write another play half so good as the one that I have already done! The thing seems like a boggy to me—it's getting on my brain!"

With a half apologetic smile he turned to a man that I had not previously noticed—a man seated by his side.

"This is my doctor," he added. "I have asked him to join us. He is the kind of man who dabbles in mental things and likes to take off the top of your head to see what

goes on inside your brains!" And he mentioned the name of one of the greatest mental specialists that we have, a man who is also the head of a famous asylum.

The stranger smiled and nodded, and we then started our lunch. It was not until we were sipping our coffee, however, that any question of health was mentioned, and then, as the playwright, like all true neurasthenics, began once again to discuss himself, the doctor interposed.

Worry for the Sake of it

"Look here!" he said. "There is really nothing the matter with you—nothing at all. You worry because you think you ought to worry—but that is sheer fudge. Come back with me to my consulting-rooms this afternoon. I can provide you there with a sharp object lesson in worry and its evil effects that you can never forget. If you worry afterwards, well, heaven forgive you—you ought to be shot!"

A few minutes later we three turned into Harley Street, but not until we were seated in the doctor's private room did he give a hint of the kind of object lesson that he had in store for us.

"It's like this," he began. "I am going to introduce you to one of the cleverest milliners in London, a woman who has built up a big business in Regent Street in two or three years and has practically made a fortune out of it. Six months ago she started to worry—to worry about an excellent man to whom she had become betrothed. She could not believe that he really loved her as much as he said he did; and so she started to 'shadow' him, to see what he did in his spare time, and to find out for herself exactly what were his virtues and his vices.

A Lack of Control

"Finally, this worry habit has grown so tremendously on her that she can do little else but worry about him, track him morning, noon and night, often without rest, often without food. He has tried to

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reason her out of this mania. So have I. So have her relatives and friends. It's been no good. The thing has plainly got beyond her self-control, and she has become a worry victim of the worst type.

"As a last resort we are now trying hypnotism with her, but if that fails she will either go into an asylum or commit suicide—simply because, years ago, she conceived worry as a mental asset of great value, and not as the foul thing it is, a weakness and a vice that often hounds its possessor to the grave! Now see what worry does and tell me afterwards—*dare you ever worry again?*"

Treatment under Hypnotism

A few moments later a nurse brought in the subject of our conversation, a well-bred and educated gentlewoman, aged about thirty, and obviously half French or Italian. In spite of hollow cheeks and big, lustrous eyes, she chatted quite brightly with us on current topics, and instantly, when her consent was asked, professed her readiness to let us be the witness of her treatment under hypnotism.

Most people, I suppose, know how this treatment is given—how, simply by suggestion and a few touches of the hand, the subject is induced to lean back in an arm-chair and to fall into a kind of trance, and when in this state of trance, to listen eagerly to what the practitioner asks her to do, either at that moment or when she regains the normal use of her powers. Under hypnotism she admitted quite freely the folly of her conduct and promised to give up her foolish hunts, to frequent dairies and drink hot milk, and to do all manner of sane acts thereafter; but directly she was de-hypnotized and awoke you could see a change in her face and in her character. The worry fiend had also awakened within her. She became excited and hectic, and, as she took her leave, the doctor shook his head.

"It's no good, I fear," he said with a sigh. "She has gone too far!" And a week later I read in the daily newspapers an account of her dramatic plunge into the Thames and her most sad and painful death.

The "Garden" Cure

My friend, however, had had his lesson and had perceived his danger. He gave up all idea of a successor to his play and went to live in an obscure Hertfordshire village

where the inhabitants were not quite certain as to the day of the week, and where he could work for hours in a garden that was at least a hundred years old, and where mental work afterwards was merely a weariness to him. Now managers are seeking him, not he seeking them. "I don't know whether I shall ever write another play," he said to me a few days ago. "Flowers yield much more interest to me! If ever you feel tempted to worry, come and give me a hand in my garden. Think, man, think, what you would be like if you had the sense and the knowledge to grow roses!"

I smiled. "And do you worry now?" I queried, gazing enviously at his sturdy, well-built frame and sunburnt cheeks.

He burst into a big, Homeric kind of laugh. "Indeed I do—if my meals are not on the table to the second," he roared, giving me a hearty thump on the shoulder. "Only I don't worry with my brains any longer. It's much jollier to take it out of your appetite!"

Now readers can draw what moral they like from this true story of modern London life, but if it makes them really think about worry, and why worry slays its thousands and thousands of victims every year, I do not for one moment believe that I shall have drawn the veil from a very unhappy and unfortunate woman's life in vain.

A Post-war Evil

This worry habit, in truth, is much more common than careless and indifferent folk suppose. Indeed, since the war has ended I have often been tempted to think that I possess more friends with an infinite capacity to worry than any other man on earth. At present they seem to me to worry about their health, worry about their business, and worry about their future; but if ever you tell them the honest truth, that worry is as bad as drink, and that nobody has the right to worry at all, they draw back from you with an incredulous moan and shudder. They would, I honestly believe, dub you a brute were they not too sensitive to use so strong a term.

Nevertheless, is it not time that the whole truth about worry was written? After all, this selfsame worry is easily the biggest and worst boggy and bugbear of the age, and, moreover, there is a distinct danger that if it is not taken to pieces and reduced to its proper proportions it will cease to appear as the vice that it really is,

and by an old device of the Evil One become disguised as a virtue.

There is no doubt, however, in strict justice, and in the sight of God, and in the recollection of man, that nobody has any right to worry—no right at all. Just as the Jesuits teach: "Directly you get emotional about your religion you are in danger of error," so ought parents to teach their children: "Directly you begin to worry you enter a vicious circle that may eventually lead to the most grave consequences. Be warned by us. The world soon gets too much with us. Take pains—use prudence—look ahead as much as you like, but never worry—for worry, which begins in weakness and often masks a liar and a coward, almost invariably ends in tragic despair."

Worry kills because it is an evil and unclean thing. It could not were it otherwise.

How to Cure the Worry Habit

There are all manner of quaint and curious recipes for victims of the worry habit. Some are American, some are English, all are equally hostile to taking unnecessary pains. One man I know has a card with the injunction "Don't worry!" printed in huge capitals hung above the desk at his office, and he often tells me that when his eyes fall on it his wrinkles vanish, the lines around his mouth relax, and he feels he has suddenly taken a powerful tonic.

Another friend calls himself a philosopher of the Don't Worry School! Whenever he finds he is troubling overmuch he talks to himself something like this: "You know what Pascal said: 'Man is a reed trembling in a universe of matter, in the midst of creation; but then he is endowed with thought. It needs but an atom to end his existence, but, atom or avalanche, he would still be triumphant over either; for, as I pointed out at the outset, he is endowed with thought. He *knows* what happens to him—the atom and the avalanche do not. Rise to the height of your destiny then. Courage is only a product of the right kind of thought.'"

Really only Cowards

Often friends, however, are not so heroic. They cannot persuade themselves of the simple truth of the assurance: "Nothing can hurt you but yourself," and "not one sparrow falls to the ground," and so they grope about among fortune-tellers, new religions, new methods of priestcraft, and

medicine, and modern thought for the consolation they cannot themselves distil from life. They are really only cowards, and they inevitably share the heritage of cowards—worry, with all its ills.

A friend of mine, preaching some years ago on this topic, put the whole problem of worry in a nutshell. He said that worry-people were really the people who saw life from the wrong point of view, and, in my opinion, I consider that he was right. These men and women usually tell you, if you ask them why they worry, when, after all, life is so brief and cares so numerous, that they feel that existence is short, and that if they are to enjoy thoroughly the good things of life, they must be watchful and vigilant, or these good things will escape their hot and over-eager hands.

Eternal Pleasure-hunting

They don't ask the plain question whether they were meant originally to be happy, or to give themselves entirely over to pleasure. No; they are quite sure they were. And my friend in his bitterness turned round on them in a fashionable pulpit near Grosvenor Square and told them that they were living such a life as one would expect to find in the Zoological Gardens—that no man or woman who tried to please themselves ever succeeded, but soon tired of their artificial pleasures, finding that what they once considered delicious had become poisonous. If they forced any pleasure-seeking man or woman to the opera, the play or the banquet, and told them that they must remain there enjoying their pleasures for twenty-four hours, who would ever cross the threshold? Unless they could shake themselves free from those pleasures and this insane worry to have a good time, to which they had given their lives, they were slaves. People who devoted themselves to the pursuit of pleasure, who worried and agonized to wring from life what was not in it, were of all sad people the most sad.

The Tale of the Fox and the Labourer

This is true, most true. Do you remember the old Greek fable of the fox and the labourer? It seems to have been specially composed for its lesson to those who worry and those who do not. A fox passing a field saw a man ploughing and whistling happily as he worked.

Said the fox: "Why do you whistle at your work?"

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The man replied that it was because he enjoyed the keen fresh air and the scent of the brown earth, and also because his work was good and provided bread for the people when the wheat should be grown. But the fox replied: "You are foolish to whistle and rejoice; you are but a slave to the farmer who employs you, and your reward will only be a little of the bread you have helped to make for others."

Now this depressed the man, who ceased to whistle, and felt he was badly done by and little better than the ox who pulled the plough.

Meanwhile the fox passed on and saw another man similarly employed, and the fox asked him why he looked so glum and discontented. The man replied that he had good reason to look glum, that he was little better than an ox, labouring hard to make bread for others and making very little for himself.

"But," said the fox, "do you not enjoy working in the keen fresh air with the scent of the good earth, and does it not make you happy to know that your work provides bread for many others as well as for yourself?"

The man soon after began to whistle and sing. "The fox was right," he said. "My work is useful to the world. I have every reason not to worry but to rejoice. There is no fun like work."

Betrays a Lack of Trust

Anyway, worry betrays a lack of trust in Almighty God. We were obviously sent

here not to worry but to do the will of Him who sent us. If we adequately realize this we shall not only never worry again, but have a sure antidote to the worry habit.

In the *Matilda Zeiler Magazine for the Blind*, the other day, I read these verses by an American blind man, Edgar A. Guest:

"Time was I used to worry, I'd sit around and sigh,

An' think with every ache I got that I was goin' to die.

I'd see disaster comin' from a dozen different ways,

And prophesy calamity an' dark an' dreary days.

But I came to this conclusion, that it's foolishness to fret.

I've had my share of sickness, but I ain't dead yet.

"Wet springs have come to grieve me, and I've grumbled at the showers,

But I can't recall a June time that forgot to bring my flowers.

I've had my business troubles and looked failure in the face,

But the crashes I expected seemed to pass right by the place.

So I'm taking life more calmly, pleased with everything I get,

And not overhurt by losses, 'cos I ain't dead yet.

"I've found a thousand failures and a thousand deaths I've died.

I've had this world in ruins by the gloom I prophesied.

But the sun shines out this morning, and the skies above are blue,

An' with all my griefs and troubles, I've somehow lived 'em through.

There may be new cares for me, much like those that I've met.

Death will come someday an' take me—but I ain't dead yet."

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The Romance of the Shepherd



By Olive Hockin

"A farmer's son so sweet
Was a-keeping of his sheep,
And he fell fast asleep,
While the lambs were playing. . . ."

IF the old country songs ring true there must have been, in days gone by, a different spirit about everyday outdoor work than is found on the farms to-day. Listening to the lilt and swing of those cheery rhymes, all dealing with little commonplace daily affairs, one gets the impression of a life care-free and joyous, with leisure not only to enjoy it, but even to give it artistic expression. A spirit indeed that one can hardly conceive in these days of hustle and scientific intensiveness when, to make ends meet at all, the utmost must be wrung from cow or sheep or pig, and every minute of the labourer's time systematically weighed and accounted for. Farming then was perhaps more of a family affair, the daughters milking the cows and the sons driving the horses, and it is easier to recognise the needs of the family for leisure and fun and recreation than those of the impersonal workman, whose right to any sort of life of his own has usually been acknowledged only under compulsion of a strike, or in such times of labour shortage as occurred during the war.

In the "good old days" the milkmaid went down to the meadows armed with

stool and pail (but history does not say how far it was to carry back the weighty bucket of milk), and milked at ease in the sunshine. Haymaking, too, seems to have been just a summer pastime, joined in by all the village, junketing and flirting. In these days, on the contrary, it is the most arduous, nerve-racking, muscle-wearing work of the year; for the master an anxious race against rain; and for the men fourteen hours or so a day of toil that taxes arms and back and tempers to the uttermost. Perhaps the weather was more reliable in the "good old days"—or perhaps the song makers just looked on and never tried the work!

Old-time Shepherding

Shepherding again. Who does not picture the shepherd as a romantic figure lying in the shade of hawthorns up on the hill, piping to his sheep, singing and dreaming, making love to dainty shepherdesses?

What were the sheep about all this time? It may be there was more room then, as well as more sunshine. They seem to have roamed where they would, with grass unlimited to crop and no need for extra turnips, cake or corn. Nowadays shepherding, like haymaking, is a different matter. Some flocks, no doubt, may be turned up over the downs for part of the year, but the modern shepherd has no time to lie about

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in the sun; he is hard at work from dawn till dark, week days and holy days alike, and in lambing time must be on the watch by night as well as day.

It is hardly realised even now what an unrelenting tie is the charge of animals. There was a shepherd I worked with once

And this in quite a matter-of-fact tone, as if it were a normal condition of the work!

How little one realises, too, on seeing sheep neatly penned in a field of roots, how much work the hurdling entails. Each day a new portion is enclosed, and a good part of each day is occupied carrying the hurdles,

two at a time, across and across the field and driving them in. Some of my most vivid memories of working days are connected with hurdling sheep in winter, trudging the fields, ankle deep in mud, driving rain beating our faces and checking our progress, and the burden of those heavy hurdles! Everything a labourer handles throughout the day is *heavy*, a fact that those who complain of their seemingly slow movements should



In summer, unless they roam on a wide range of downland, sheep must be shifted constantly from field to field, else they will foul and tire of their pasture.

on a big estate—a man in the service of a wealthy employer. Telling me one day about his son, he was regretting how he could not keep him with him. The lad, it appeared, was set on finding work in the town, and refused to keep to the shepherding chiefly because of the incessant Sunday work.

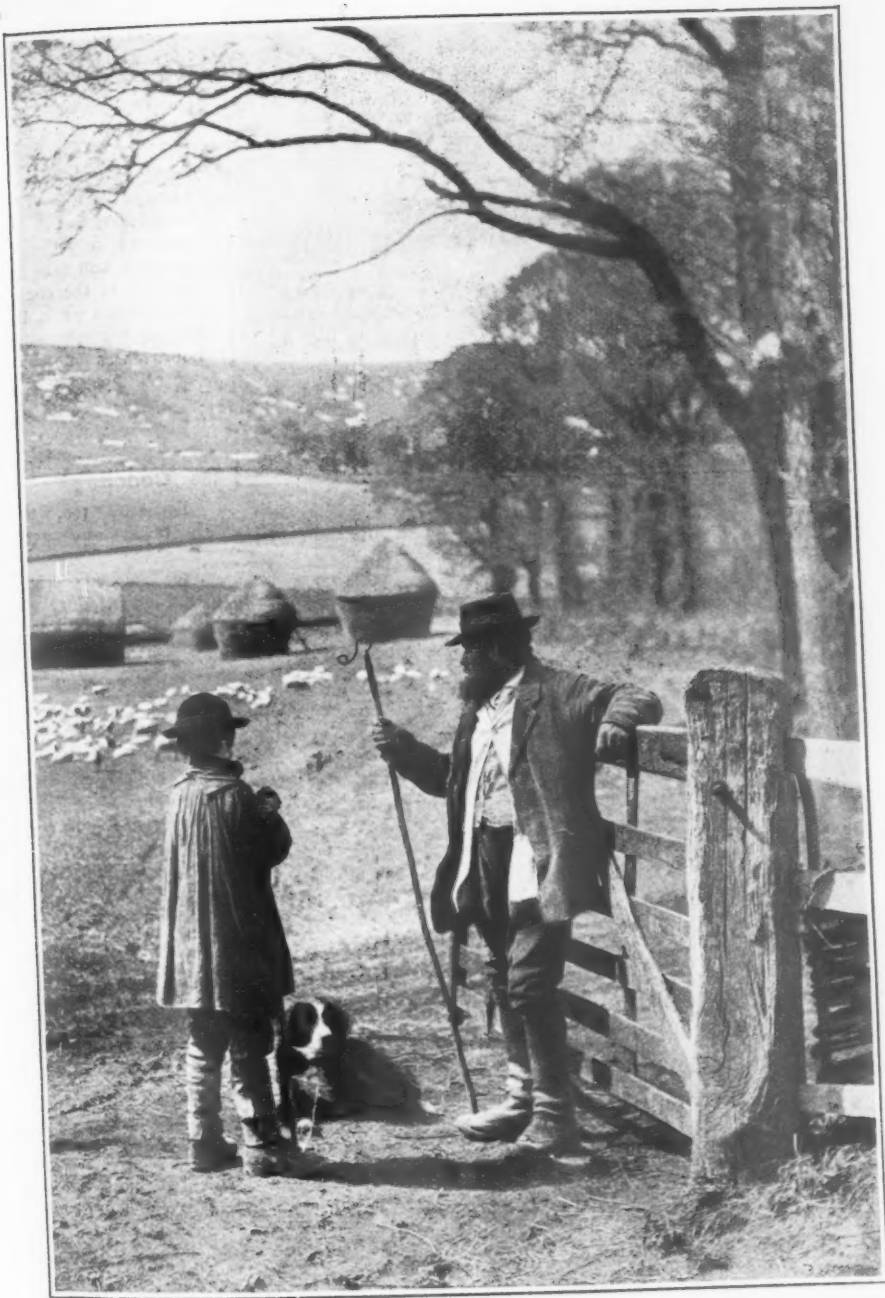
No Holidays

"But," I asked him, "do you *never* get a holiday?"

"Well, miss," was the answer, "I did have a week-end once, but that was nine years ago!"

remember, for the cumulative effect, added to the long hours of continual walking, is a constant strain upon his elasticity and strength. The iron bar itself, with which holes are made and hurdles driven, may weigh some forty or fifty pounds, and, apart from the weight, the handling of the cold iron on a frosty morning is an experience not to be forgotten! Rain and mud and cold, in fact, seem to comprise a good many of one's memories with regard to sheep.

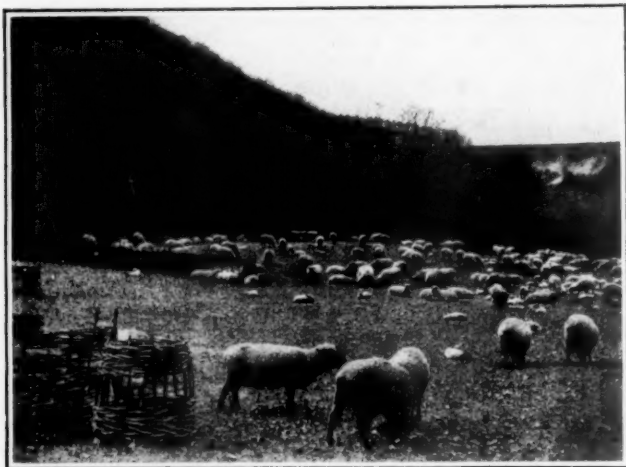
Owing to their inherited habits sheep are wasteful feeders. Used to roaming for miles and nibbling where they will, if they



The Shepherd

Care of sheep needs constant watchfulness, and the life develops a fine, hardy type of man, out in all weathers, up often by night as well as day, and working week in week out the whole year round.

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Ewes and lambs penned on the roots. As they eat their way through the crop a new patch is hurdled in and they pass on to fresh feed, leaving the ground clear behind them. Incidentally, this is one of the most thorough ways of manuring a field.

were not carefully penned they would wander over the field, spoiling and trampling a hundred roots for one they eat. Even when hurdled they like to nibble the sweet upper part of the turnip, leaving the more bitter root, and a careful farmer will have these hoed up, chopped in a turnip cutter, and fed with the meal in troughs.

An Education in Itself

Yet the life develops fine hardy men. There are still shepherds, and other labourers too, in this civilised country of ours who began working at twelve, ten or even eight years of age. And thoroughly good workmen they make, too, gaining an education that is based on real knowledge and experience, and could never be got from books if they stayed on at school till sixteen or twenty—or thirty.

It is still an open question how much the son will gain by abandoning his open-air life and courting precarious fortune in town. Yet with the example he has of his

father's bondage, and the glamour before him of easy hours, evenings of light and fun and a day and a half of leisure in every week, it is little wonder that he goes. In old days, when the shepherd might sing and pipe and take his ease all in the course of the day's work, the need for regulated hours was not inconsistent.

The Modern Tendency to Coddling

Perhaps, too, the sheep have changed since the time when they roamed, half wild, over the uncultivated lands. Care and coddling and high feeding lead to delicacy, as much in sheep as in humans, and delicacy again demands increased care, and so the circle exacts ever more and more work on the part of the herd.

There are few more careful or beautiful bits of work on a farm than a skilfully erected lambing pen. Up on the high land it may be, lone on the open down, a veritable walled city, the shepherd's wheeled hut in the midst, and the shepherd himself as autocrat and ruler. The hurdled walls, lined with reed for warmth and shelter,



Ewes folded in the farm yard, made snug and warm for early lambing.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SHEPHERD

surround the citadel, and within neat enclosures divide the inhabitants according to their state in life. Here are ewes, heavy with their spring burden, awaiting their time, there beyond is another, filling day by day with distraught mothers evidently bewildered by the antics of the queer white leggy scraps who frisk at their sides, and along one side, low-roofed and snug under the thatch, are ranged the pens where lambs are born day and night throughout the month.

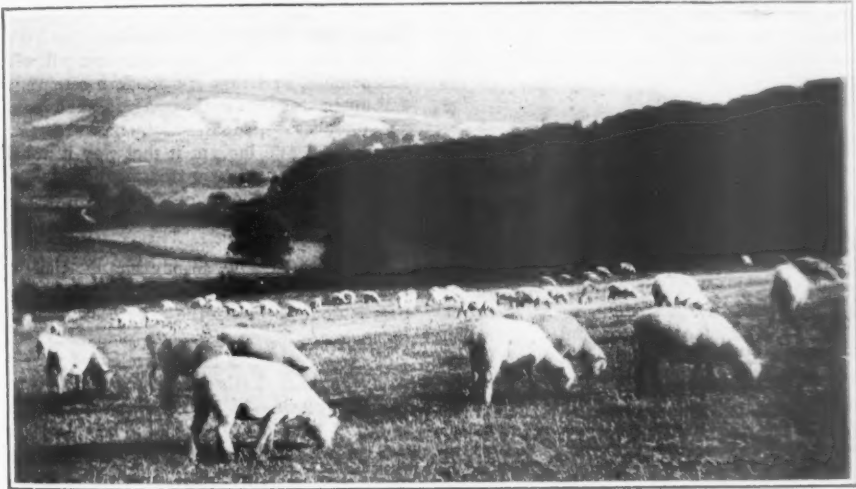
Caring for the Weakly Lamb

In the shepherd's hut—or "ship'us," as some counties have it—burns always a small stove. Here the shepherd makes his tea or

upon its shafts, loaded with bright-coloured mangolds that were brought up from the store the day before and left there for distribution among the flock. Under cover, safe under a tarpaulin, are bags of "cake" and corn, to be fed in the troughs, and down the middle of each enclosure, with sheep nibbling from either side, is a path of hay, constantly renewed.

A jolly life a lamb's life seems—frolicking, playing or sleeping all the day; plenty of food and never a care in the world! Soon they will be turned out on the hillside to bask in the year's first sunshine and learn to crop the springing grass.

Before long, however, troubles begin even for little white skippy lambs. The day



By the time the summer sun beats upon the pastures the sheep must be glad to be rid of their heavy winter coats.

grills a chop, and here maybe some weakly lamb, born in the cold hours last night, too frail to climb on its own four feet, is being nursed into the world, cheered with warm milk from a bottle before going back to its mother's care. Such long, limp, skinny little mortals with their tight white curly coats!

And how quickly they grow! Before two days are out they will have joined the flock and be making friends with the others of their generation, running races, hopping and leaping, tearing about and confusing the stately mothers with games they themselves have long ago forgot.

A vast amount of food will be got through in these days. In one corner a cart rests

comes when the queer, long, wriggly tails must be cut off, and at the same time all the little males will undergo their brief but painful operation. Into the pens they are driven, right through the flock go the ruthless men, and for the next day or two a rather sorry little long-legged company roams the hills feeling, for the time being, not at all skippy or playful.

Further Trials

That is by no means the end of their trials at the hands of man. As they grow up hardly a day passes but the flock is rounded up for some reason or another. How well they get to know what is coming! Man and dog appear on the hill-top; they

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cock up heads and stare, then as the collie shoots like a yellow meteor down the slope they begin to run, herding together, bundling helter skelter into a corner. Young dogs may run them savagely, even wounding the sheep with a snap at a leg or a tear at the ear, but the veteran of experience treats them delicately, swings and turns and stops at a word from his master, and brings them in unheated and unworried.

Footrot and flies are daily troubles as time goes on. For the former the poor beast is held struggling on its back while the hoofs are pared—often down to the quick—a painful proceeding obviously from the way it shrinks and quivers and kicks. Flies in summer lay their eggs in the wool, and unless carefully checked the grubs on hatching can destroy a whole fleece, leaving the sheep ragged and disreputable. Constant watchfulness is not the least of the shepherd's duties.

Sheep-shearing

Sheep-shearing, reminiscent of warm June days when grass is at its greenest, is another country function hallowed of old in verse and song. Nowadays this, too, must be done with dispatch, for the wool crop is an important source of revenue, and many a small farmer depends upon it when getting together his Michaelmas rent. On big farms electricity perhaps furnishes the power, while the men but hold the sheep and guide the shears. Yet this is skilled work, too, opening the fleece correctly, working into intricate corners and clipping close without ever wounding the tender skin of the animal. They are wonderfully patient, the poor victims, barely flinching, and submitting helplessly to such throwing about as their masters may choose to inflict whilst they are in their hands.

After seeing the familiar dun-coloured coats of sheep at graze, dirty to greyness as they are near towns, one is surprised to find how snowy white is the fleece inside. Soft and silky as a baby's hair, and sweet-

smelling as a toilet cream. Little time have the men, however, to consider aught but "getting on with the job"; one by one the unwieldy beasts are caught and tied, and one by one they emerge again—white and skinny, and piteously conscious, one would imagine, of their new and grotesque appearance.

It must be a relief, however, when the warm days come to have got rid of that monstrous weight of wool, and for a time perhaps the beasts may graze in peace untroubled by thoughts of their future. Soon the flock will be split up, some sent to market, wether lambs kept on rich pasture for fattening—with old ewes past their prime—and ewe lambs set apart for future increase.

The Ceremony of Dipping

Yet there is one occasion when all will reassemble, and that is a modern ceremony, unknown to the early singers, and compulsorily established now by law—the dipping. Did one look at it that way it would lend itself to romantic treatment as well as the shearing or any other ancient custom of the farm. Much might be made of the eternal symbol of purification by water. But in the country now no one has the time or the spirit to make up song and legend. All that is done for us in the towns; our rhymes come ready-made like our pots and pans and tools, and the latest irrelevant refrain from the music-halls spreads as quickly over the countryside as it does throughout the town.

So fares the sheep through life, placid and passive and unresisting, the most defenceless of our domestic animals and perhaps one of the most exploited. Purified by their plunge in the evil-smelling waters of the "Dip," the ewes may perhaps away once more to the hills, there to live out their lives until winter and lambing time again come round. The rest will be penned on turnips, fattened, and ultimately sacrificed to satisfy the increasing needs of our vast human family.



Straight Grained



J.C. HOWARD

BENJAMIN VERRITER, arranging with characteristic nicety a black scarf beneath his evening dress overcoat, glanced upwards from the hall as his wife descended the thickly carpeted stairs. And Cynthia met her husband's smile of whimsical but amused appreciation with a happy, friendly lowering of her perfectly poised head, in pleased acknowledgment of his approval. For, to Verriter's adoring wife, it was the paramount thing that he should be pleased. With that longed-for appreciation in her husband's eyes once secured, Cynthia Verriter's gowns had already achieved the success she counted as chiefest of the evening.

That Benjamin—whose clothes sat his firm strong frame better than many an expensive glove fits the hand of a woman, who stood his muscular six-foot-four in a perfectly unstudied dignity of presence, of breeding, who moved with the curiously innate and lovable hauteur of men accustomed to command—that Benjamin approved—set its seal upon the gown and its happy wearer. Therefore, because she saw approbation in his eyes, and in deliberate savouring of her triumph, she halted upon the last broad stair but one to make him a gay and smiling courtesy.

And Benjamin Verriter broke into the laugh she loved to hear.

"You witch!" he cried. "You little witch, you!" But still she waited.

"You're wonderful, Cynthia," he told her with admiring eyes that did not seek to hide from her his instant appreciation of all the art there was in her choosing just that stair to pause upon; a height that brought the high-piled mass of honey-gold hair just within the brilliant glow of the lamp at the foot of the stairs, where she stood radiant, all-bewitching.

"Black shoulder straps above apple-green. With your colouring! Cynthia, you're a miracle!"

She seemed so infinitely lithe, so

ethereally graceful, and utterly charming, to glide rather than step down those two remaining stairs, with her pretty rounded arms in their long gloves outstretched to him lovingly as he took her in his arms.

"I have to be," she murmured softly. "I have to do justice to my *man*!" Her golden head was flung backwards within his great arms, and she raised adoring eyes above her parted lips. "They've lost the pattern of giants like you, Benjamin. And of men that are men, these days!" He laughed softly, pleased in spite of himself.

"There! There!" He soothed her with a caressing hand on her white shoulder. "I should be less than human if I didn't like your pride in me, dear, but I am just myself. The result of accident, perhaps. We're all big men. My father and uncles were all like that. And I hope, at least, that our boys—"

"They'll be great big men like you," she said confidently. "Why, Tom must be almost as tall as me now, at fifteen and a half, and Derrick's got his Junior house-cap—"

"They're sturdy boys," he admitted. "And we always could play games."

She took his arm in sudden caprice and dragged him before a long mirror beside the hall-stand in the carpeted space next the door.

"There's nobody to hear or see," she laughed shyly. "Look in that glass, and deny if you can that you are the handsomest man you know. That the fondest wish of your heart is that Tom and Derrick should grow to be just such two others."

Obedient to her whim he inspected comically, gravely, his reflection, with almost the curiosity of a third party. Beneath the dull, brown hair, greyer than he cared about above the ears, and with a bald patch above the right temple, his strong, straight, regular features were set in a clean-shaven face upon a tallish, quite decently proportioned body.

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"Pooh!" said he. "I would pass in a crowd. What about my boys' perfectly adorable mother?" And he smiled at her image in the mirror beside him.

"That's just what you wouldn't," she told him defiantly.

"Wouldn't—wouldn't what, Cynthia?"

"Pass in a crowd," she laughed. "They'd stare."

He looked at her—queerly, she almost fancied.

Then he put on his soft, well-fitting, black velour.

"We shall have to hurry, dear," he remarked, simply, taking her cloak from a chair and putting it about her shoulders. "Wolverton said eight o'clock, didn't he?"

"It's not more than the half-hour," she reassured him as he opened the door, and, descending the steps before her, set her beside him in the waiting car, which moved easily away.

"They did, as a matter of fact," said Verriter suddenly to the silence of the softly thrumming wheels.

"Did . . . ?" she asked utterly at a loss.

"Did stare at me," he completed, "the other day. A big crowd, down by the docks. There was a little tub-thumping, red-haired man with a face like a starved ferret. And he pointed me out to his audience of dock-hands, longshoremen, and labourers.

"There's one of them," was what Red-Head called out suddenly as I threaded my way amongst them. B. 13 Dock it was; I took you there once, Cynthia. I didn't imagine that my mild little orator could refer to me, until the crowd of workers and loafers turned and stared at me, some good-humouredly, some with a scowl. Oh, yes, they stared all right."

"And what did you do, Benjamin?"

"I stopped to hear what Red-Head had to say. It was interesting. He asked my permission to continue. And I gave it at once. I stood in the crowd and listened.

"It seemed that I was eating the workers' bread. That the clothes I wore were earned by the men in rough shirts and trousers that listened beside me. That my height and breadth represented generations of well-fed men who had lived on the fat of the land, while certain puny wretches starved from father to son, and son to grandson, and never had enough. Who grew little and pale-faced, undersized and weak-brained accordingly. I couldn't see any pale-faced under-sized men among that

docker audience, unless it was my red-haired orator himself, but that apparently was not the point.

"I and others like me had had every advantage. 'Education at a public school, no doubt?' I confirmed the surmise. 'A university?' Cambridge I told him. 'Unearned riches?' But I had him there. Very little I told him. 'Living an idle, useless life?' he insisted. On the contrary. I assured him I did a harder day than himself. And that I owned three twin-screw 10,000-ton steamers and four sailing ships that provided employment for about a thousand men, and indirect employment for dockers, their union secretaries, and incidentally orators like himself. Well, that crowd of rough fellows guffawed and cheered. Not him, but me, the capitalist, that had done them so much wrong!" He laughed quietly at the memory of it, and went on more thoughtfully. "But I wondered afterwards, and your loving flattery just now, Cynthia, made me think of it again. I wondered how far he was right. You see, we *are* the race-horses, dear. And we have lived on the fat of the land for generations, and we have had every advantage of education, training, healthy surroundings, opportunity. Of course, I know I do my job. But is it me that is the man you admire, dear? Is it what is in me? Or is it merely a matter of favoured opportunity? Could that red-haired orator take my place, for example?"

"Dear," she told him. "In my eyes you are you. Nobody could be like you."

"Except the boys when they grow up," he put in. And he noted how her hands clenched suddenly as if at the very shadow of a suggestion that her sons could fail to have every chance to become just such men as was their father.

"The boys, dear, yes. And, oh! It may be wrong. May be unjust. But I want them to have every one single advantage they can have. They are in a public school, they will go to Cambridge, they will one day direct your fleet of steamers and sailing ships. They must be race-horses too, Benjamin! I want them to be. I can't help it if there must be under-dogs."

"No one can," he agreed. "Although it's very galling. Thank God! my boys—"

The car drew up at a brilliantly illuminated house that had a druggist across the pavement before its open door. Beside it a small curious crowd of work girls and seedy young men waited idly. Their dully

envious and idly staring eyes came somehow as an emphatic comment upon their current thoughts.

With Cynthia before him Verriter ran the gauntlet of their curiosity. "Could these people take our place to-night, Cynthia?" he whispered on the step.

"I don't know," she said. "And, frankly, I don't care. I do know that you have earned all this, for me, and—for the boys. That we have got it—through you. And that you will keep it for us."

He sighed a little heavily as he handed hat and coat and black silk scarf to a manservant within the house. That was the point. Could he keep for Cynthia and the boys—just this?—and *this* meant and included the well-appointed matter-of-fact luxury of his whole life. Wolverton's town house, the very entrée to which stamped a man as a personage, a power to be reckoned with, was typical of it all. Could he keep that conquest he had won too? With all it stood for? If so, for how long?

II

HE sat, a well-groomed handsome figure, in the private room of his busy office next morning. But he was not in a working mood. The dinner of last evening had proved eventful. Martin Wolverton, his host, had left the chair at the head of his table to discuss the matter that now troubled Verriter in the retrospect. Six other men lingered over Wolverton's quite remarkable port, and gave opportunity for that commercial magnate to slip into the vacant chair beside Verriter for a brief word with him.

"Any better news, Verriter?" he had asked, the keen black eyes above the comfortable, clean-shaven chin searching Verriter's face narrowly. It was one of Verriter's theories that Martin Wolverton felt more elation in success, a keener depression in failure, and consumed more energy in anxiety than any business man he knew.

"No," returned Verriter with a rueful smile. "There is no change. I am losing two thousand pounds a month steadily."

"So am I," declared Wolverton. "If anything, rather more. Or, at least, I was."

"Was?" echoed Verriter. "You mean to tell me that things are beginning to turn?"

"No," said Wolverton slowly. "But I have finished. I'm going to shut up shop."

Verriter sat back in his chair in wide-eyed amazement at the words.

"You!" he cried. "Going out of business? Martin Wolverton closes down?"

"Just that," said Wolverton. "I have money and to spare. More than I can ever need. It is not necessary for me to ship another consignment as long as I live. I need not do it at all. Yet for twelve months I have persisted. I have lost a small fortune with every cargo I landed in England. I shall do no more. I have finished. What I have I hold. I can afford no more ventures that consume capital and merely make me poorer for my pains."

"But," gasped Verriter, "your—your work-people, your packers, your clerks, your managers, your agents all over the world?"

"They are under notice from yesterday," declared Wolverton. "They must find other employment. That is all. And, Verriter, I would advise you also. Follow my example, close down. Now, at once. You know, and every man in the city knows, that your overhead expenses are eating the heart out of your shipping concern. At present you are still a wealthy man. Cut your losses. Get out, as I have done. You owe it to yourself to do so."

"And my people?"

"Must get in somewhere else, Verriter."

"There is the dole, of course," returned Verriter. "I wonder how they would like it if I did?" What, he reflected inwardly, would that red-haired agitator on Dock B 13 have to say about it, for example? And this morning he sat reflecting gloomily upon the great man's decision. Wolverton was always so right in everything he did. If Wolverton had definitely decided that he could not continue, ought Verriter himself to let such a considered example convince him, or ought he not? Wolverton, who had a finger in every pie, who bought and shipped, and sold and resold every commodity that seemed to represent a possibility of profit, any produce, were it from the ends of the earth, that promised a margin of gain. Wolverton must know how the land lay, where things were trending. If freights, and tariffs, and wages, and the phenomenal cost of everything made further business impossible for Wolverton, what about himself? The loss of Wolverton's very cargoes would be a blow that would fall heavily upon him. Emphatically Wolverton was right. If he, Verriter, walked out of his office that morning, discharged every man on his pay-roll, from ship's captain to dock-watchmen, sent his steamers to the ship-breakers, his sailing

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ships to market, he would still be a wealthy man with an assured position and a place in the world. Cynthia would lack nothing she could desire. Nor would his boys. And yet?

It was at this juncture that there was brought to him a card.

"Captain William Dyer? Yes, send him in." And Captain Dyer, master of the 10,000-ton steamer *Calypto*, was shown into the presence of that vessel's owner.

Dyer, a florid, weather-bronzed man of sixty, was provided with a chair. His close-cropped hair was very grey about the forehead and behind the enormous ears.

"Well, Dyer?" asked Verriter.

"Well, sir. Well, Mr. Verriter. I came home with a half-empty hold again."

"I heard," said Verriter. "I don't know really what I run my ships for at all."

Captain Dyer looked up quickly, and regarded the capitalist with an amused smile.

"Why, we couldn't do without ships, could we, sir?"

"Why not? I'm losing money on every voyage."

"Why not?" gasped Dyer in amazement. "You can't be serious, Mr. Verriter, in asking that! Foodstuffs, is why not, sir. This country would starve in a month if it wasn't for yours and other people's. But you know that."

"I know quite well," returned Verriter. "We can always get bulky consignments of food and fodder. But the point is, that that alone doesn't pay. I lose money on every trip made by any of my vessels. I am considering very carefully whether it is possible for me to carry on or not."

"It's bad trade, sir," said Dyer, "and high freights. We can't get the figure. But trade will improve, sir. And freights? Begging pardon, sir, but they'll have to come down. And with a run."

Verriter eyed him curiously. He was not ill-pleased at the man's straightforwardness. Rather was he a little amused at the arithmetic that could dictate such an opinion.

"But how, Dyer?" he asked. "How can freights come down when I tell you that I am losing hundreds of pounds every fortnight with freights as they stand? How will making them cheaper help me out? Say what you think, frankly, Dyer. There is no reason why I should not be perfectly open with you."

"No, sir. And, besides that, this con-

versation goes no farther than the office here."

"Why should it not? I have nothing to hide."

Dyer nodded, crumpling his cap thoughtfully between his knotted fingers.

"Well, sir, there's coal. We're economizing on that. There's insurances. You must pay those, sir. There's upkeep, wages—"

"What about wages, Captain Dyer?"

"You remember what happened last time, sir. The men wouldn't take less wages. And their union wouldn't have let 'em if they would. But if my wage—"

Verriter smiled.

"What would be the good of taking a few pounds a month from you, Dyer, when it's thousands I need to save? No, if every man-jack in my employ, clerks and dockers, and crews and store-hands would take less all round it might help. But they won't."

"They won't, sir. But the fact is they can't. They couldn't live if they did."

"Then what of me, Dyer? How am I to live? I work from Monday morning till Saturday night. I lay out hundreds of thousands of pounds a year. I risk them all, and work like a black. And my reward is a constant, definite, invariable loss month after month. For what? Apparently to provide work and wages for a thousand people or so. And as you said a while ago, to import foodstuffs to nourish my countrymen who would feel the pinch if I did not. And apparently I must continue to do this indefinitely. Captain Dyer, do you think I ought?"

The weather-beaten little man with the big ears scratched his greying hair anxiously.

"It's a puzzler, Mr. Verriter," he said, after a pause. "A real puzzler and no mistake."

"Let me have your opinion, anyway. Don't mince it."

"I could try the men again, sir."

"That's hopeless, Dyer, as you know quite well. As you say, they couldn't live on less. The question I ask is: Must I, in your opinion, carry on? Is it my duty or not?"

Dyer raised his big blue eyes with hesitation, shook his head musingly, and spoke again as one who has made up his mind.

"Yes, sir," he said. "You must."

"Reasons?"

"Well, sir, a man like you cannot help but carry on. First of all, there are your own people to consider. Then there is the



"'There's the very man,' screamed the red-haired firebrand, with bony finger pointing straight at Verriter"—p. 538

Drawn by
W. S. Bayard Rustin

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question of your example. You're in a big way, sir. If you close down a hundred smaller people will close down too. Your very example will mean the throwing of thousands of seamen and workpeople into the street. Freights would go higher still. In a little while even, if the thing spread far enough, there wouldn't be shipboard for the foodstuffs that England needs. Or if there were, those freights would be so high that the people could not buy bread at all. I don't say the scrapping of your ships would do that at first, sir, but it would help things that way. No, sir, if ever a man's duty was plain, yours is, sir. You must continue to sail your ships as long as ever you own one penny. And I hope you believe, sir, that it isn't only an anxiety about my own job that makes me say so."

"Good Heavens! Dyer, I know that. Do you think I would talk to you like this if I did not?"

"I thank you, sir. But you asked for my opinion, sir, and I gave it."

"Captain Dyer," said Verriter, rising to his feet, "I am infinitely obliged to you. Let me tell you that your opinion is my own. It happened that when you came in I was ever so vaguely considering the question. I know perfectly well now that I should have carried on in any case. But I put the matter before you as a man. And I am glad that you were man enough to answer frankly. Benjamin Verriter will not close down, Captain Dyer. Of that you may rest assured."

And when Dyer left him, the minor business that had brought him discussed, Verriter sat down calmly and covered a large white sheet of paper with neat figures. He had quite definitely made up his mind. The figures were simply an estimate of all he possessed arrayed to a total which should inform him as to the length of time during which he could continue to lose thousands of pounds month after month, complete his ruin or weather the storm, if weathered it was to be.

At present he could see no outlet, but things might alter before the crash came, in somewhere about two years from now. His last penny should go into the struggle, with the exception of two things. He would purchase a tiny annuity for Cynthia. He would pay the fees for Tom and Derrick at their public school, cash now in advance, until each boy reached seventeen; that would give them the chance they had a minimum right to, would put them

definitely in the racehorse class, as Cynthia hoped for them. For the rest he must take his chance. There was no other way out.

III

WHETHER he would have put the whole matter frankly before Cynthia, Verriter never afterwards knew. Actually this particular decision was taken out of his hands by a series of whirlwind happenings that in the retrospect left him bewildered and almost incredulous. To begin with, as if in some insensate and deliberate mocking of his altruism, the yard men at B 13 Dock chose the occasion as a fitting moment to demand an increase of wages. This with the alternative of a strike that might and probably would entail a sympathetic and more extended movement, and at a time when the *Calyпсо*, for example, was being loaded with machinery and perishable commodities for an industrial exhibition at Genoa urgently required under contract as a question of day and date.

On the morning, however, that he left the Annuity Office, where he had completed his "last-ditch" provision for Cynthia, Verriter, who had a habit of doing things for himself, went anxiously enough to discover the actual conditions of the lading of the *Calyпсо* at her station on Dock B 13. He was relieved to find the work further advanced than he had anticipated. But the dinner-hour crowds of giant dock-hands leaned, pipe in mouth and cigarette on protruding lip, with broad back and shirt-clad shoulders against dusty sun-lit wall and window, or sprawled full length on the dock-yard flags in the sunshine, to listen at greater ease to a little excitable red-haired man with a ferret face, whose rasping voice preached discontentment and strong action against the conditions of their daily labour. And, to Verriter's acute annoyance, the red-haired orator recognized him at once, as, remarkable in height, conspicuous in silk hat and morning coat, he strove vainly to pass unperceived.

"There's the very man," screamed the red-haired firebrand, with bony finger pointing straight at Verriter. "Mister Benjamin Verriter himself. Ask him for yourselves? Would he like to work as you do for what you get out of it?" And Verriter stopped, drew himself up and faced them.

There was a sudden rush of rough, coarsely-clad men towards him, not hostile

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in the least—he saw that at once; dictated, he realized, more by curiosity than by any other reasoning. Impulsively he seized the opportunity. Like a flash he was on a wooden truck that stood idle on the light line of railway by the dock side.

"Men," he cried in ringing tones, "listen to me. Your demands for an increased wage have reached me, of course. I cannot grant them. There is not one of you who does not know that I am losing money week by week to keep you and others employed, to keep trade going, to struggle on till better conditions come again. It is not a question of my desires in the matter. It is a question of arithmetic. Two and two make four, not five. In fact, they don't make that just now. They make about three and a quarter. If you doubt my word, will you prove it for yourselves? Will you send six men from among you, workmen, I mean, not idlers like that red-headed lout over there, but six of your own selves, to inspect my books, my accounts, my whole dealings month by month. And I give you my word as a man that if your delegates can return to you and state their honest conviction that it can be managed, I will grant your rise in wages; even shorten your working day, if you show me that it can be done. Come! Six of you! Step forward. I'll pay your full afternoon's wages for the hour or two that will suffice. There's nothing like facts to prove an argument."

A mighty cheer greeted him, albeit with murmurings here and there. And six hefty fellows were pushed forward, one and all confused, ready to slip again into obscurity at a moment's notice, until two hastily procured taxis took them away with Verriter—to the good-humoured chaff of the crowd, some friendly cat-calls and a few mocking whistles.

The evening papers seized upon the incident with delight as the gem of the day's news.

"Original Action of Shipping Magnate.

"Mr. Benjamin Verriter convinces his dock hands that he is losing money to keep them employed. Threatened strike collapses," followed by a column and a half of descriptive matter that gave striking figures.

Nothing, Verriter reflected, as he read the account in his car going home that evening, nothing could have better served his purpose. And he was putting the paper aside, when a stop-press heading wrung from him a gesture of despair.

"Threatened Dock Strike," he read. "Mr. Max Legget (the Dockers' Friend), interviewed, states that Mr. Benjamin Verriter's action leaves his men unconvinced. The strike will take place. And if it be a fact that Mr. Verriter is losing money, he (Legget) would force a strike with greater willingness if only for the furtherance of the breakdown of the capitalistic system."

So this was Red-Head's return thrust!

What was one to do? Verriter crushed the paper in his strong hands. But as he entered her drawing-room he was aware of Cynthia regarding him curiously from beside the mantelpiece, in her hand a copy of the same newspaper he had left in his car.

She smiled happily, confidently, with a fighting light in her brown eyes.

"What a splendid fellow you are, Benjamin," she said softly. "But why, dear, didn't you confide in me? Why didn't you say you were losing more money than you could afford? Now I can help you, dear. We must retrench all round, that's all. I can see quite clearly that you must go on, of course."

"Cynthia," he cried, "I'm glad you know. I was almost afraid to tell you. I was wrong."

"How long can you last, Benjamin?" she asked him. That was all that seemed to matter.

"About two years, dear, I think." And he sat down and told her everything—the annuity for herself, the fees for Tom and Derrick at Trowminster School. She breathed relief.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said softly. "For the boys, that is. They must have their chance. But for the annuity, dear, that was foolish. You have only crippled yourself, lessened your chances of coming through. We'll cancel that, of course."

"We shall not," declared Verriter firmly. And he got his way.

Nevertheless, he went to bed gloomily enough, and slept but little till the dawn, when a new day brought fresh courage and he fell into a refreshing sleep, to awake in high spirits. An envelope on his breakfast table brought an anticipation of pleasure. It was from Derrick, his younger boy.

"DAD-OLD-MAN,—You will be bucked immensely to know that I've won a three-year scholarship here that covers all my fees.

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The Head pushed me along to sit for it partly. He said he knew very well that the cost of my fees made no difference to you. But his point was that a fellow ought to do things for himself—to prove himself,' as he phrased it. And, dad, I wanted to 'prove myself,' as he said. So now I've won the thing. You won't mind, dad? I mean if you don't like my taking a scholarship, I'll refuse the grant. Or you can give the money to the hospitals or something. It's the jolly winning of it that I care about. Write me, dad.

"Tom's going great guns, too. He's our joint hope for the Public Schools' Racquets Championship. Plays with a man named Rother as partner at Queen's Club tomorrow against Greyfriars School. I suppose you couldn't go and see him win, dad?

"Affectionately your son,
"DERRICK."

He tossed the letter to Cynthia, with his tired face wreathed in smiles.

"Those are your boys and mine, Cynthia," he said proudly, and with his chin gone suddenly hard.

But Cynthia was cooing softly in unutterable delight, too happy to speak one word.

"I can't go to Queen's Club," said Verriter. "I'd love to, but I can't spare the time. Will you go, dear?"

She reflected for a moment.

"No," she said bravely. "If he wanted us he would have told us about it himself. I fancy that if he saw me it might—well—well, put him off his game or unnerve him in some way. I'd love to go, too, but I won't, Benjamin."

"You're a wonderful mother," he told her. "And you may be right. Those boys will be men, Cynthia. I wonder if—"

"If what, Benjamin?"

"If I ought to put my affairs before them. Ask their consent to—risk their ruin, as I risk yours and my own?"

"Why not?" asked his wife. "You could wire the Head for permission to have them both for a day or two. Derrick's scholarship deserves a holiday, and if Tom helps to give them the racquets championship—"

"I'll give the Head a trunk call and fix it up, then," concluded Verriter.

IV

CYNTHIA VERRITER sat happily in her charming drawing-room with a fresh-faced, well-

grown youngster who looked older than his fourteen years.

"The dad's a trump," said this smiling and utterly contented young man. "Some more of the marzipan end, mother, please. The cake's not half as jolly as the yellow stuff. The Head sends for me from morning school and tells me that dad wants me home for a few days. What a lark! In term time! I'm glad I got that scholarship. I suppose dad's awfully pleased?"

"He's proud of you, dear, and your mother, too, Derrick. How fine of the Head to urge you."

"Well, you see, mother," said the boy slowly, "it wasn't all the Head. Not altogether. The fact is—well, you see, we chaps read a lot, you know, and we've got a bit of a debating society, and we've argued about things. There's a chap Wode, a dreadful outsider, son of Tom Wode, the Communist, you know, who says we other chaps are frauds. We start with silver spoons in our mouths, and never do anything for ourselves."

Cynthia Verriter looked up quickly at a slight sound and started. Her husband was standing just within the doorway. Verriter's raised hand and warning glance hushed the greeting on her lips.

"Well, Derrick?" she encouraged. "And so—"

"Well," went on the boy, eyeing a little wistfully the last piece of yellow icing upon the wicker-table beside him. "Thank you, mother. It is good stuff. Well, a few of us made up our minds to have a shot at helping ourselves—without our people helping, I mean. So we sat for the scholarship, and I won it—because of that outsider Wode partly. And we've all mapped out our careers, too. I want to go into dad's business, but I want to work up to it. Marine engineering, mother; and that means three years before the mast on one of dad's steamers. And I must be trained to sailing-ships as well as steam. That'll show Wode and toads like him that we can be men, too. Meet them on their own ground. Mother, d'ye know he called us gilded popinjays, and it stung!"

From his vantage front within the doorway Benjamin Verriter heard this son of his. His heart went up in a great gladness; he could have shouted in the glory of this triumphant and utterly unrehearsed vindication of the correctness of all he hoped for most. Instead, he came forward formally, even a little coldly, with an outstretched

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hand that Cynthia saw tremble a little as his son grasped it with a happy grin.

"Good old dad," cried the boy. "And weren't you topping with your strikers?"

"You know about that, then, Derrick?"

"Of course, dad; a lot of us went wild about it."

"In the intervals of winning scholarships and racquets championships apparently. Where's Tom?"

"I don't know," said Cynthia a little anxiously. "He should be here by now. You know he and Rother got their match?"

"I saw that," said Verriter. "But I telephoned to Queen's Club to tell them to send him along, that I had the Head's permission. And they promised to do so. Where can he be?"

"Tasting his triumph probably, dear. He'll be here directly." But Cynthia, restless, crossed to the window.

Verriter sat down by Derrick and whispered:

"I heard your programme, sonny mine, as I came in; I couldn't help stopping to listen."

"And you don't mind, dad?" asked the boy earnestly.

"Sonny! Mind? Go on like this and I'll be proud of you all my life."

There was a cry from Cynthia as a taxi swerved beneath the window.

"It's Tom," she cried exultantly. "Here he is." And the three rushed to the window.

But Tom Verriter was not alone, though his sleek black head had been through the cab window as the taxi stopped. From out of the cab a small bronzed and elderly man with enormous ears got down, mounted the steps and rang the bell, and descended to the taxi again.

"Captain Dyer!" cried Verriter in astonishment. "Now what on earth—" But Tom Verriter was out of the taxi-cab and climbing the steps. With a swift cry of alarm Cynthia grasped that he limped slightly, and carried one bandaged arm in a sling, before she rushed downstairs.

"Hi!" cried Verriter, throwing up the window sash. "Hi! Stop!" For Captain Dyer, of the ss. *Calyпсо*, had got back into the taxi hurriedly, like a man very much alarmed, and the taxi was moving off with him. The taxi man looked up to the window, hesitated and went on—undoubtedly at an insistent command from Dyer in the cab.

And Verriter, turning as the room door opened behind him, saw his son advancing

towards him with, in the rear, a white-faced Cynthia and a puzzled Derrick.

"Why, what's all this, Tom?" he asked sternly.

"Dad!" cried the boy, full five foot six of him, and the image of his father in face and build and breadth and bearing alike. "Dad! I'm a bit ashamed. And—and—pleased with myself, too. The fact is—I don't suppose I should have done it. But I've just thrashed Max Legget, the Communist, you know. I went to the docks to stop him railing against you, dad. There was more about him in this morning's paper. And I just had to go and stop him. Well, I lost my temper with him, dad. I argued with him first, and then I threw a bunch of his own pamphlets at his silly red head. And he jumped down and went for me hammer and tongs. We had a rough-and-tumble scrap at first, and it was pretty awful. The red-headed brute kicked and tore at my face."

He stopped suddenly, awed at the utter silence. Cynthia herself would have spoken. But at Verriter's glance she waited, breathlessly.

"Go on," said Verriter coldly.

"Well, then a pal of yours turned up, dad—a Captain Dyer. Said he sailed your steamer the *Calyпсо* and you were the whitest man he knew. Said he didn't think you'd approve of my fighting, especially with a worm like Max Legget. But as I'd started I'd better go on and finish him off. My! How those dockers cheered! And old Dyer made a ring, regulation style, and we fought fair; the dock men saw to that. Nine rounds by the watch of an old chap who drives a goods engine in the yard."

"And—" asked Verriter.

"Well, I won, dad. Red-head wouldn't come up for the tenth round. He was quite as big as me, but much older, of course. And he gave me what for, I can tell you. My wrist's broken!"

There was a sharp cry from his mother.

"Your wrist, Tom! Oh, how could you—"

"Oh, old Dyer saw to it," said the boy easily. "We went into the nearest doctor's as soon as that crowd would let us go. And they wouldn't let us go for some time. Dyer told 'em who I was, you see. And he knew all about my winning the racquets championship with old Rother. Those docker chaps thumped my back till it ached. And they carried Dyer and me on their big shoulders and put us in the cab. And Dyer says that

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that fellow Legget simply daren't stand up and jaw there any more; his influence is gone utterly. Beaten by a boy from school, the men said. He's finished, dad. But, I say, are you very angry?"

And Verriter rejoiced above all things that in the gathering darkness of that drawing-room he had his back to such light as came from the window. Tom might otherwise have seen the spontaneous and delighted grin that for the life of him he could not drive from about his lips.

"I'm utterly ashamed of you, Tom," he managed. "A most disgraceful thing. But"—as the boy's face fell—"I like you for it, Tom. You're a brick to stick up for your father. Still, those aren't Cambridge manners, young man."

"I'm not going to Cambridge, dad. I'm not a brainy chap like Derrick. I thought of an open-air job. Cape Mounted Police, when I'm old enough."

"That shall be as you please, Tom," said his father. "But you'll go to Cambridge first, my boy."

"But," put in Cynthia, "you know you sent for the boys—"

"To tell them that I proposed running my ships until I'd spent my last penny! I know. But that's altered now. That danger is over since a few hours ago. Four of the biggest shipping men in England called at my office this afternoon. They'd read of my brush with my dockers, of my published determination to carry on as long as the fight against monthly losses could last. They're all behind me now, Cynthia; they prophesy the turn of the tide. They

were good enough to say that I deserved seeing through if I needed it, that Benjamin Verriter should not close down while their own fleets sailed the seas. The pound touched par in New York yesterday. They report shipping orders galore, promises as yet, but definitely the turn of the tide at last. Aren't you glad we decided as we did before we knew?"

But the three of them were hugging him together, the boys cheering at the tops of their young voices, Cynthia crying softly in sheer happiness as he gently patted her shoulders.

"There's Dyer," said Tom suddenly. "He said he was afraid to come in. Could we do anything for him?"

Cynthia looked up quickly.

"I think—" Tom went on, and stopped.

"Well?" they asked.

"Since I understand he was the only man in the firm who would have willingly taken less wages, well—well, perhaps you might give him a rise, dad?"

Verriter laughed merrily, delightedly.

"We can't afford," he said; "but it shall be done. I promise, Tom." And then Tom and Derrick laughed gleefully and, having now breathing space to greet one another, shook hands.

"What do you think of them?" Cynthia asked her husband as the boys went at long last to tidy up for the dinner table.

For answer he bent down and kissed her lips. His thoughts she knew were her own. His kiss the tribute of gratitude to her motherhood, proved and triumphant in the sons she had borne him.

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The Future of Domestic Service

A Prophecy

By

Herbert D. Williams

IT is a rash man who ventures on prophecy about anything in this changeable world, but instead of bemoaning the difficulty of getting maids, like most people do, or suggesting that Mary Jane has the vote, as did the solemn and sagacious Royal Commission last year, I am going to inquire what precisely the future has in store for us on the subject of domestic work—and to make my prophecy as reasonable and unimaginative as I can.

Is there, anyhow, a future for domestic service?

I wish I could answer the question lightly, or in such a way as to reassure the hundreds of thousands of harassed home-makers who sigh for the good old days when maids were plentiful and dutiful. But, alas, my task is to be truthful and not comforting.

An End of the Maid-of-all-work

There is a tendency always among the prophets to depict the future in glowing colours, and to imagine that in fifty years' time troubles will be swallowed up in marvellous achievements, and the millennium will see the end of our vexations. It won't. In fifty years' time people will still be worrying and harassed, will still be sighing for the good old times, no matter what marvellous inventions will have come along to ease their lot.

No, my vision of the future shows no easy path for the housewife.

In the first place, I must forecast the death of Mary Jane, the "general" maid-of-all-work. I am sorry to do this, but—like Balaam of old—I am compelled to prophesy as the vision is granted me, not as I am ordered by my friends.

It is a pity, for Mary Jane, the "general," in spite of all her shortcomings, has been an invaluable friend to countless thousands of wives and mothers of limited incomes. In days to come—that is, if we remember the matter at all—we shall laugh at the Royal Commission on Domestic Work for thinking we can resuscitate the "general servant" by calling her "Miss" and giving her the vote. The "general" is almost

dead now, and in ten years' time will be as extinct as the dodo!

I am not saying, of course, that in ten, or even fifty years' time there will be no domestic servants. That would be arrant nonsense. I do say—and with all regret, too—that even at the present time it is almost impossible to get what is known as a "general servant"—and if you doubt me, put an advertisement for a "general" in any paper you like and you will see. Advertise for a "mother's help," or "lady cook," or "fifth-under-parlour-maid," or "ex-service man for domestic work," and you may expect some response, but "general"?—no!

Why should this be so?

Well, the truth is that the domestic servant, as we have known and sought for her in the past, is the last survival of the feudal system, and as that no doubt excellent system has passed for ever, its appendage, the "domestic," must inevitably pass too, in these new and more democratic days.

More and More Rare

I grant you that the life of a domestic servant has much to recommend it—so had that of the retainer of the old feudal lords, who had to stay or go, live or die, at the command of his chief, but who need never worry about his daily food or the roof that should cover him. Not such a bad life compared with that of the "unemployed," even with the dole—but gone for ever with all feudal notions. Now, the "domestic" who lived with her master and mistress, lit the fire at six of the morning and carried up tea to the family, who worked the day through and went to bed just before the master of the house locked up and put out the lights, is just the modern equivalent of the retainer in the Middle Ages.

She will not die all at once, any more than the House of Lords will be abolished, or butlers and footmen will be no more.

There will always be butlers and footmen as long as there are lords and millionaires—but they will be more and more rare. The complaint already is that fewer butlers can

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find jobs—even moderately wealthy people are dispensing with their services in favour of more useful and less ornamental labour.

Well, then, in that not so very far distant future of which I write, the really wealthy will continue to have maids who sleep in, and carry up breakfast in bed. There will be butlers—a few—(though there will be far more chauffeur-gardeners) and footmen—a few—and cooks, and housemaids, and parlour-maids and the rest of it, for the really wealthy. They will be paid higher wages, their *hauteur* will increase in conjunction with the spotlessness of their uniforms, and the definite and rigid rules that will govern what they may do and what they cannot bemean themselves to touch. But they will be the perquisite of the rich. And very far removed from Mary Jane of old days.

Putting aside, however, the rich and their retainers, what about domestic labour for everyday and ordinary people—who form the vast majority of the population, anyhow?

An Organised Profession

Well, I venture to prophesy that, one day, sooner or later, there is going to be with domestic work just such a revolution as overtook the nursing profession at the time of Florence Nightingale. It will be remembered that in those times nursing held precisely the place in popular esteem that domestic service does to-day. Sarah Gamp, the good-hearted, stout, elderly person of happy-go-lucky ways, was the "nurse" then. A gentle-born woman would no more go in for sick nursing then than she would apply for a job as "general" to-day. The status was low, the standard lax, the training nil—and the results happy-go-lucky. The Crimean War and Florence Nightingale altered all that. To-day your daughter will proudly tell you how she scrubbed floors and washed dishes—in the V.A.D., of course. A modern girl, from a refined home, will think nothing of serving in a hospital, of qualifying by the most exacting and ill-paid labour for her certificate as nurse, and—once qualified—undertake the work with all it entails without flinching, and certainly without any idea of "losing caste." A nurse to-day, a properly qualified, certificated nurse, has a definite status and a sphere of which she is proud, a position in the community that is secure and fairly well paid for. She is poles asunder from the old "Sarah Gamp," and her methods, dress,

manner of life are as different as it is possible to imagine them.

Some such revolution is going to overtake "domestic work." In what form it will come my vision does not show clearly. It may be some "Guild" of social service, or some institution that sets the fashion. There will be a uniform, at any rate—and a very attractive one, too. Possibly it will be a Trade Union which will bargain for hours and privileges as mercilessly as that of the bricklayer or dock labourer of to-day. Fancy a Trade Union of bricklayers retarding the provision of houses all over the country by their refusal to admit new members to their restricted guild! The idea would have been scouted as ridiculous by our fathers. Yet it is a commonplace to-day. Similarly the domestic workers of the future will be organised, and will know how to make their influence felt.

But they will not perform the office of "general" as far as my prophecy goes. No one girl will go and sleep in, alone, in somebody else's house, and do all and every kind of job, any more than would one man alone be allowed to act as bricklayer, carpenter, plumber and general factotum on house-building.

No, where several maids are kept there will be a few sleeping in. They will each have their recognised duties, as they do now in big houses, and will have well-defined privileges and periods of leave.

But the ordinary housewife who cannot afford a whole suite of servants will, I am afraid, have to give up the notion of one maid-of-all-work at her beck and call day and night. You see how things are tending in America and the Colonies. Domestic servants are few and far between there, and even Senators' wives and daughters are not too proud to clean their own doorsteps.

A Revolution in the Household

So in the older countries of the old world housewives will have to reorganise their arrangements, omitting the "general." This will, of course, mean a profound revolution.

No well-brought-up girl in the future will consent to marriage unless she has had it made quite clear what labour-saving devices she can be sure of. She will train for her work—not because she likes the idea, but because it has to be done—and the more scientifically it is planned the easier it will be for all concerned.

When the bride-to-be pores over the plans

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of her new house she will not worry much over the hall or the size of the conservatory. She will insist, however, on a proper kitchen, and will anxiously see that all is well with the scullery before she pronounces the fatal "I will." She will even have a "few words" with her future lord and master not merely on the question of domestic finance (though this, of course, is essential), but she will—tell it not in Gath—inquire straitly, and with painful directness, into what proportion of the domestic duties the bridegroom will pledge himself to perform in order that they may live "happy ever after." A mere promise to take her to the theatre every other week will not avail. Will he definitely undertake to stoke the kitchen boiler and be responsible for the heating arrangements whilst my lady prepares the breakfast?

Some Innovations

Needless to say the change will ensure the death of the old kitchen grate and the elimination of all the useless brass what-nots that were invented in Victorian days to keep a maid out of mischief. Mrs. Newly Wed, true, will not clean the doorstep—for the simple reason that no builder will dare put in a doorstep that has to be "hearth-stoned" (barbarous survival!). She will not polish the kitchen grate—it will not be there to polish, and would not need polishing if it were. She will not clean the knives (they are stainless!), nor rub up the silver ornaments (they will be earthenware). Everything, in fact, will be designed to save labour, and the kitchen will be once again the centre of the home.

But will the housewife, poor woman! have to do all her own work? By no means. She will employ domestic labour—properly skilled, uniformed, Trades-Unioned—by the hour, as her husband employs his operatives—and will have to pay equally well, I fear.

Mrs. Smith, of Suburbia, employs a gardener already—but certainly not for all the time, with bed and breakfast thrown in. If she can only afford him for two hours a week she has him for that time and does the rest herself. So it will be with domestic labour. She will have an expert kitchen worker from nine till one, say, and pay—liberally—by the hour. The work will be undertaken skilfully, scientifically, and the worker will depart, just as the typist does when her hours of labour are done.

If she needs help for her children she will have to employ—and pay for—a children's

nurse, fully qualified and certificated—and expensive. Expert cooks will be obtainable for those with money to buy their labour. And so on.

Of course this revolution will have its effects in all sorts of unlooked-for ways. It will change our ideas of housing, will have a permanent influence on domestic architecture, will profoundly alter the social habits and customs of numbers of people. I think, incidentally, some great genius will arise and seize the opportunity to provide cheap and attractive meals at dainty little cafés in every town and village in the country. You get the hint of this in the tea-shops of London. But their pioneering efforts will be as nothing to the universal public-houses—yes, that is the idea—the real public-houses that will provide decent meals and entertainment almost at every street corner. A husband and wife who do not want the trouble of cooking an evening meal will wander off to the "public-house," eat their dinner, meet their friends, and stop to listen to the "wireless." As against this will be the municipal bakeries where a joint of meat, with vegetables and a pudding, may be taken and cooked for a trifling sum.

Cheap Laundries a Necessity

Washing? My vision does not quite clearly tell me whether the good old charlady will live into the new age. But it does seem to be a most impracticable idea for every little family to do its own washing at its own home. Surely it ought to be more economical for the big laundries to do the whole of the town's laundry *en masse* than for each individual family to heat its water, mix its soap and clean its clothes by hand. I know the laundries don't agree with me, but are trying to choke off custom by high prices. But—like penny post—cheap laundries must come.

There is something in the communal kitchen idea too, but here again my dream won't visualise its working on anything like a big scale. It sounds all right—but somehow seems rather Utopian.

Labour-saving houses—real labour-saving to the last brick; uniformed and certificated Domestic Workers, engaged by the hour; real facilities for meals away from home; municipal bakeries; communal kitchens—and no Mary Janes. That is my prophecy, and the tip I pass on to all concerned is to take the bull by the horns and prepare for the inevitable.

The CALL

by Michael Kent

BRICK, black brick and purple, against which the crumbling mortar in the courses showed like pearl; and black earth under it with heartsease bedded there; the black brick of a high-walled garden—Emily Warren remembered it all her life. Ray Cumberlege had found her alone beneath the white thorn with the green haws swelling to a blush.

That was, how many years ago? It does not matter. Time's wayfaring is but the tale of things felt and seen and done. When such things are of no account, why Time stands still.

So any day in half a century Emily might have found her garden in the present and Ray beside her adoringly awkward—splendid Ray!

He came straight to her across the lawn and not by the path, and Emily caught the glimpse of a pale face that fluttered for a moment behind the curtain of the smaller drawing-room. That was her father. The canon had given the boy his blessing and waited, a forgivable spy, heedless for once of the tug of his study chair and the duty of controverting that disturbing Mr. Huxley.

"Emily," said Ray, "I've come to say good-bye for a little while, and something else, Emily."

She looked very sweet on that day, in billowy white with just a spot of cherry red at the neck; her fair hair framed curtain-wise the lean live contours of her cheeks. Her eyes were misty blue, blue like half-open lavender.

"Good-bye?" she asked. "Why, Ray, you are only just down!"

He sat beside her on a grey-grained step of "Beggars' mouldy travertine," at the foot of a derelict ducal chair which the canon had picked up in his Etruscan wanderings.

"I'm off to see my mother at Lausanne,"

he explained. "She's not so well, and it may cheer her up to see me. Brenderford has been awfully decent about it, said it would be good for my colloquial French, and that I need not report at the Embassy before September. It's a great lift for me getting into the diplomatic corps straight down from the 'varsity.'"

"Lord Brenderford likes you," said she. "He's a good judge of nice people, Ray."

He answered her quickly at that. "Then you second his judgment, Emily?"

She looked aside.

"Because," he went on, "if you second his judgment it makes the other thing I want to say so much the easier. Emily, I love you!"

She looked down at his head bowed before her. All at once there seemed to fall on the world a hush in which no harsh sound might live. Only the little pleasing harmonies prevailed, the bees among the roses, the chimes of Westminster, and, somewhere in the old street, a woman's voice calling lavender.

"I've loved you ever since I saw you, Emily my sweet," he hurried on. "You are my dearest dream." Blindly, with a timidity strange to one who was wont to be so sure and masterful, he sought her hand and found an answering pressure. "Now I may speak. I am launched in life. The dear old canon knows. Emily, I—you—Will you make me the happiest man, the most honoured in the world to-day? Will you be my wife?"

Outside arose the long-drawn plaintive cry, whimsical, cajoling, faltering to confidence, sliding uncertain to appeal.

"Won't you buy my sweet blooming lavender? Sixteen good branches for a penny.

If you buy it once you will buy it twice, It makes your clothes smell very nice."

Emily did not know that she remembered it.

"Ray, dear Ray!" she cried. "I am only afraid that I can never make you a wife good enough."

In that time and place there was more in Emily's austere "dear" than in a spate of new superlatives.

He took her in his arms.

And when Westminster chimed once more he rose. "None can ever buy my lavender," said he, and smiling kissed her eyes with reverence. "Emily, my queen, it's hard to leave you now."

"But, Ray," said she, "I'll wait for you. It's only for a little while. We've all eternity!"

Followed staid rejoicings, the canon canonically gay at lunch.

"I feel, my children, that now I may depart in peace. albeit I would gladly stay. May your lives be long and happy, my daughter, my son, a blessing to others, a joy to yourselves. I will take a second glass to-day, Butterwick."

Then Ray had gone. She had fled to an upper room to wave to him, and almost on his going there had come a knock, whereon, breaking all convention, thinking to see him again, she had gone herself to the door to find the lavender woman holding her place fearfully in that forbidden entry.

"'Twas the gent as sent me to the front," she exclaimed, holding out her sweet-smelling burden. "He said for me to come to the front and 'ave it all give, all the basketful, to Miss Em'ly."

Filling her arms with all that fragrant load, to her own room, thus garlanded, she fled. She wished to be alone with her new joy. Her heart brimmed with love, with wonder, with prayer, with praise. She was exalted with the honour of a good man's love, humbled by the thought of her own unworthi-

ness, fired with great resolve. Long she sat there. A great and glorious future lay before her, and all that future—Ray.

At length she gathered up the boy's impetuous offering, and under a twisted twig that bound a bunch she found his card. He had pencilled a hurried message: "For my sweet lavender lady."

That strangely was almost the last outward act of Ray's ever to reach her. The last outward message—of the inner impulses of the soul, unless they be made clear by action, who can say? Who knows what ether bears them, or on what rare tympana of the spirit they impinge?

At the very time the next morning that Emily was reading his letter, his first and



"Will you make me the happiest man in the world to-day?"

Drawn by
John Cameron

THE QUIVER

last letter to her, the *Queen Catherine* stood awash and waiting for the plunge. It is an old story to such as use the sea, wreckage half afloat in mid-channel, summer mists, the thin steel skin ripped cruelly, boats too few for all her company, and Ray choosing to be of that small fellowship that had no place in them.

For three days Emily abode in her own room. On the fourth she came down.

The old man, a rock to other troubled souls, found himself helpless here. But she put her hands upon his shoulders. "Ray is to be away longer than we thought, dear," she said, and passed on into the garden.



Dr. Arthur Delacroix took the letters, read them slowly over, and scratched his name in signature.

"It is an abiding joy to me to have a lady of culture and discrimination to assist me, Miss Emily," said he.

"It's a joy to me to provide you with it, doctor." Emily Warren replaced the signed letters in her tray and turned towards the door.

"Consider," said Dr. Delacroix, "you have at least three letters there which with any other secretary I should have had to dictate. I'm well aware of it, and grateful."

Appreciation, something more than that, showed in his eyes as he regarded her, tall, slim, stately, with the calm graciousness of an August day.

She faced him frankly, though the close regard disturbed her.

"And have I not cause for gratitude too?" she asked. "When the building society, the Salvator, failed and I was left almost destitute, and with no one to whom I felt that I could appeal, what could I have done if—"

"Rubbish," he broke in energetically. "I would naturally have been glad to help the daughter of the dear old canon. As it is, I am no longer the helper, but the helped."

"I came to you knowing nothing," said she.

"Of routine work," he conceded. "I grant it, but what you knew was of more value than I could hire or buy, much more." Suddenly a tremor swept across his handsome face as though something of control in him had crumpled. "Miss Emily," he said, "come and sit down here a moment or two. I want to talk to you."

She took her place, mildly surprised.

"Life is harder for you than I would wish it to be."

She flushed at that. The doctor was a man little older than herself. He could not be much more than forty. She respected his ability, his energy, the impulsive generosity which had led him to offer her a means of living years before when, after her father's death, the lapse of the Salvator had left her destitute.

"Life is no harder for me than for others," she said with a slight smile. "You're too considerate, doctor."

"Others." He caught up the word irritably. "Others are different from you, coarser in texture. What is pain to a girl of your upbringing passes others by. It is a shame you should be doing this for me. I could kick myself for it."

He got up from his desk, and, crossing the room, stared out of the window at the come and go of traffic in the street. At the far corner he could glimpse the folk abroad in cars, threading in and out of the bright red shuttles of motor-buses. Down there it seemed that all the world was gay and he alone in life faced an impasse.

Only dimly he heard her answer. "I'm quite content. I'd be sorry to think you worried on my account, doctor."

"But I do worry," he shot back at her fiercely. "Emily, you know why. Emily, I love you."

She stood up tremulous as he strode towards her and made a little movement to ward him off. Her white lips framed, but could not speak, the words, "Your wife!"

They fluttered mutely.

And he stopped at her hand humbly.

"Is it wrong?" he asked. "These ten years, Emily, it has been my joy to try to guard you and you've never heard till now. My wife," he threw out his hands with a gesture of helplessness. "You know it all. Drink. She has left nothing undone to degrade my name."

"Nothing can do that," said she impetuously. "All who know you honour you."

"Emily, Emily," he murmured, and took her hand unhindered. "This is too strong for me. Have I let you hear a word all these years?" He straightened his shoulders and faced her unashamed. "Listen, my dearest. Am I worth my place in the world? Do I justify living?"

In a second a whole flock of thoughts invaded her. They were infinitely complex,

THE CALL

but so definite that it would take an hour to record them, the man's great skill and noble bearing, lives saved, pain vanquished, the halt and maimed made whole, with little reward in gold. She had seen him drained clean of force and virtue, yet still renewing others, a source that did not fail. And she knew, behind all that, the little ease he had of life and the bleak path of his faring.

"You do justify it," she cried. "Amplly. The world doesn't know half, but it knows that."

"Then, surely," said he, "I deserve—you not think I deserve something more, my dear?"

It pierced the heart to look at him, a man so worthy and so broken. "Life has been very hard to you," she said.

The wrought haggardness of his appeal softened.

"Emily," he whispered eagerly, "you believe it? You will come? My place at Shepperton. It's August—glorious August. Summer will soon be on the wane—life too. Emily, my dear, it is the sorrow of my life that I cannot in law call you wife. Emily——"

She bent towards him. "Yes, Arthur?"

He was—who knew better than she?—a great-hearted man, eminent and unselfish, to whom the Fates had not been kind.

"You will come?" he whispered with his face turned away. "Oh, I would wait, Emily, but life passes." He put an arm about her yielding shoulder, and she was very fair. "All but my name—it racks me that I cannot give it you, my dear—but all else. Sunshine and the river, before all our summers are gone."

Swaying, she put her slim forearm to his shoulder, pulling it down a little. The loneliness, the petty expedients that seemed so mean after the large life of her youth,

crowded on her, urging. And was she not bound to him by her own gratitude, by her sympathy, and by the great respect that he had compelled?

"Arthur, I—I——"

Suddenly there fell a hush save for the busy clock and an edge of curtain that



"'Miss Emily,' he said, 'come and sit down here a moment or two'."

Drawn by
John Cameron

stroked the window-pane, and on that hush a voice, whimsical, cajoling, faltering to confidence, sliding uncertain to appeal.

"Won't you buy my sweet blooming lavender? Sixteen branches——"

She swung away from him.

"Arthur, I cannot. You have your name, an honoured name, and I—a tryst to keep."

His arm slid from her shoulder. He went back heavily to his chair at the desk, frowning at the blotting-pad.

"Tryst?" he muttered. "Tryst?"

Then he looked up, but Emily Warren was no longer there.



Miss Farebrother put on her gloves once more.

THE QUIVER

Emily noted that it was the third time.

Then she took them off again.

The board was long in session and the anteroom was bare.

Coco-nut matting took a broad swathe from its pantiled floor. The chairs were rushen, but with backs such as Hepplewhite

that ironic name for a moment curled her lip—the good years with Dr. Delacroix, the lean years after—governessing, companioning—all the drab alternatives of the cultured and unskilled. They had been strenuous days. Now, at the end of more than sixty years, they were well over. Not everyone was so fortunate.

She took out of her purse the paper of rules with its ecclesiastical heading:

"THE HERMITAGE.

"(For the aged and necessitous dependents of the Clergy.)"

There followed an announcement of the meeting of the board for Wednesday, July 31, the agenda, and over the leaf a list of patrons, archbishops, bishops, a duke, an earl or two. There lay her shield and buckler in the fact that she could claim some arithmetical fraction of cousinship with Lord Danewater. It would all be right.

"Why, bless my soul, Emily!" he had said when she had called on him. "Thought you were making pots of money in the city. 'Pon my word I did! Want to get into The Hermitage? Well, that's all right. Leave it to me. You'll stay and have some lunch?"

Miss Farebrother put on her gloves once more. A button broke its moorings and rolled upon the matting. "Drat!" said Miss Farebrother.

She bent fumbling. The green light slanting across the room shone on her face, cut sharp against the panels of the boardroom door, fallow, thin-lipped, with slack, drab curtains of loose skin under eyes that looked forbidding. Irascibly with old uncertain fingers she scabbled on the floor after the errant bit of grey shell.

"A button gone! As likely as not they'll say I'm thriftless and improvident. Things always go against me."

"I shouldn't say that," returned Emily. "The board might think you were more in need."

Her companion tossed her head as she replaced the retrieved button in her purse.



Drawn by
John Cameron

"I congratulate you, Miss Warren. I understand you will hear good news."

might have turned in one of his more austere moods. The low window was mullioned, and a pleasant green light came through. On the bare table, brown Spanish mahogany, sun bleached to anæmia, one pewter candlestick stood sentinel at the frontier where Warren met Farebrother.

As for Emily, she had a quaint fancy of being in an old Dutch painting, something of Jan Steen's. She had a pleasant feeling, too, of certainty. Here was quiet harbourage after travail in wild water.

From this peak of her days she looked over her long wayfaring, the old garden in Westminster, the failure of the Savior—

"And who are you," she asked, "to throw need in my face? When great-uncle Peregrine was archdeacon of Paston there was none to look down on the Farebrothers."

"But we are both in need," said Emily. "That is why we are waiting here."

Miss Farebrother nodded. "And to think," said she, "I've kept a private school!"

The bridling head sank. Looking up Emily caught once a glimpse of the gaze fixed in concentration on the pewter sentinel, the lips rehearsing some much-considered argument. Once again she looked up and caught the eyes of her rival, not wistful, but avid, fierce and eager, like a peregrine.

What did it matter? There was only one vacancy, and Cousin Danewater would see to it. Emily knew quite well that this business was a formality, that the matter had been arranged before ever the board had met, and that Miss Farebrother's presence there was but a concession to appearances.

The Hermitage was a good place to come to from the fight of life, void of all air of dependence or sufferance. She would find there folk who might surely have touched the circles of her early days, who had known her father—

"Miss Farebrother."

A sleek, discreet clerk had opened the boardroom door silently and leaned without, a summoning finger held up, his raised brows a silent question, his eyes on Emily.

"That's me—me." Miss Farebrother, caught in mid-stream between doffing and donning of gloves, collected her grey bag, which bulged with documentary evidence, the one detached glove and the sunshade. "I am Miss Farebrother."

The door closed on her. Emily smiled. It was a little pitiful that the solemn drama had to go through, but perhaps there would be another vacancy soon.

Something had fallen on the floor, a paper which had dropped either when Miss Farebrother went out or when Emily had taken the rules of The Hermitage from her bag. Emily picked it up and spread it, an old yellow title-page from a book. There was writing, large, awkward from over-care, readable on the mere glance.

"Were sorry our grammers bad becos we never forget you been so nice when we had ditherier. Were giving you this to rember and love from all."

There was a list of names beneath.

Emily folded the sheet. "This," the title had proved to be a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It seemed quaintly ironical. Miss Farebrother's pilgrimage had not yet come to an end. Somehow, too, that leaf treasured through so many years was illuminating. The book had gone—who could tell in what cataclysm?—but the leaf remained, guarded, a light in the gathering grey. It showed the old lady in a more human aspect. Emily found herself wishing that there might have been two vacancies.

Outside in the Finchley Road the buses went by, each with its double clang of wheels over a tilting manhole cover. Suddenly the boardroom door opened. There was a scroop of chairs within, a hum of quiet voices.

Miss Farebrother came out very stiff and erect with her eyes set starkly on the future, and on no other thing. She stopped abruptly at Emily's chair, and, with a jerky ill-governed movement, held out an unlvely, arthritic claw.

"I congratulate you, Miss Warren. I understand you will hear good news."

Emily bowed. She was looking for the paper, which had again fallen, when, unforeseen, out of the quiet that the passing sounds had left, came the plaintive cadences of a shrill familiar cry:

"Won't you buy my sweet blooming lavender? Sixteen branches—"

She could not distinguish the words. The quaint old-world air, with its pride and and its appeal, was all.

"Stay!" she said. "You left this, Miss Farebrother. You dropped it when you went in, and wait, please wait just a moment while I see the board. I've changed my mind."



"Well, of all the queer things women are!" Danewater had offered to drive Emily back to Bloomsbury, and waited in the carriage-way in his car. "What made you do that, Emily?"

"You aren't angry with me, Cousin Peter, are you?" she asked, a little anxiously. "You've been so awfully kind, and I'm so grateful for all you have done."

Danewater regarded her with perplexity. "Did you funk it, Em?" he asked. "Two many old ladies and so forth?"

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"Sixty isn't old nowadays, Cousin Peter," said she. "It was silly of me to lose my nerve and trespass on your kindness. There was no real need."

"As much need," he grumbled, "as for that Miss Featherstone."

"Farebrother," corrected Emily. "But she had no hope left, cousin. That is a dreadful thing. I felt if she didn't get a place in the boat she'd go under altogether."

"A place in the boat?" It took Dane-water's mind back to a tragedy he had heard of when he was at Eton. He turned to her deliberately, raising his hat. "My humble respect, Emily," said he.



Yet, in the end, the lot fell to Emily in a fair ground, and that was her cousin's doing.

"Cottage in Brant," he had explained. "Ferry Grove, near Bishopstone. Used to go down to kill birds. Unhealthy hole, crawling with toadstools. One person's job to keep 'em down unless the place is kept thoroughly aired. Can't get a soul to stay in it. Go down, Em, and keep it warm before it is one big fungus! I'll see you're fed and what not."

"What not" was a term including two hundred a year and a maid. On almost every particular, except the situation of the cottage, his lordship had been lying abominably.

It was a little perfect place, high-walled in purple Tudor brick, where the weather washed the mortar in the courses pearly white. Do you guess that Emily bedded heartsease there? She had grassed walks, all velvety, that led under pergolas through thyme and sage to lavender. In summer folk would come and beg of her a mulberry leaf to take the fire away from angry cuts and scratches, more perhaps for talk, advice and cheeriness. She was better to

be gay with than others, maybe, and better to be grave.

Safe anchorage for many quiet years.

There it befell on a high summer's day that she sought out Adam Goodban, her gardener.

"Adam, who is calling lavender?"

He stared at her, partly because it is the custom of the country to scrutinize a questioner, partly for wonder at what she asked, and partly for a new sound in her voice, which seemed younger and more eager than he had known it.

"No one," said he. "None calls lavender in these parts, ma'am. Why, where's the need?"

"But I heard it," she said, and almost ran down the little grass path to the end of the garden close on the road.

Looking after her the old man shook his head and put down his hoe. "'Tain't in nature," said he. "I'd best go."

Going or not made little difference. She had fallen lightly among the misty fronds.

"Oh, ma'am," cried he. "Oh, ma'am, what's come to you?"

For her eyes were closed, and she lay listless amid the bloom of the lavender.

He set to chafing the chilling hands awkwardly.

The eyes fluttered and grew wide again. They were very misty now. "No one's bought your lavender," said she, and smiled with great content. The lids dropped slowly down. "Dear Ray, we've all eternity!"



Adam went for help, but there was no help, nor any need of it. Before he had come swiftly back the evening dew had fallen, sparkling in her hair, and she seemed like a bride, so young, at eventide, which in some farther place, they say, is Dawn.



"A Tale of Two Cities"

In order to introduce young readers to the classics, the Editor of *LITTLE FOLKS* is giving every month "a novel in a nutshell"—a summarized version of some great classic. In the April number, Charles Dickens' masterpiece "A Tale of Two Cities" is given.

Other features make *LITTLE FOLKS* the indispensable magazine for young people from six to sixteen.

Has Your Husband Made a Will?

*Some Helpful Hints
By
A Barrister-at-Law*

THIS is rather a serious topic, but it is one of vital importance to every married couple. Neglect on the part of a husband to make a will may mean that nearly half his life's savings go on his death to his brothers and sisters instead of to his wife, as he had fondly hoped.

Many people imagine that it does not much matter whether a husband makes a will or not. They have a theory that, whatever happens, the widow as of right takes everything that he leaves behind. Nothing could be more misleading or erroneous, and few popular ideas of the law have caused more heart-burning and tragedy.

What Happens if there is no Will

Let me take the concrete instance of John Robinson and Mary his wife, and show what happens if John dies "intestate," or, in simpler words, "without making a will."

There is one set of circumstances, and only one, under which Mary can "take the lot" of John's possessions. If they are childless and John's estate, after paying his debts and funeral expenses, does not exceed £500, then Mary does step right into John's shoes, and no one else is entitled to any share of his modest wealth.

But if he leaves more than £500—there is quite a different story to tell, and much will depend on whether there are any children or no.

If there are no children, Mary will first of all get the sum of £500 for herself, and after that all John's possessions—money, furniture, wines, stocks and shares—everything, in fact, except freehold land (to which other rules apply), will be divided into two equal shares. Mary will only get one share and the other share goes back to John's "next of kin," which means the nearest relations in John's own family. A man's wife—strange though it may appear—is not his next of kin. The law lays down with great accuracy who is John's next of kin under various circumstances. It will be his father, if the old man is alive; if not, his mother, if alive, and all his surviving brothers and sisters and the children

of any brother and sister who are dead make up a sort of composite "next of kin" and divide the other share between them. If John has none of these relatives in existence, then it goes to still remoter connexions, while Mary's anger and misery increase at the thought that her husband's good money should go to enrich these people she had never heard of, and she will hardly refrain from blaming him bitterly for his carelessness and neglect in not taking the trouble to make her future secure.

Let me make it clearer by figures. John leaves £9,500 and no will. His father is dead—so is his mother—he has two well-to-do bachelor brothers and a sister married to a rich man. Mary gets her first £500 and the £9,000 is divided into two halves of £4,500 each. Mary gets one £4,500, and the two bachelor brothers and the rich sister each receive £1,500 shares. Poor Mary ought to have had £9,500—her husband meant her to have it. But he forgot to make a will, and so she only gets £5,000; and sadly she moves to a smaller house.

If There are Children

But suppose that when John dies he leaves Mary with two children, both quite young. In that case Mary does not get her "first five hundred," but all the money is divided up into thirds. Mary takes one third, and two thirds go to the children. If John left £6,000 Mary would take £2,000, and of the other £4,000 each child would get £2,000; but if there were four children they would have to divide the £4,000 equally between them, and each child would get £1,000.

At first blush this seems no hardship to Mary, for she imagines that she can treat all the £6,000 as a common fund for the benefit of herself and the children. But this is not so. Each child's portion is "trust money" till it comes of age. Mary can only use the income of the children's money till then; she may not touch the capital unless she gets leave from a judge to do so. Such applications, as a rule, are expensive

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matters, and leave is only given under special circumstances.

Just consider what a handicap this may be for Mary with her two young children. She might want to buy a house—she might even want to set up in business, so as to make better provision for the children. With £6,000 free money her way would be easy. As it is, she has only got £2,000 free and the rest hopelessly tied up for years, unless she can get a judge's order. And all because John never made a will.

The moral is obvious; and the motto for every husband should be, "Do it now."

When the Wife Dies Intestate

So much for John. Now let us look at what happens if Mary dies without making a will. If she is married her husband takes the lot! This may seem a glaring injustice to the modern mind, but that is the law at present—the relic of the days when a man married a woman and became possessed of everything that was hers.

But suppose Mary dies before she is married, and makes no will. Then all her possessions go to her next of kin. I have explained earlier the meaning of this phrase, and I always feel it a matter at any rate of sentimental regret that so few girls do trouble to make a will. It seems so sad that all their treasures—their clothes, their jewellery, their books—should be distributed by the cold hand of the law amongst surviving relatives. There are so many people who are touched by being remembered, even though the offering be but a small one.

Avoid Pitfalls

Let me add one practical word as to the making of a will. Avoid making your own, if possible, whether on printed forms or otherwise, for the perils that await you, or rather those whom you desire to benefit, are immeasurable, and the more legal you endeavour to make your phraseology the deeper the morass into which you are plunging.

The only safe thing to do is to go to a solicitor. A simple will is not an expensive matter. A courteous letter of inquiry before a visit, asking the cost of a very short will, will probably bring a speedy and reassuring answer. But if an emergency should arise and you are compelled to make your own will, or to assist anyone else in the making of a will without legal help, the following form may assist you.

"I John Robinson of 999 High Street Bath in the County of Somerset Merchant hereby revoke all wills and codicils and declare this to be my last will and testament executed by me on the 31st day of December, 1923.

"I appoint my wife Mary Robinson and my friend William Jones of 997 High Street aforesaid to be the executors of this my will.

(It is not necessary to appoint more than one; but two are better.)

"I give and bequeath the following legacies free of duty.

"To my niece Matilda Jones the sum of one hundred pounds.

"To my nephew Arthur Williams my gold watch, gold studs and gold cuff-links.

"To my cook Amelia Jenkins the sum of ten pounds.

(Unless "free of duty" is inserted the persons receiving the legacies will have to pay legacy duty, which in some cases amounts to ten per cent. If left "free of duty" the duty will come out of "the bulk" of the estate, i.e. out of Mary's pocket.)

"And I devise and bequeath all my real and personal estate other than that hereinbefore disposed of to my said wife Mary Robinson.

(The word "give" or "bequeath" is the right word for personal property; the word "devise" is added in this general clause in case he has any freehold land.)

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand the day and year first above written.

"Signed by the Testator John Robinson as his last will and testament in the presence of us both present at the same time who in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

JOHN ROBINSON.

"WILFRED SMYTHE, The Madox Inn, Bath, Chauffeur.

"ARTHUR SMYTHE, The Madox Inn, Bath, Groom."

John Robinson, Wilfred Smythe and Arthur Smythe must all be in a room together, and none of them must leave the room until all three have signed.

No one who gets anything under a will should be a witness. If he does, the will is still valid, but he loses his legacy.



The Dark Kitchen—and Its Treatment

By Eleanor Mathieson

THERE is no other capital city in the world that can offer such a tempting array of "little" houses as London. Tucked away in the by-ways and back streets of almost all the fashionable quarters you will find the "little" house. These houses are very much sought after, not only because of their quaint charm and old-world flavour, but because in these difficult, servantless days they can be managed with far less domestic help. It has, no doubt, been the experience of almost everyone at some time in their life to come across the dear little dream-house they have always longed for. Unfortunately, someone else always seems to be in it. Still, if one hunts hard enough, and is prepared to wait long enough, it is bound to materialize some day.

A Quaintness that Appeals

We will suppose you are an "original" and have a sense of humour. If this were not the case you would not have sought so long and so patiently for that funny, little old house, and, having found it, you would have flown appalled before the difficulties of those numberless small steps that lead up into one room and down into another—sometimes without the slightest warning, so that upon opening a door you drop suddenly into space for a foot or two, until you grow accustomed to the eccentricities of your find. You would have retired shuddering before the complexities and convolutions of the small landings and staircases; and the dark underground kitchen, that is an almost inevitable accompaniment of such places, would have completed your van-

quishment. However, you are an "original," and you see the possibilities of the queer, quaint house; you have a sense of humour to take the sting out of the bumped head and scraped shin.

Of all your problems, perhaps the greatest will be the dark kitchen. Money can move mountains and bring light where light was not; but the dweller in the small house in the city is not usually blessed with much of this. We will presume, therefore, the extensive architectural changes necessary to bring daylight into the kitchen are out of the question. As a matter of fact, in many cases nothing short of eliminating the lower rooms altogether and making the kitchen on the drawing-room floor would be a practical or possible solution.

How to combine the utilitarian with the bright and the colourful is the task before you. On no account should the practical needs of the workshop of the home be sacrificed for mere effect, but colour and high polishes can take the place of light without in any way interfering with the business side of your kitchen.

Light Walls

First, then, if the walls are papered, strip them. The ceiling is probably low, and the heat and steam of cooking will cause paper to peel. Also, an underground kitchen is usually inclined to be damp, and paper will bubble and hang in unsightly strips on such walls. When the walls are stripped, if you notice any damp spots have them treated with Petrifying Liquid—a preparation known to all builders and decorators. It is not

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Showing how comfortable a kitchen can be made to look if only a little discretion is used in the arrangement

Photo: Pictorial Agency

very expensive, and it is well worth using. Its effect will not last for ever, but it will keep unsightly patches away for a good twelve months, when they can be treated again. Having attended to the spots, the walls should then be washed down with a deep yellow or cream distemper.

Treatment of the Floor

To cover a basement kitchen floor with linoleum right up to the wainscoting is seldom advisable. The more air you can allow to circulate through the floor the better. Actual bare boards, while desirable, are cold and not very cheerful-looking. If the floor is new (and sometimes a new floor is found in the basements of old houses because dry rot has been busy), it is a good plan to stain it all over with Solignum, in a dark oak colour. This will help to preserve the wood. If it is old, stain a border with black cycle enamel. This has a high polish, will reflect the light, and is easily washed. Yet another alternative is to paint a border in some bright colour that will tone in with your scheme, but this would become shabby-looking much more quickly than either of the other two.

For your floor-covering you might choose

one or several (according to the size of your kitchen) strong rush Hong Kong mats—not the smooth kind, but the coarse, closely woven ones, which are gaily patterned in red, blue, green and yellow on a natural buff ground. These rugs are fairly heavy, and will lie flat of their own weight, only needing a tack near any door that may catch them. They can be taken up once a month and swept beneath, and, when it is felt necessary, they can be washed with warm soap and water and hung up to dry. Such rugs will give between two and three years' wear, and they are very inexpensive to buy. Not only are they particularly suitable to a basement kitchen—where thought must be given to the preservation of the floor, and their porous nature assists this—but they look bright and cheery and are warm.

The Dresser

The wainscot, dresser and any woodwork should be painted in some gay, light colour. Royal mail red is good, but is apt to be a little fatiguing to anyone constantly in the kitchen. Green does not seem to reflect enough light, except perhaps in its paler shades, and we do not want pale shades, for they look cold and soil too easily. Blue is

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perhaps the best colour of all, although it must be handled with extraordinary discretion. We have decided against pale shades, and a dark or even a vivid blue would be somewhat sombre. The ideal shade is a Della Robbia blue, and it is the colour found on the Della Robbia plaques, of which there are some fine examples at the South Kensington Museum. This blue is sometimes referred to as Madonna blue, but in reality it is a fraction lighter. Whatever shade you choose, be sure it has no suggestion of the blue-bag about it—let it lean towards green, if anything. If you decide on the Della Robbia blue, and your doors, dresser and wall beams are painted with this, the door knobs and drawer handles might be bright red. Don't be too reckless with the red paint—use just enough to bring out the blue strongly.

All round the fireplace and the mantelpiece—especially if it is an old-fashioned open grate—had better be painted with black cycle enamel; the smoke from the fire would soil the blue too quickly. Be sure that any black you use has an enamel finish—the polished surface will reflect any light there may be. This is very important.

Choice of China

With this scheme, do not have a Delft blue dinner or tea service on the dresser; it will not tone in well. Choose, rather, a service in leadless glaze with a bright primitive design in reds and greens, or, if you prefer ordinary china, try a copy of an old Spode pattern.

There is a very good reproduction of the Pheasant ware that is priced quite moderately. The old Indian tree pattern is also very gay and virile in its effect. Dish covers of metal are very hard to keep clean, but have as many as you con-

veniently can, for they do help enormously in giving a cheery appearance.

Upon the mantelpiece you could stand a row of blue enamel cereal jars. These jars are quite easy to find, and are stocked by most department stores in a shade near enough to Della Robbia to tone in with it. Your kitchen tea-caddy might stand in the centre, and be of bright red enamelled tin.

An Excellent Protection

There are on the market at the moment square sheets of tin enamelled to simulate red and white, or blue and white tiles. One or two of these nailed to the wall at the back or sides of the gas-cooker will not only help to carry out the general idea, but will protect your walls from the spots and stains of cooking.



Closely woven rush Hong Kong mats make an excellent floor-covering. Note also the Dutch tablecloth

Photo :
E. J. Mason

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That part of the floor that is directly in front of the fireplace and gas range is the most likely to get splashed and spotted. A strip of plain, red linoleum should be tacked in front of each.

For Curtains or Tablecloth

The shops, just now, are showing a strong cotton damask printed in a sort of Dutch peasant design, bold squares of red and black with stripes of deep blue, or a combination of yellow, deep blue and black. This would make excellent kitchen tablecloths or curtains. It washes and wears

extraordinarily well. If preferred, of course, a bright gingham would look almost as well.

For Comfort

If there is room there should always be a small arm-chair in the kitchen; it lends an air of comfort that will be much appreciated. It should have a loose washing cover. This would be nice in a checked material similar to the cloth. The gas or electric light shade should be plain and opaque, harmonizing with the general colour scheme.

A Modern Baby's Layette

Simplicity and Daintiness

By

Joan Malcolm

A FEW days ago I unearthed an old photograph album. Idly turning over the pages, I stopped before a photograph of two children. One, a baby of only a few months old, lay on a fur rug gazing wide-eyed at a waterfall which, according to the photographer, cascaded beside it.

The baby's dress was a wonderful thing. It was almost three times the length of the baby, and was a mass of tiny frills, tucks and hand-sewn lace. The other child, a boy, who stood balanced against a chair (also on the edge of the waterfall), was about eighteen months old, and had a severe little dress of white muslin ornamented with large bows, and—obvious to the most inexperienced eyes—at least two flannel petticoats underneath.

Not Hygienic

I shut the album thoughtfully. Was that *really* how we clad our babies? And did they *really* survive the mass of clothing that hampered the action of their tiny limbs? To the modern mother it seems incredible—and almost criminal! But apart from questions of hygiene—what laundering! What ironing! What labour!

No, the modern baby has much to be thankful for, and so has the modern mother. Soon the word "long" will have disappeared altogether in connection with the little new-

comer. Nowadays his first robes barely cover his tiny feet, and at the end of eight—or even six—weeks he plunges straight into the cosiest of little all-wool suits.

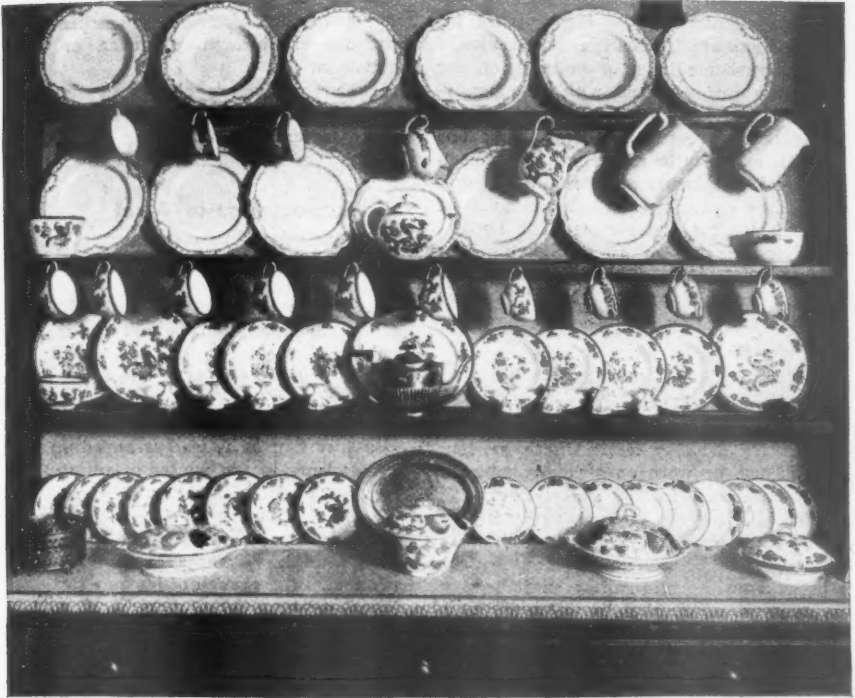
I saw a charming layette not very long ago. It was simplicity itself and yet the essence of daintiness. Every little garment had been made by the mother, and she told me the entire cost was under four pounds!

His First Outfit

For baby's very first appearance there were six of the simplest little "long" sets. They comprised five articles to a set—a long-sleeved, double-breasted Shetland wool vest that crossed over and tied with white sarcenet ribbon at one side; a quilted heavy flannel binder that had sarcenet ribbon shoulder straps was double-breasted and tied down one side; a fine flannel scalloped petticoat; a heavy flannel magyar-sleeved nightgown; and a finest flannel magyar dress. Each article was ornamented with the neatest of feather stitching, scalloping and tiny tucks, yet the magyar shapes were so delightfully simple to cut out and make, and slipped on and off the baby so easily. The little garments were about twenty-seven inches in length.

Stockings and "Bootees"

In addition to these sets were six pairs



An attractive dresser with its Pheasant ware and glazed vegetable dishes and dinner plates of old Royal Worcester

Photo:
E. J. Mason

of finest wool and silk "stockings," reaching up well over the baby knees and surmounted by the sweetest little pink and blue wool crocheted "bootees." Three cosy, knitted wool jackets, tied with pink or blue bows, had silk-lined bonnets to match, and two dozen soft Turkish towelling napkins completed baby's first outfit.

Another drawer held baby's second outfit.

"These," said his proud mother, "are ready for him when he is two months old; or, if the weather is nice and warm, he may go into them at six weeks."

Like a Cuddly Ball of Wool!

They were the sweetest things! Every garment knitted on fine needles in the softest two-ply wool. Later, I had the pleasure of seeing Master Baby in them. He looked like a delightful little soft cuddly ball of wool. He still kept his wrap-over vest on underneath, and a wide ribbed binder kept it in place. Long stockings reached well over his knees, and over these and his napkin was drawn a loosely

knitted drawer pilch. The ribbed leg holes fitted closely over his fat stocking-covered knees, and the ribbed waist tied high up under his armpits. His "sweater" was magyar-shaped and had a close-fitting ribbed waist, cuffs and neck-band, each tied with a white satin ribbon. For out of doors his knitted jacket went on over the sweater, and a "helmet" slipped over his head, covering his eyes, throat and neck, and just showing his beaming, fat face. Tiny no-finger gloves covered his hands.

In this practical suit baby could lie and kick to his heart's delight. For a summer baby it would be ideal for out-of-door wear all day, and for the winter baby he could safely lie warm and cosy, and kick or sleep by an open window. The garments were simplicity themselves to knit, in plain knitting, with plain and purl for the ribbing.

Simply and Easily Made

These little suits, if they are loosely knitted, will carry the baby on to six months old, when he may be put into the same

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clothes in a larger size. At nine months—if it is summer-time, he may discard his woollens and appear in little loose tunics of soft, uncrushable linen or holland, or one of the new washing crêpes with little simply-cut "slip-over" drawers to match. These garments may be run up literally in a few minutes, and may be made perfectly charming if colour schemes are carefully thought out. Little square-necked magyar tunics of Chinese blue may have cross-stitch borders of pillar-box red, or Chinese yellow, or coloured animals may be appliquéd on. There is no end to the variety of designs that will ring the changes on the same simple shape.

The Walking Stage

Bare legs in the summer are healthiest, and little loose, softest red or blue leather slippers for the tiny feet. On no account should boots be worn on a young baby, or indeed on a child without a doctor's advice. Nor should baby be hurried into walking. He will start soon enough by himself if he is strong enough, and if he is not, then he is better crawling and rolling until he gets his strength. Some babies are much later than others, both in walking and talking, yet they rarely suffer by it later on.

Although baby, in the hot weather, may be very lightly and scantily clad, it should be remembered that hot days in England are very few, and summer nowadays is as treacherous as her sister the spring. So keep your woolly suits handy, and don't be frightened to put them on because it is "August—and whoever heard of anyone wearing wool in August?" I have known summer days by the sea when baby has had to be in and out of thin suits and woolly suits until it was quite a problem to know which to put on next. Tiny babies are fearfully susceptible to the slightest breath of cold, and though "coddling" is certainly not to be advocated, babies are far, far too precious to take any risks with; and warm woollies should go on at the first suspicion of a cloudy day or a cold wind.

Hints Worth Remembering

The golden rules to remember for dressing a really tiny baby are these:

Never use pins. Loops and tapes take very little time to sew on, and dispense with any danger through a broken or faulty safety-pin.

Make your baby's clothes as simple as possible. The less tiring turning over and lifting up and down a young baby has the better.

The Importance of Wool

Always keep fine wool next the baby's skin. Indeed, this is a good custom to carry right on into late childhood.

Always air baby's clothes carefully before putting them on, but do *not* put them on warm from the fire.

Change his underclothes every other day; indeed, clean clothes daily, if they can be afforded, are the best for a very young baby.

Be sure that he is well wrapped up when out of doors in the winter or spring. Nothing but his little face should be uncovered.

If the baby is born in the winter, have his pillow-slip made of fine woollen sheeting. Do not let him wear a cap indoors, or it may retard the growth of his hair.

The Clothes must be Loose

Last, but not least, *be sure* that baby's clothes are *always* loose, especially about the chest and waist. Any pressure on the blood-vessels impedes the circulation and prevents proper development. A baby should be able to kick and stretch to his heart's desire. Unless he can exercise his tiny feet from the very first, and stretch his little legs and arms untrammelled, he will not develop as quickly as he should do. And what on earth is there sweeter than the sight of a fat baby, foot in mouth, daring us with twinkling eyes to try and do likewise?

"A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

"Like rose-hued sea flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

"No flower bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet."



On Spring Cleaning

How to Manage it Successfully

By

Judith Ann Silburn

TO the average man spring-cleaning is anathema, a mere fetish, or probably worse, the result of neglected or badly done housework during the year. And yet every shop or business has its annual stock-taking and overhauling, so why not the home? However clean and tidy the housewife, and however strict the daily and weekly cleaning of the various rooms, a thorough cleaning down of the dwelling from attic to cellar once a year is an absolute necessity. Besides which, spring-cleaning provides a good opportunity for the housewife to check her goods and chattels. Articles need replacing or mending; linen requires renewing; certain rooms want papering or distemping, and so forth; and it is far better to have a specific time when all these odd jobs can be done at once.

A Preliminary Inspection

The best time for the actual process of cleaning is at the end of April or the beginning of May, when fewer fires are needed and the days are bright. It must be remembered, however, that the preliminaries of spring-cleaning take up far more time than the actual task of cleaning down the house. The best plan is first to make a tour of inspection all round, and then to write down in a notebook exactly what wants doing. Getting odd jobs done in advance considerably lightens the work of cleaning when the time comes.

Cupboards, for instance, can all be scrubbed out with carbolic, tidied, and fresh inventories made of their contents. Any upholstery can be finished off and put away. By the way, upholstery is not nearly so difficult as it looks. As a rule, minor attentions, such as springs, can be accomplished quite easily by turning the sofa or chair upside down and stripping off the hessian. Usually speaking, when the spring has given it is merely a case of a new twine and webbing, and lifting the spring into place. In the case of a new cover, the best plan is to remove the old upholstery very carefully and take the pattern from this. The housewife

will soon see how the piece of furniture has been "made up" and stuffed, and if she follows the same method employed originally she cannot go far wrong.

Repairs Come First

If repairs are being done by workmen it is just as well to get them completed early, as workpeople are much booked up at this time of the year. Where painters, plumbers, or decorators are likely to be needed, all arrangements should be made well in advance, and proper contracts signed. It is better to compare the prices of several contractors before finally deciding. Also the sweep ought to be engaged in time, and a "char," if the latter is being employed. Some housewives prefer to do without a "char" and give the maids a little extra instead. Locks, window-sashes or table legs may need attention. Boilers, tanks, cisterns, and geysers generally need cleaning out once a year. It is a great mistake to wait until these are in a bad state before having them seen to, as it usually ends in entirely new ones having to be put in when the time comes. Gas fires, anthracite stoves and heating plant all require overhauling.

Why not do Your Own Distemping?

There are quite a number of odd jobs which the housewife can do herself if she is a handy person. Distemping the kitchen or larder, for example, is quite easy. Whitewashing mixture is made by crushing up three pounds of whitening in boiling water until it forms a stiff paste. Then take one pint of boiling water and dissolve in it one quarter of a pound of size. Mix all together until smooth. It may require a little laundry blue squeezed into it in order to counteract the greyish tint which whitewash has when no colour is used. If the housewife finds she can accomplish ordinary whitewashing quite easily she may like to try her hand at colour-washing. Tinted distempers can be made at home, but the patent colour distempers on the market are

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so well mixed, and can be bought in so many different art shades, that it is a better plan to buy all colour distempers ready for use.

Renewing the Bath

Enamelling the bath is another annual necessity. A great number of people seem to find a difficulty in getting good results with their efforts, and as a rule the reason is because they do not give sufficient time to the operation. The first essential is that the bath must be absolutely free from grease. Scour with hot water and remove all old enamel with pumice-stone. Then paint over a flat paint and allow this to remain on for six days. Pumice-stone again, and then put on the enamel, which should be a proper bath enamel. One small-sized tin will generally be sufficient for an average bath. Be very careful in all paintwork to use a very good brush and have as little paint on the brush as possible. Leave the enamel to harden for at least eight days, if possible ten, and fill with cold water, for one night only, before using it. If a little cold water be first run into a bath before turning on the hot water the enamel will last much longer.

Things to be Dry-cleaned

Laundry and dry-cleaning is another item of spring-cleaning that can be finished off in advance. Blankets can be taken off all beds which are not in use, and either sent away to be cleaned or washed at home. If the latter method, choose a good drying day, as they ought to be dried out of doors, otherwise they are apt to get a bad colour. Bedding, too, needs overhauling. Many housewives make a point of having all bedding cleaned and remade every year. Any carpet which can be taken up without much inconvenience should be sent off to the cleaner's.

If there is a "home mechanic" his services will be found most useful at this season of the year. As a matter of fact, many women are extremely handy with tools, and certainly no house ought to be without an adequate tool chest. Tools are badly needed at spring-cleaning, so be sure that they are well oiled and sharp and ready for immediate use.

Winter hangings, furs, and any clothing which will not be required any more until the next year should be cleaned and put away with plenty of moth-ball or other insecticide.

The Question of Cleaning Materials

Perhaps the most important of spring-cleaning preparations is the question of cleaning materials. Plenty of dusters, flannels, cloths, and rubbers will be wanted. Old garments can generally be cut up for the purpose. There are so many polishes and cleaning powders on the market that the housewife has a very wide choice. There are still, however, some housewives who prefer to make some of their own cleaning materials. The following recipe is a very good scrubbing mixture for plain, white, deal wood. Take one pound of soft soap, whitening, and silver sand respectively, and put all the ingredients in a jar on the stove. Let them dissolve well before using. This is an excellent whitener for kitchen tables and floor-boards. Gilt frames respond well if rubbed with onion water, that is, if they do not need re-gilding. There is a very good gold and silver paint on the market which does not come off—at least, it is most successful for evening shoes (a good test)—which should be very useful for picture-frame renovations.

Keep to a Method

If the spring-cleaning preliminaries have been successfully planned, the actual cleaning is a simple matter. The important rule is to keep to a method. Start from the top of the house and work downwards, leaving the stairs until the last. Do one room at a time, and where it can be managed keep a spare room for housing articles when they have been cleaned so that they do not get in the way. There is nothing so annoying as to have a whole house dismantled on account of spring-cleaning, and there really is no need for such a state of things.

Strip each room before cleaning, scrub the floor-boards, and fill any holes in the skirting with plaster of paris. This keeps away any vermin. If there are any signs of visitors of this description use plenty of disinfectant. As a matter of fact, disinfecting fluid is very necessary in cleaning out a room thoroughly, as it helps to get rid of all disease germs.

Treating the Carpets

In re-laying carpets, it is always better to reverse them if possible; if not, and they happen to be square, turn them round. This changes the tread. In the same way, when putting down the stair carpet, either raise or lower it a little for the same reason. This is a great help in prolonging the life

ON SPRING CLEANING

of the carpet, so also is the practice of putting down sheets of felt paper over the floorboards beneath the carpet where the floor happens to be slightly uneven. Where an electric vacuum has been used throughout the year, carpets will not need steam-cleaning, of course, but the colours can be revived with a good carpet shampoo. Special shampoo preparations, especially sold for carpets, can now be purchased replete with the necessary implements of squeegee, etc., for the operation. Ordinary carpet soap is also quite good.

Care in Cleaning Paintwork

Paintwork needs great care in cleaning, particularly if there is a high lustre. For highly enamelled paintwork it is better to use plain whitening paste on a small piece of rag unless, of course, a special preparation for paintwork has been purchased. Never use very hot water or any soda for paint. Coloured varnish paints can be cleaned with paraffin and polished with a leather.

Spring-cleaning time is a good occasion for lacquering the brass. Special lacquer preparations can now be purchased at most of the large shops, and they save a great deal of future cleaning, as the lacquer, if properly applied, lasts a considerable time, some as long as six months. The great secret in all lacquer work is to have the article absolutely clean and free from the slightest trace of grease. As the lacquer is transparent a good polish must first be given. With most of the preparations it is necessary to heat the article before applying the lacquer. Bedposts, door-handles, ash-trays, etc., can all be treated in this way,

but be sure to buy a reliable lacquer preparation and study the instructions well.

In putting away any steel articles, remember to grease them well after cleaning; this applies, of course, to gas-stoves and cookers, also to irons which are being stored.

The housewife who has her house wired for electricity will find an electric vacuum a great boon for upholstery and hangings which are not bad enough to be steam-cleaned. These machines can be hired by the day and do not cost more than a "char."

Now that there are so many labour-saving implements on the market the process of cleaning down a house need not be an arduous task. Long-handled dust-pans, mops, scrubbing brushes, and "lightning cleaners" for silver, brass, paint, furniture, etc., save much work and toil. Beware, however, of cheap materials, particularly in the matter of soap. The best household soap only should be used; it is the cheapest in the long run, as it does not waste.

Care of the Hands

Lastly, do not forget to lay in a stock of toilet preparations for the hands, for even with rubber gloves one's hands are apt to suffer just a little at this time. Keep as much toilet grease on the skin as possible, and always use mops when washing articles in very hot water. When very dirty work has to be done, smear the hands well with a grease solvent before putting on housemaid's gloves. For those who do not like gloves when working, there is a new preparation for using when doing very dirty work which is quite harmless, and acts as a protection for the skin and removes any stains.

~~~~~ The Two Outstanding Books of 1923 ~~~~~

Sheila Kaye-Smith

The End of the House of Alard

Miss Kaye-Smith has long since become recognised as one of the greatest writers on country life of our time. She has gone from strength to strength, and now with this, her latest book, she reaches a height even she has not previously attained, for, without question, "The End of the House of Alard" is the greatest book which Miss Kaye-Smith has written.

"The most vital book that she has written. It is the work of a literary artist. A fine well balanced story."—*John O'London's Weekly*.

Each



Arnold Bennett

Riceyman Steps

No writer of our time possesses a greater genius for perceiving and describing the romance that beautifies the lives of even the most commonplace people than Mr. Arnold Bennett, and his new novel, "Riceyman Steps," shows his powers of analysis and narrative at their best. It is a human epic of Clerkenwell—its everyday life, its crowded streets, and its decaying squares.

"'Riceyman Steps' is the peer of 'The Old Wives Tale' and 'Clayhanger.' The book makes most of our recent triumphs in fiction seem rather paltry affairs."—*Spectator*.

~~~~~ Cassell's, London ~~~~~



## ONE TO TWO

**I** HAVE joined a lunch club!

Rejoice not prematurely, oh my friends and readers, for life is full of broken resolutions—and the office man's life is full of new places for lunch. "Men," said Mrs. Editor to me the other night, "think more of their food than women do." Now this is a little unkind and cynical. The remark arose because Mrs. Editor had been to town for the day on a shopping foray, and, instead of the proverbial cup of coffee and a bun, she had been to a decent restaurant and enjoyed a four-course lunch. Most of the customers, she observed, were men, and "men think more of their food than women do!" There speaks the lady of the home. When My Lady comes to town with the gleam of battle in her eye and the sale counter on the horizon, the mere matter of food is an unimportant detail. Does the first-line man in the day of battle suspend operations between one and two, and narrate in his report what he had for lunch on that memorable occasion? But it is a very different thing when one comes soberly to the City day after day, when one works at a desk, with the blue sky only a tiny patch on the top of the office window. Then "lunch time" becomes an event of importance, a solemn ritual, the dividing line between two long stretches of the day's work, a rest, a recreation, a social affair.

### Collecting Information

So far this important function has not received the attention it warrants at the hands of men of letters. When I have a little more leisure I intend writing a monumental work on "The Mid-day Social Habits of the British People." I have been collecting information on this important

topic for twenty-five years now, and the feeling comes over me that I shall be remembered as the author of this standard classic long after my fame as the Editor of *THE QUIVER* shall have departed. Think of the many chapters and sub-chapters, the appendix of menus, the section of statistics! I long to start the book at once, but a work of genius cannot be hurried, and I must go ahead for a few more years quietly gathering material before putting pen to paper.

### The Confirmed Single-placer

I shall, of course, devote a chapter to the confirmed Single-placer. He is the backbone of the British Constitution, and we have nothing to fear from a Socialist Government as long as he repairs, at a quarter to one prompt, to the same old restaurant, sits at the same table, meets the same boon companions, chooses the same items from the menu, and only loses heart when the old waitress departs and a new one takes her place. Dear man, he follows the old ritual day after day, year in and year out, and he has made the nation what it is (for better or for worse).

But your Editor is too much of a rolling-stone for such a life. Besides, a monumental work of the nature I have hinted at could never be produced on such limited experience. True, years and years ago I became perilously near to the Fixed Habit. I lunched with an office friend day after day at one restaurant, after which we solemnly walked along the Embankment and back, discussing business and politics. If the day were fine we walked as far as Cleopatra's Needle; if it were very wet we ventured no farther than the Underground Station at the Temple. True, one

memorable summer the weather became so hot that we decided to forsake the glare of the Embankment for the cooler shades of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Thereafter we solemnly made the circuit of the Fields twice before returning to our office. That was nearly twenty years ago. For all I know my friend still walks with sober pace round those same historic Fields. In fact, I met him on the same old jaunt when I passed through the Fields the other day. But after some years I did a base thing. The imperious calls of the journalist smothered the instincts of friendship. I broke away, and since then I have tramped the streets of London, mostly alone, in search of adventure and the mid-day knowledge of life.

Far be it from me to boast. I cannot truthfully say I have visited all the restaurants and eating-places of London, nor can I deny that again and again I have become attached to one particular place, and have gone there daily for a time. But always sooner or later has come the call of the blood, and I have wandered off—fresh worlds to conquer, new menus to scan.

### The True Cosmopolitan

Now, the true student of humanity would never confine his attentions to one class of establishment. The truly catholic wanderer must make sacrifices—sometimes of his purse, when he visits the haunts of the gilded rich, and more often of his pride when he puts on his poorest coat and learns how the "proletariat" feeds at the dinner-hour. I must admit that, with advancing years, courage has waned: it is a sign of middle age, I suppose. I lack the agility of early years in slipping down a mean street away from the high-roads of civilization, the invaluable spirit of curiosity that beckoned me into queer and shabby eating-houses where one might encounter anarchists or 'busmen, the inexhaustible enterprise that insisted on a different place each day. But in its place comes experience. The true cosmopolitan detects interest in whatever quarter fate may lead him, his instinct takes him past the merely drab, and enables him to recognize the unusual, the worth-while, which the novice might never notice. He, too, takes good and bad philosophically, is at home in any society, takes up the cues readily, and avoids the pitfalls. Each standard of life has its codes, its formulas and usages. There is the restaurant, for instance, where

one sides up to the counter on a high stool, and chooses one's dishes by indicating the same with a slight movement of the hand. This sort of thing is not done, however, at the Athenæum. At the National Liberal Club one must be discriminating with one's guests after the meal. If one wishes for a quiet confidential chat one leads them to the chamber of whispers, where one may talk softly and walk quietly. Should, however, your friend be a social reformer of excitable disposition, eloquent when aroused, one takes him straight away to the smoke-room, where even the loudest oration would be more or less in order, so long as it did not belaud the House of Peers. At the Ritz—but here is where instinct steps in again. No Editor of *THE QUIVER* ever lunched at the Ritz, which is strictly reserved to bloated millionaires and innocent damsels in two-guineas-per-thousand-words stories in the popular press. It is considered out of place to order suet pudding at the Hotel Cecil, and although a friend of mine demanded a stone-bottle of ginger-beer at the Savoy, it was a ruthless act I dared not copy. On the other hand, it is a matter of considerable training to know where it is correct to eat one's pudding with a fork only—and where such action would be regarded as mere affectation. There are places where it is still strictly correct to put one's knife in one's mouth—but, there, that sort of thing is more and more rare—or is it, as I have said, that I have become less venturesome? Anyhow, these rules and customs only come with experience, and when we have passed the tyro stage we learn to avoid the extremes.

### Comes of Long Practice

The true wayfarer is he who unearths the quaint and homely little establishments which are hidden away in little corners of all great cities. It is a fine thing, which only comes of long practice, to find oneself in any quarter of the town what time the lunch-hour approaches, and to be able to say to one's friend: "Lunch? Why yes, dear me. If we go down the first on the right and turn in under the arch, there is rather a nice place. Mutton cutlets are usually very good, and apple pudding—you must not miss their apple puddings even if you do not feel hungry." It is even finer if you discover that the waitress recognizes you after the lapse of years.

Of course, places change. The eye of the wayfarer is ever observant of new ventures.

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One day the doors of the "Olde Time Inn" or "The Brownies" open, and it is a point for congratulation if you are able to patronize the place during the first week of its opening. The cutlery and the china are delightfully new, and the manageress eager to welcome you. You learn that the place has been opened by a couple of sisters, or is owned by three friends, and that they specialize in home-made cakes, which can be taken home for tea on Sunday.

Should, some time after, a man in the train mention that he has discovered a new little restaurant just off Clifford's Inn, you smile in a superior fashion, and tell him you went the first day it was opened.

### **What is the Secret ?**

The psychology of tea-shops! Why is it that one little place catches on immediately, though hidden away in a back street, with no method of advertising? And why is it that another, with every promise of success, simply does nothing? I visited one establishment in Fleet Street some time ago. The place was spick-and-span, the waiters immaculate, the service good—and the room was empty. Six months after a modest legend stated "Under new management." I went again. There were one or two people, an irreproachable lunch. Six months later still the place was to let. Now, why did it fail? Say, rather, why did I stay away so long? I do not know; but there must have been some reason, and if only I could discover that reason I should know the secret of failure and of success! At another restaurant off Ludgate Hill an early visit disclosed a cheerful place, ubiquitous waiters, and a proprietress inviting me to come again. Alas, the place was empty. Months later I went again. A subtle change had come over the establishment. Nearly all the seats were taken, the waitresses cheerful and busy and— But, stop, the waiters had gone. Can it be that the day of the waiter has passed? Why is it that that stately person suggests the passing age? It is a subject for speculation. I recall that there are establishments running both waiters and waitresses—and the latter's tables are always full. I confess I do not like waiters. They are so dignified at the beginning of the meal, so subservient at the end. I recall how, in the days of my youth, my brother and I took a canoe up the Thames on a Bank Holiday. We toiled hard in the heat of the day, and knew not

(inexperience again) that this was one of the occasions when it is correct to bring one's own lunch. About half-past two, with the appetite that only schoolboys can develop, we alighted on a riverside hotel. We timidly entered and asked for a plate of ham. The waiter eyed us up and down, coughed, and in a sepulchral whisper informed us that there was nothing on the menu under three-and-six. We retired. No, I do not like waiters. Maybe this is a day of democracy and the waiters have got to go. But I wish I knew why one establishment flourishes and another fails, for then I could tell, too, why one magazine sells by the hundred thousand and another comes to an ignominious end. Had I but such knowledge I suppose I too should be launching publications every day, and dining at the Ritz, and taking the oath at the House of Lords, and—— But then I should not be editing *THE QUIVER*, so that's that.

### **My New Lunch Club**

But the rolling-stone finds its niche eventually, and I have joined a lunching club. Mind you, I have not enrolled at the Press Club, nor put my name down for the Savages. The lunch club is something more unconventional—and my lunch club is altogether away from the beaten track. Only members are admitted, and we each have our own seats reserved. The club is—in accordance with the spirit of the times—"mixed." There is the good lady who is agitated at the advent of a Socialist Government, and much fears revolution. The next seat to mine is occupied by a man who travels up to town every day from the seaside, and who therefore has time to read all the papers. His company should be valuable—though at the same time one should take care in contradicting a man who has seen not only the *Telegraph* but the *Times*, not just the *Mail* but the *Graphic*. True, with inborn caution, I have made a resolve only to join the board twice a week: one must not lose sight of the great outside world. Still, after many wanderings I have joined a lunch club, am looking up my Oliver Wendell Holmes, and expecting great things. Why, last Tuesday the conversation turned on—— But, there, the clock has just struck. Let's come and have some lunch.

*The Editor*



# The Churl

by  
WALTER WOOD

THE powerful light on the Head flashed into the black night, the only calm and hopeful thing on land and sea. In clear weather the white and red revolving beams were visible for twenty-one miles; but on this night of the great November gale they were seen only for a short distance, in intervals between the squalls of snow, hail and sleet. That gale had been blowing for three days and nights without a break, and seemed as if it would never stop. Enormous trees which had weathered generations of storms had fallen before this terrific onslaught of northern wind, and they lay like prostrate giants in fields and across the long and narrow road that connected the Head with the nearest village, four miles away.

In towns and fishing villages along that rock-bound coast buildings of every sort had been unroofed and windows had been blown in and frameworks shattered. In one great bay six sailing ships were wrecked, and the tremendous seas were rolling in like regiments, and grinding and smashing the shattered hulls. Round the Head itself, in an immense natural harbour, seven hundred vessels of every sort which had run in for shelter were at anchor, and hundreds of riding-lights twinkled in the spume and gloom which hid them from sight on shore. The gigantic ridge of rock which formed the Head and shot out from the mainland far into the North Sea was a barrier between the fleet and disaster. So long as the wind held in its present quarter the fleet was safe; but if a change came no one could tell what the fate of the vessels, especially the sailers, would be. There would almost surely be a choice between foundering and being broken to matchwood.

There were in that natural harbour of refuge ocean tramps, coasters, trawlers, big and little traders of every sort, from every sea of the world, and keeping them company were smacks and drifters, which had hurried into the haven as chickens seek the refuge of the wings in time of danger. Men were afloat by the thousand in that harbour, and there were on bridges and decks and deep in engine-rooms those who had not undressed or slept throughout the gale, and who, red-eyed and reeling, watched the beams when calm spells in the savage squalls made them visible.

One man ashore, too, watched the revolving light with eyes that ached with their long vigil in what seemed to be an endless gale.

This person was the vicar of the parish, a long, lean, ascetic man, who had almost wrecked his health in the East End. He had exchanged livings with the vicar of the Head, and both men were satisfied, this lean, lank clergyman particularly so, because residence at the Head gave him his heart's desire of studying men and things from an almost primitive point of view. He had read and heard of great storms, but until he saw the reality he could not believe that wind and sea could cause such havoc as he had witnessed within the last three days.

The vicar could not sleep, he could scarcely eat, and when he drank it was mechanically and because a maid brought him refreshment which the housekeeper had prepared, for the vicar was a bachelor. A tray containing food was on the table, but it was untouched. The vicar was peering through a crevice in the shutters, and he thought that at times, in addition to the

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beams from the lighthouse, he saw strange, lurid flashes in the black night seaward.

There was an oil lamp burning on the table, and the vicar went and turned the light down, so that the room was almost in darkness; then he opened one of the shutters, and putting his face against a streaming pane he shaded it with his hands, so that he could the better make out the meaning of the lights at sea. He had never seen such flashes before, but instinct told him what they were, and his belief was strengthened when, in a lull in the storm, he heard a muffled boom. He would have opened a window, to see and hear more clearly, but he knew that if he did so the room would be almost wrecked by the wind.

There was another flash and another mournful boom; then the vicar was certain of the cause. He was about to speak aloud to himself when a heavy hand was placed on his shoulder, and, turning quickly and in some astonishment, he saw standing at his side the fine, powerful coxswain of one of the two lifeboats which were stationed at the Head, at each landing, the north and the south.

"I came to tell you, sir," said the coxswain in a loud voice; he had almost to shout to be heard in the turmoil. "I knocked, but you didn't hear, so I just walked in."

"Quite right, quite right," said the vicar hurriedly. He turned up the lamp. "You came to tell me—yes? What?"

"I dare say you've seen her, sir: that's a vessel in distress. She's firing rockets and her gun. God help her!"

"Amen," said the vicar. "Well, and what can we do, Robson?"

"I should say nothing, sir. There's no hope. She looks like a lame duck, a steamer driving before the gale and not under control. I judge, as she's going so slowly, that there's wreckage astern, holding her back. It's flood tide, an' a spring at that, an' the wind's dead on shore hereabouts."

"Something *must* be done!" cried the vicar. "What of the lifeboats?"

"You could no more launch the north landing boat nor you could shift the Head," Robson told him.

"What of the south landing boat?" demanded the vicar.

"She's knocked up; so's the boat at Burlington," replied the coxswain. "If the vessel drove into the bay we might have just a dog's chance; but that's all. An' that

would mean gettin' the north landin' boat out an' draggin' it to Burlington."

"How?" asked the vicar, tensely.

"Wagon an' horses, sir; an' we haven't got 'em."

"We *can* get them!" declared the vicar.

"Where?" asked the coxswain.

The vicar paused before he replied. He knew that in that lonely region wagons and horses of the sort needed were scarce; but there was an immense vehicle, called the timber wagon, and some powerful horses, known as the Beauties, belonging to a neighbouring farm which bore the name of Ravenscrag.

"There's the farmer they call the Churl," said the vicar at last.

"Aye, sir," rejoined the coxswain; "an' there's the cruel North Sea, an' the difference between the two of 'em's so small as to mak' no matter."

"The man has an ill reputation, I know, Robson."

"Aye, sir. He's sworn never to lend man or horse or wagon for the lifeboat. Why, heaven alone knows."

"If we get wagon and horses, can we get the men for the lifeboat, Robson?"

"Aye, sir. Every able-bodied man in the village is standin' by."

"And can the boat be got to the bay and afloat?"

"I think so. Anyway, we'd try, if the vessel drives in."

"Come with me, then," ordered the vicar, leading the way to the hall, where he put on a sou'-wester and a black oilskin frock and a pair of Wellington boots.

They struggled out into the black night. From a sheltered corner of the house they looked seaward, and the coxswain said: "She's drivin', slow but sure. I reckon she'll try to turn into the bay when she passes the Head. But she'll never do it. The sea'll get her."

"What do you mean?" asked the vicar, huskily.

"Why, sir, the sea out there has grown so, that once it gets the vessel broadside on she'll go—she'll roll over. That's my way o' thinkin'."

"And if she doesn't?"

"Well, then, by a miracle she may get into the bay an' anchor; but ten to one she'll drive ashore."

"Let us hope for the best and help it along!" cried the vicar. "Come, Robson, let's get the wagon and horses and drag the boat to the bay; then let's get her afloat



"Horses, men, and more than one woman, too,  
fought the lifeboat over the rough road"—p. 571

Drawn by  
Arch Webb

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and see what we can do. First of all, let us get to the Churl's."

He led the way to Ravenscrag, and knocked loudly at the hall door.

It was the Churl himself who answered the summons—an elderly man with a clean-shaven face that was not less hard than the face of the rocky cliffs near which he had spent his life, but which he seldom saw. It was characteristic of the man that unless forced to do so he never went near the sea, and never willingly looked at it.

The door was on the sheltered side of the house, protected from the wind and driving snow and sleet; but the Churl opened it only just enough to distinguish the figures in the porch.

"Who are you?" he asked, in gruff, uncompromising tones.

"The vicar and the coxswain," answered the clergyman.

"I don't know either of you, and I don't want to see you!" snarled the Churl. He would have slammed the door, but the vicar was too quick and put a foot between the door and the jamb.

The Churl furiously wrenched the door open. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded; but amazed though he was at the liberty, he was stunned when the vicar boldly stepped into the hall, promptly followed by the coxswain.

"My friend," said the vicar firmly, "this is no time for ceremony. It is a question of life and death. There's a vessel driving down the coast, and only a miracle can save her."

"And who'll work it?" sneered the Churl.

"You'll help, I hope, my friend. We want horses and a wagon, to get the north landing lifeboat down to Burlinton Bay. If we can launch her and stand by this poor ship we may even yet be of use. The coxswain says so."

"Aye," agreed Robson. "There's a chance—a ghost's chance, it's true; but still a chance. If we got that timber wagon of yours an' that grand team of Beauties, we could get the boat to Burlinton. The men are standin' by."

"I shall lend neither team nor wagon," announced the Churl, definitely.

"It's monstrous!" exclaimed the vicar. "Do you, can you, really mean it?"

"Both," replied the Churl.

"Before I came here, to this remote and peaceful place," said the vicar, "I was in the East End of London. I had to deal with poor outcasts of every sort; but I never

knew a case of man or woman who in time of stress was inhuman. And that is what I do not hesitate to say you are!" The sunken eyes blazed in their sockets as the vicar spoke with passionate fearlessness.

"You're welcome to your opinion, parson," said the Churl quietly. "I've never been to London, I've never been farther than York, and I don't care *that* for what other folk do or think!" He snapped his fingers. "Anyway, I'm not going to risk my horses."

"Not to save life?" inquired the vicar, incredulously.

"Not to try to do something that can't be done, parson. That's the point, chiefly."

As the Churl spoke there was the sound of crashing glass, and it seemed as if the stout old grey stone house shook and trembled for its own safety. A fierce squall had struck the front of the building, blown in two or three latticed windows, and swept through the hall in which the men were standing.

"There, parson," added the Churl, "doesn't that show you what a fool I should be to let 'em go? I might as well fling my Beauties over the cliff-tops. They're worth two hundred guineas apiece, and it would need six of 'em to drag a weight like that lifeboat a night like this. So I'm not going to do it!"

"And that's your last word?" said the vicar scornfully.

"Yes," replied the Churl, "even if I knew that it would be spoken with my last breath."

He opened the door and made a sign that the interview was ended.

"One word before I go," said the vicar.

"If I weren't a clergyman I would head a forlorn hope, and go and smash your stable-doors in and borrow your horses!"

"If you weren't a parson," said the Churl, still sneering, "perhaps you'd even go out in the lifeboat yourself."

"My friend," replied the vicar quietly, "that's just what I am going to do. Do you think that I would come here and advise something to be done that I wasn't prepared to do myself?"

"Sir," broke in the astonished coxswain, protestingly, "it's grand of you, but—"

"Let him talk; let him talk! Let's hear him!" interrupted the Churl. An extraordinary change had come over him, and the hard features had suddenly softened. "You say that *you* are going out in the lifeboat, parson? A night like this, mind you."

"I am, if she goes," the vicar assured

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him. "And she *shall* go if man-handling can get her away. Surely there's some other wagon hereabouts, coxswain? If we can get one, I know that there are men enough to drag the boat. I'll be one of them."

"Wait a minute," said the Churl abruptly.

"Not a second," answered the vicar sternly. "Lives of men are in peril. No, my friend, I will not stay under a roof where I am not wanted. We will leave you, and may God give you all the peace of mind that you deserve."

"That's a back-hander, for a parson!" said the Churl grimly. "But I still say wait a minute. Tell me again that you're going off in the lifeboat." The idea seemed to fascinate him.

"If she goes I go with her," repeated the vicar emphatically.

"Then I'll give you a lift on the way," vowed the Churl. "Yours is what I call practical religion, parson—hang me if it isn't! You've let daylight into my thick skull all at once—and I see! I'll lend you the wagon and horses—and I value Beauties more than my own life. Come on!"

And before the vicar and coxswain could reply he had left the house, and was making his way to the stables, followed by the visitors.

"You get on to the lifeboat station," he said abruptly, addressing Robson. "Me and mine will do the rest. Now then, parson, stop it! Don't thank me till the job's done—and you needn't trouble overmuch even then."

So it befell that in the storm the Churl was heard roaring and raving, as his men declared, like one possessed; but they knew their master and did his bidding, which ended in the heavy lifeboat being hauled on to the tremendous timber wagon and dragged by wild horses, encouraged by wild men, through the snow and hail squalls of that wild night, which has since been spoken of as the worst part of that great November storm.

The wagon was a primitive structure with four enormous wheels, and the horses that drew it were six gigantic creatures with huge arched necks and shaggy fetlocks. They were helped by a crowd of zealous human beings, and so that the crew could spare their strength they were carried in the boat, in their lifebelts and full storm kit. Amongst them was the vicar, determined to carry out the great adventure; and though

the men had begged him not to go, yet they were comforted to have him with them.

Horses, men, and more than one woman, too, fought the lifeboat over the rough road and country, through the slough of snow and mud and against the wind that at times almost forced even the big-boned, massive Clydesdales to a standstill; but they never paused for more than a moment, for they heard the voice of the Churl encouraging them—the strange man between whom and them existed an extraordinary bond of love and understanding. No whip or stick had ever touched their noble bodies, and none was needed, since a little pat or caress on the steaming, snow-drenched, bridge-like necks, or a word from the master, was enough to call forth all the power of the majestic six. And the heart of the Churl rejoiced.

If you take a coble at the Head and go out into the North Sea, you can hear of ships at rest on the rocks far beneath you; and the coblemen will tell you the story of that great November gale, when the lifeboat was dragged from the north landing to the other side of the promontory, which is one side of Burlington Bay, where the storm-bound fleet was riding. And you will learn how the boat was bumped and lurching and thrown by man and beast, that once or twice the distress signals of the helpless steamer were seen, and that once was heard the muffled note of the gun, which was her knell. They tell, too, of the way in which, with wild cheers, the boat was launched into the seething breakers, with the Churl himself, waist-deep in spume, giving the hand of the vicar a parting grip. And finally they will tell how, even as the boat was being pulled off, the news came that the doomed vessel—she was a big tramp from far Eastern seas, which had been going north, had broken down and had driven south—had turned turtle off the Head.

There had been the old, old fight between the pitiless North Sea and man and his works—and again the North Sea had won.

"But it was a good fight, parson," said the Churl.

They were in the dining-room of Ravenscrag again, standing by the open window, overlooking the sea. A livid sun was shining on the wide waters, which were calming. Only a sullen boom on the sandy beach and against the cruel cliffs told of the destructive storm.

"Yes, it was a good fight," agreed the vicar.

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"You'll take what I'm having, parson?" said the farmer, and without waiting for a reply he poured out coffee from a spirit-heated copper pot, and offered a cigar from a box of Havanas.

The vicar accepted both, and the two men sat down.

"Some of us are not such heathens as we're painted," continued the Churl, smiling. "And some of us are not such duffers—and I mean no offence by that." He looked at the lean, lank man opposite to him, and noted, as he would have noted every point in his beloved Beauties, the strength and resolution of the features of the ascetic from the East End slums. Only a few hours previously this man had worked like a demon in the howling storm, and had risked his life as if it had been a thing of no account.

And the vicar looked at this grim, granite-hard farmer—the Churl, they called him—from whom children fled, yet to whom the giant Clydesdales turned as to a beloved master; and as he looked he gave up trying to solve the everlasting mystery of humanity.

"It was terrible to hear that the steamer had gone, parson. I can't say much, but I'm thankful that I got the wagon and the horses out."

"I'm sure of that—very sure, my friend," said the vicar.

"They tell me that some poor fellows have been washed ashore in the north landing, and that they came from the steamer—three, I think—and that you are burying them in the churchyard to-morrow?"

"True," replied the vicar, with a sigh.

"And they tell me that there's another, not dead, but nearly, at the Parsonage."

"That is only partly true, my friend; for he is really almost well." There was a strange look on the vicar's face as he spoke.

"They say he's a young man, parson?"

"That is so," the vicar answered, puffing at his cigar.

"Ah, me!" said the Churl, drawing a long breath. "Just a minute, parson. Sometimes I feel that I'm nearly stifling, and I'm like that now. I'll get a draught of air." He went to the open window and

gazed over the solemn water. "I haven't willingly looked that way for many a long day," he said as he returned to his seat; "but somehow I can't help it, for a lad of mine—*our* lad, hers and mine"—he nodded to indicate the portrait of a handsome woman on the wall—"went off years ago."

"Yes," said the vicar. "I've heard of it. You parted in anger?"

"Aye," said the Churl. "A word of mine would have kept him back; but I wouldn't speak it, though *she* went on her knees to me and begged and prayed. That's Yorkshire pride."

The vicar looked from the portrait to the Churl and said: "You never heard from him?"

"No, nor of him; not a word, not a line. So, you see, I lost both him and her. How stifling it seems."

"Suppose," said the vicar, leaning forward in his chair, "suppose I told you that this great gale had brought him home?"

The Churl did not answer. He was standing in the middle of the room, and his face had suddenly become ashen.

The vicar rose, put down his cigar, and, placing a hand on his companion's shoulder, added: "Suppose I said, 'And the sea gave up the dead that were in it'?"

Then the Churl pressed his face into his hands and sobbed: "Oh! My son! My son!"

"Suppose I say, 'The Lord gave——'" continued the vicar solemnly.

The Churl looked up. "Yes, I know the rest, parson," he replied. "'And the Lord hath taken away.' But I can't finish it! No, not that!"

"Yes, you can—you must! Nay, my friend, you shall!" declared the vicar. "Yes, for the Lord has given back. I have not come here alone. Say the rest, quick!" he ordered.

And suddenly the Churl understood and obeyed, saying in vibrant tones: "'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

And even as he spoke the door of the old room opened, the door through which long years before the son had gone—and the Churl knew that at last the wanderer had come home again.





# The Romance of London Town

By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.

## No. 4.—In the Early Days of Queen Victoria

**E**IGHTY-SEVEN years ago, when Queen Victoria came to the throne, London was already the greatest of cities, the wonder city of the world. Within half a century the number of its inhabitants had been doubled, more than doubled. In 1789, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, the population totalled about 850,000. In 1837 it exceeded 1,850,000, and the fathers of our grandfathers were nodding their heads sagely. The rate of increase, they were saying, could not continue; London had attained to its maximum size.

Yet fifty years later the city had 4,000,000 inhabitants. To-day it has a population of 7,500,000. And it is still growing, greedily swallowing outlying towns, threatening to devour whole counties.

By 1837 London had expanded very slightly south of the Thames. Southwark was but a narrow strip of habitations spread out along the river bank; and now populous districts such as Camberwell and Kennington were mere straggling villages. Brixton consisted of one short street, and was less suburban than is Surbiton to-day.

North of the river, again—where was the East End? Hackney, now the dreary and grimy home of some 250,000 persons, was then a hamlet set in rural surroundings, a place of market gardens. Stratford was non-existent.

Beyond the turnpike gates at Battle Bridge—or King's Cross, as we know it to-day—lay open country. Kentish Town and Camden Town were picturesque little places. Houses had not been built round Primrose Hill; and a stream meandered pleasantly through the fields of Bayswater, joining another which rose in leafy St. John's Wood and flowed into the Serpen-

time. Chalk Farm was still a farm; behind St. Pancras churchyard were the fields of Mr. Agar's farm.

Earl's Court, to-day an area of gloomy streets and squares, contained hardly a house at the time of Queen Victoria's coronation. And no one thought of Kensington, even of Knightsbridge, as forming a part of continuous London. Park Lane and a line drawn from Hyde Park Corner to Westminster Bridge marked the extreme western limit of the city. The river was, to all intents and purposes, the southern boundary; and a line drawn from the bottom of the Edgware Road to Regent's Park, and then following the course of the Regent's Canal, enclosed the city on the north and east.

The bulk of the employee class lived actually in the city. Many of the wealthy merchants and shopkeepers also still lived within the city, and, with their wives and families, filled the city churches on Sundays. Bloomsbury was the most popular suburb. But Clapham and Stockwell in the south were gaining in favour, also Hampstead and Highgate in the north. Residents in these quarters kept open house on Sundays, when their London friends, in the manner of Mr. Horatio Sparkins, were wont to ride out to visit and to dine with them. The young Londoner of 1837 was a great horseman—in his own opinion.

Yet, in some respects, London *then* was vastly bigger than is London *now*. Since that time science and engineering have done much to eliminate distance. In 1837 mechanical transport was only in its infancy, and the telegraph and the telephone, which spare the modern Londoner many a tedious tramp and journey, were both 'things of the future.

Cooke and Wheatstone, as a matter of

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Transferring mails to a post-chaise.  
Scene during the great snow storm of 1836

After  
J. Pollard

fact, invented the electric telegraph in the very year of Queen Victoria's accession. Eight years elapsed, however, before its possibilities came generally to be recognized. The Government in 1837, in order to conduct business of State, made use of a system of semaphore signalling so highly developed that the Admiralty could transmit messages to Portsmouth within half an hour. But this was designed to serve official purposes only, not as a convenience to the ordinary mortal.

The Great Western Railway pioneered the telegraph. In 1839 a line was laid from Paddington to West Drayton, and in 1842 it was extended to Slough. For three years this continued to be the only telegraph in use. Then at last the value of the new method of sending messages was demonstrated to an unbelieving public.

One day in 1845 a detective boarded a train as it slowed down in Paddington station and arrested one of the passengers. Subsequently it transpired that the police at Slough had telegraphed to the police in London to detain the man on a charge of murder, and that the message had travelled faster than the train. In London—in all parts of the country—people began to clamour for telegraphs.

Telephony belongs to the last quarter of the century. It was only in 1876 that Graham Bell showed his fellow-men how the sound of the human voice could be reproduced at the far end of a long wire.

Trains were running between Stockton

and Darlington as far back as 1825. London's first railway, however, a line between the city and Greenwich, was not opened until 1837; and Queen Victoria's reign was well advanced before the railway had extended its tentacles all over the country and become a national system of transport.

Wrote a reviewer in the *Quarterly*, when it was first proposed to connect London with Woolwich by a railway:

"The gross exaggeration of the powers of the locomotive steam engine . . . may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. . . . We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We would back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum."

Queen Victoria made her first journey by train—on the Great Western—in June, 1842. When she came to the throne, and for some time after, the coach continued to afford her subjects their chief means of conveyance, and the bulk of their food, merchandise and mails had to be borne by road.

In 1837 the departure from Piccadilly of the seven West of England mails—to Bath, Bristol, Devonport, Exeter, Gloucester, Southampton, and Stroud—was still one of the recognized "sights" of London. The bags were brought from the General Post Office by mail-cart to Piccadilly, and there loaded on the coaches which set out each

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evening, to the delight of an admiring crowd, exactly at 8.30 p.m.; the Devonport mail was timed to reach its destination in 21 hours 14 minutes—incredibly good going. The remaining mails—twenty-one in number—assembled at the General Post Office at 7.30 p.m., and, after receiving their bags, moved off simultaneously at 8 o'clock to the minute.

Mail-bags were conveyed on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway as early as 1830. Not until 1838, however, when the line to Birmingham was opened, did letters leave London by train. As railways were extended so were the activities of the mail-coach curtailed. But the Post Office acted with traditional slowness. The Portsmouth mail was road-borne in 1842, and even then a parcels post had not been instituted.

Within a few years of Queen Victoria's accession the railway enabled London's two million inhabitants to travel to distant parts of the country with comparative ease. Not for a long time, however, did it help them to get about their city. The Metropolitan Railway dates from 1853. The first "tube," the City and South London, was opened only in 1890; and, though an experimental tramway service was instituted on the Bayswater road by an eccentric

American in 1861, the tram—which, by the way, owes its name to its inventor, James Outram, the engineer at a Sheffield colliery—was not really known to Londoners until after 1870.

In 1837 London's workers were dependent for transport on the four hundred omnibuses then licensed. These early omnibuses, each drawn by three horses, carried twenty passengers inside and nine out, and the charge for every 'bus ride was 6d., irrespective of distance. The introduction of the "tuppenny" fare in 1847 marked an epoch-making revolution.

To-day there are more than 4,000 motor omnibuses moving constantly along the streets of London and nearly 3,000 electric tramway cars. Yet there are not nearly enough of them—save perhaps for the professional pugilist—and that despite the ramifications of subterranean railways.

In 1837 the cabriolet, a type of hackney carriage which for some time had been peculiar to London, was being rapidly superseded by Hansom's patent cab, invented in 1834. In the old cabriolet the driver and his two passengers—the latter protected by a hood—sat side by side. Though light and swift, this vehicle was neither comfortable nor beautiful, and it died unmourned; never



A view of the old General Post Office (1830)

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a day passed but that bruises, broken limbs, and often more serious mishaps, resulted from the upsetting of cabriolets in the streets of London.

The yellow landau was the fashionable family carriage of the time. The more homely brougham did not begin to take its place until after 1839. Dandies drove in their Tilburies, their Dennets, their Clarences—in gigs of all kinds; and they constituted a much graver menace to the unoffending, long-suffering populace than the most reckless of modern motorists.

Street accidents are too common in London to-day; in 1837, they were relatively much more common. Little or no attempt was made to regulate the traffic; and there were not, as there are now, island refuges in the middle of the streets and policemen everywhere ready to befriend timid pedestrians. The crossing-sweeper, who knew his job, reaped a golden harvest in those days: sixpence was a small enough fee for being piloted across the Strand in safety.

Most of the main thoroughfares had raised side paths, but not all; in a number of cases only a row of posts served to divide the roadway and the footway. There were no tarred or "woodblock" roads in London, and side streets were still largely paved with "kidney-stones." Is London noisy to-day? It was much noisier in 1837.

Many of the chief streets were then lighted by gas. So, too, were the theatres and other places of amusement—theatres the innumerable gin palaces. But gas illumination either for street or domestic purposes hardly became general until after 1850. In 1837 gas was still regarded as an extravagant luxury, and even those who—in obedience to the dictates of fashion—had it laid on in their homes lived in constant dread of explosions.

When the House of Commons was first lit by gas members were seen cautiously feeling the pipes to make sure that they had not become too hot. It took a long time to convince some people that the gas was actually alight only where it escaped through the burner.

The incandescent mantle was not introduced until 1884. Dr. Welsbach, in his endeavours to fashion a satisfactory electric lamp—by a strange irony—produced a device which gave a new lease of life to gas, the lighting agent he was trying to oust.

The London shops of 1837, except in a few cases, were lit only by primitive lamps and candles. Such candles, too; nasty

tallow things that needed constant snuffing.

Petroleum springs at that time were allowed to run to waste. The commercial value of mineral oils did not become known until Queen Victoria had been reigning for twenty years. Immense quantities of oil were then sent into the market from the American springs at very cheap rates; and by the use of this, in place of fixed oils, the mechanism of lamps was greatly simplified and the quality of candles vastly improved.

The London shop of 1837, gloomy after nightfall, was not festive even by day. For the most part they had bow windows filled with small, square panes, and little display was made of the goods to be bought within. Plate glass had not then been introduced to defeat dishonest purposes. Tradesmen preferred, therefore, to keep their best goods hidden. The Londoner of eighty-seven years ago could hardly have derived amusement from the modern pastime of "nose-flattening" or "seeing the shops."

The Londoner of 1837 seems to have been addicted to the tea-shop habit almost as strongly as he is now. An American visitor observed with surprise that the pastrycook shops were always "full of decent persons of both sexes, but mostly men, taking a slight repast of buns, tarts, etc., and a glass of whey, the whole meal costing sixpence or eightpence." The day of the restaurant, however, had not yet come.

There were no restaurants in London in 1837, save a few humble establishments in the Soho district frequented by French residents and other foreigners. Taverns, on the other hand, were legion; the Cock and the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street are survivals. Some, as is still the case in the old room at the Cock, had the tables and benches partitioned off; others, like the Cheshire Cheese, were partly open. Sand served as the floor covering.

At these places the principal meal was served in the middle of the day. In the evening, however, a goodly company of men, young, middle-aged and old, assembled round the tables, supped—off sausages, oysters, and welsh rabbit—and then sang till a late hour over their long pipes and grog. Their present-day descendants sit gloomily in club smoking-rooms, eyeing each other and the evening newspapers.

In 1837 people of all degrees dined early. A dinner-party in the "city" man's house consisted usually of two courses and dessert. For the first course, soup, fish, meat and

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Another view of St. Martin's le Grand. Mails departing for the country

vegetables would all be served together; for the second, game, macaroni, and creamy pastries. At the end of dinner a bowl of water was placed before each guest that he or she might rinse out the mouth.

This old-time and unpleasing practice—"not consistent," wrote one American observer, "with the delicacy the English pride themselves upon"—had not yet died out.

In 1837 beer was the most popular table beverage, and gin was the curse of the London poor. London contained at least 5,000 gin dens. At the instigation of the authorities, fourteen of them, at about this time, were watched continuously for a week. No fewer than 142,453 men were seen to enter them, 109,503 women, and 18,391 children. Yet Sir Walter Scott could write in 1825: "Drinking is not now the vice of the times."

In middle-class circles "wine" meant either port or sherry. Claret, burgundy and Rhine wines were known only to the elect; and champagne was reserved for reprobates and weddings. The super-dandy, we are told, had champagne used for the polishing of his boots. He did this, however, not merely as an extravagance or because it gave a better shine than the mixtures now sold for the purpose, but because boot polishes had not been introduced.

In 1837 there were eighteen theatres in London devoted to the drama proper—considerably more, in proportion to the popula-

tion, than there are now. The Londoner at that time supported his theatres more keenly than he does to-day. He had stronger inducements to do so. If the standard of the play was not notably high, the quality of the playing was excellent; Fanny Kemble, Charles Mathews, Macready, Charles Kean—to mention only a few of the "stars" whose names still shine—were all acting in 1837. Then again, the Londoner lived nearer to the theatres than now, and so was not troubled by the vexed question of getting home afterwards; whilst prices of admission—making all allowance for the difference in the purchasing power of money—were very much lower.

A stall at Drury Lane—and there were only two or three rows of stalls—cost 7s.; a seat in the pit, 3s. 6d.; in the upper boxes, 2s.; in the gallery, 1s. At the Haymarket prices ranged from 5s. for a stall to 1s. for a seat in the gallery. At Covent Garden a stall cost only 4s.

In 1837, of course, there were no cinematographs to steal people away from the theatres. Yet rival attractions were not wanting. Concerts were numerous. London had its Colosseum and its Hippodrome. Madame Tussaud's Gallery had already come into being; and "shows" of various kinds abounded—the Panorama in Leicester Square, for example, where for a very small charge could be seen "Peru and the Andes,

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or the Village Engulfed by the Avalanche." And there were Vauxhall Gardens. There every evening Londoners, rich and poor, high and low, of good repute and of more than questionable character, assembled in thousands to make merry.

Architecturally, London has been greatly altered since 1837; and we in our own time have become accustomed to the demolition and rebuilding of whole streets. Even so, it can but pull us up with a start to recollect that Trafalgar Square had not been laid out when Queen Victoria came to the throne, and that the Nelson Column was only being thought about; that the first stone of the present Houses of Parliament was not laid until 1840; and that, in 1837, neither the familiar Royal Exchange nor the even more familiar Law Courts had been erected. The site of the Law Courts was then occupied by a labyrinth of unsavoury alleys where lived disreputable adventurers of all kinds.

•More surprising still: in 1837 there were hundreds of thousands of Londoners who could not read and who could not write. Four out of every ten of the men of England, and six out of every ten of the women, could not even sign their names. Popular education was only in its infancy. In 1837 the State contributed £20,000 towards the education of the people. Education now claims something like £85,000,000 annually from the public purse.

To what purpose, one is sometimes tempted to wonder, is this money spent? Materially the lot of the people has been vastly improved. But are men really happier than they were in 1837? Is the Londoner really better off?

A century ago his hours of labour were very long, his wages very low, and sweating was only too common. Housing conditions,

again, were abominable; there were no public baths; the water was tainted; and to the broad principles of drainage the municipal authorities of London in the first half of the nineteenth century paid less, much less, heed than those of ancient Nineveh. Even the better-class houses were provided with sanitary appliances of the rudest kind and cesspools in the basement.

A century ago the law recognized two hundred and twenty-three capital offences; the prison system was brutal and brutalizing. Again, there were no Old Age Pensions, and the community as such acknowledged few obligations to its weak and ailing members.

All this has now been changed, and to-day the people really have a voice in the making of the laws they must obey. But is the average man, the average Londoner, happier on that account?

Strangely enough, the burden of his discontent seems only to grow heavier and heavier and the list of his grievances longer and longer. Since, then, our wonderful civilization is not leading us to happiness, to contentment, whither, we may well ask, is it leading us?

One hundred years ago, of course, men thought less about their grievances than now; and a grievance only becomes a grievance when brooded on. Great is the power of suggestion. In 1837 there were no really popular newspapers which made it their business constantly to remind men of wrongs, real or imaginary, calling for redress; and there were no illustrated papers. Of *The Times* some 10,000 copies were printed daily. In the matter of circulation *The Times* stood without a rival.

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No. 1



# THINGS THAT MATTER

*By Rev Arthur Pringle*

## Religion and Health

IT is, of course, easily possible for communities, no less than individuals, to get fussy about their health, and to give way to fads and whims and weird experiments; but this need not prevent us from welcoming the increasing amount of sensible thought that is being given to the subject to-day. The very existence of a Ministry of Health is in itself significant, and it is abundantly justifying itself by its enterprising activities.

More and more we are looking at the question of health in its larger aspects and implications, and we are recognizing that there is a sense in which it may almost be called at once the centre and the circumference of the whole social problem. And as regards individuals, *pace* the valetudinarianism that is bound to crop up here and there, sensible ideas concerning exercise, diet, and the general ordering of life are growingly prevalent.

### Where does Religion Come In?

Now, all this raises an important point with which I want to deal in this article, viz. where does religion come in? Understood in the largest and best sense, religion and health are the two great concerns of life; and, therefore, a careful attempt to get at their true relation to each other will be time well spent. We shall find it a bigger and, I venture to think, much more interesting question than most people imagine; and it will make for definiteness and clearness if we concentrate on three main points.

I go at once to the root of the matter when I put the first point in this way: *What is the will of God concerning our health?* Such a question may strike you as almost ridiculous; it seems, you will say, so patently to answer itself. I should like to think that, for the great majority of people—even Christian people—it were so. But directly you come to reflect it must occur to you that there are various compli-

cations and misunderstandings needing to be cleared away. "The will of God," "Sent by God," "What have I done to deserve such suffering?"—such phrases as these are even now constantly heard, and they are a significant indication of which way, so to speak, the religious wind is blowing.

They suggest that, in spite of modern enlightenment, numbers of people are still under bondage to ideas that ought long ago to have been cast off. Yet it is only yesterday that the introduction of anæsthetics was opposed in the name of religion, on the ground that it would interfere with God's purpose. And who can talk of this subject without recalling Charles Kingsley's manly protest that healthy habits and decent housing, and not "days of national humiliation," were the way to stamp out cholera? He was called hard names by "good" people because he insisted that the epidemic then raging was due not to a mysterious providence, but to the senseless and insanitary conditions under which so many people were living. It was in keeping with Kingsley's sane outlook that, going into a hovel where a man was lying seriously ill, he unceremoniously made an opening for fresh air before he knelt down and prayed.

### The Common Enemy

Ancient history, this? In one sense, yes; in another, unfortunately, no. I am not thinking of what intelligent people would say nowadays, crudely and openly, but of what so many are still feeling in a vague, undefined way. It is time that teachers of religion came out into the open and unequivocally declared disease and suffering to be the common enemy of God and man. Everything that makes for health and the lessening of pain is in line with the divine will and is part of the great crusade which He would have us wage with Him.

That we should have sound minds in sound bodies, fully developed lives of healthy happiness—this is God's will con-

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cerning us; and if it be otherwise there must be something wrong. There, of course, is the rub; but we shall never track what is "wrong" and abolish it so long as we harbour the notion that, for some mysterious reason, it is "sent by God." The only sane and convincing basis to work on is that, ultimately, all disease and suffering is due to the folly or sin of humanity.

We must speak plainly and carefully here if we are to be of any use to each other. It by no means follows, for example, that the disease or the suffering always falls on the guilty shoulders. Parents sow and children reap; a whole street or town may pay the penalty of one man's neglect; a person of scrupulous cleanliness and self-control may be smeared with the pitch of other people's indulgence. But the tragic fact that so much suffering comes to the innocent and the good ought only to lead us to emphasize the more that the ordering of life according to the laws of health is part and parcel of true religion. In this connexion the average man should need nothing stronger than Sir Ray Lankester's verdict that immorality and alcoholism are together responsible for "more than half the disease and early death of the mature population of Europe." And for ourselves personally the supreme point is that if every man and woman lived with due moderation and thoughtfulness for others they would bring the millennium perceptibly nearer.

### **The Great Adventure**

Look at the question in this light and you will find that the air is cleared, and that life becomes a great adventure in which God and man are working together to destroy all that mars the true happiness of humanity. After all, it is a fine incentive to feel, as you enter on each day, that there is some definite contribution you can make to the world's progress, and that the working out of God's purpose depends in a very real sense on how you live.

Coming to my second point, we can now the better appreciate the fact that Christ devoted so much of His time and strength to works of healing. If in any real sense we accept Him as revealing God's attitude to our life, it stands out more plainly than ever that disease and suffering are contrary to the divine will. How else should Christ make Himself their so persistent destroyer? His whole example should finally dispose of the idea that man's spiritual and bodily welfare can be locked away in separate

compartments. He whose main purpose was in the fullest sense "to save the souls" of men was constantly engaged in healing their bodies; and therein He lays down a principle from which we ought never to depart. Generally speaking, a healthy body should make for a healthy spirit; although, of course, this must be taken with qualification. For while it often seems that robust physical strength and animal vigour coarsen the spirit and roughen its sensitiveness, it has not seldom been proved that a rare delicacy of soul can draw nourishment from a frail and pain-racked body. Nevertheless, all exceptions allowed for, we come back to the general fact that a sound physique is the best basis for a sound religion.

### **Prosperity and its Effects on Religion**

Important as this is in itself, it is part of a larger question to which too little attention has been given—the inter-relation of material and religious prosperity. We are apt to talk rather loosely of "prosperity" as demoralizing and harmful to spiritual welfare. But it all depends on what we mean by "prosperity"; and, especially at the present juncture, we shall do well to clear our minds on the subject. In one of his fascinating studies of the Old Testament prophets Sir George Adam Smith puts it rather unexpectedly in this way: "On the whole, the witness of history is uniform. Poverty and persecution put a keenness upon the spirit of religion, while luxury rots its very fibres; but a stable basis of prosperity is indispensable to every social and religious reform, and God's spirit finds fullest course in communities of a certain degree of civilization and of freedom from sordidness."

Moreover, going further back, we are reminded that the Reformation was preceded by the Renaissance, and on the Continent drew its forces not from the enslaved and impoverished populations of Italy and Southern Austria, but from the large civic and commercial centres of Germany. And, to take one further example, there is the significant fact that "the Puritan movement was essentially and originally one of the middle classes, of the traders in towns and of the farmers in the country."

As I have suggested, this side of things is too little emphasized, and it has a strong bearing on the subject of this article. For when, as in spite of many failings it has

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done, Christianity leads the way in the support of hospitals, of philanthropies, and of all that makes for social betterment, it is doing what is vitally connected with the true welfare of religion. The spiritual prosperity of the community, no less than of the individual, depends, more than most of us have yet realized, on healthy material conditions. This in itself is a final discrediting of any religion that professes to have no concern for the social and physical side of life.

### What of Faith-healing ?

For my third point I come to something more familiar as regards its main outlines, but needing to be talked about with more care than it usually receives. One of the commonplaces of present-day thinking is the influence of mind on body; what we think and feel has its swift reaction on our physical condition. Worry encourages disease, cheerfulness and ease of mind encourage good health. This we know.

But what of "faith-healing" and Christian Science? It is obvious that the more we believe in our doctor and in our own recuperative powers the greater our chances of recovery; and increasingly does a resourceful doctor's power come to depend on the mental attitude he is able to arouse in his patient. And, in turn, the more healthily Christian the patient's spirit, and the fuller his faith in God, the more effectual will be his or her co-operation with the doctor's efforts.

And if we are to discuss this subject to any practical purpose, it is the idea of co-operation that we must lay stress on. In the near future, as has for some time obtained in many instances in America, ministers of religion and doctors will probably be found working together by pre-arrangement and on a concerted plan. Automatically, this combination will shed off such errors in Christian Science as forbid resource to medical aid and deny the "reality" of disease and suffering. It will, indeed, reveal once more that what calls itself Christian Science is, in fact, neither Christian nor scientific. At the same time, it will recognize the enormous and hitherto underrated part that faith, in the largest and wholesomest sense, plays in the work of healing.

Auto-suggestion, Couéism, any and every method of getting the mind into a cheerful and healthy frame, are so far to be welcomed; and their dangers or abuses will

be sufficiently guarded against if they are treated as disciplined and controlled allies of Christian faith. These times in which we live are full of anxiety and unrest, and "don't worry" is easier in precept than in practice. The greater reason, therefore, for re-exploring in every possible way the resources and implications of Christ's teaching; how combine His strenuous, tense redeeming of the time with the spirit of His counsel to trust in God and to throw off useless worry.

### A Unique Religion

In this connexion there is one thing to be noted by all students of human nature on its spiritual side, namely, what it is permissible to call the peculiar brand of New Testament religion. In a time of unsettlement and persecution, with all its attendant anxiety, those early Christians sounded in a unique way the combined notes of peace and joy. They set themselves resolutely against overstrain and care, and their frequent mood of high-spirited happiness is at once the perplexity and the despair of detached and unimaginative historians. What was their secret? It is a question each of us must answer for ourselves; but, if we are wise, we shall persist until we get *some* answer. For in that wonderful experience religion and health are seen in their true relationship; not in the sense of what we call "miracle," but as creating the atmosphere in which we can love God and serve our fellow-men with all our soul and mind and strength. Spiritual and bodily health can go no further than that.



### The Quotation

*"I have often said, and I say it again, that a missionary is a good thing, and anyone who knows his work will say so; but a medical missionary is a missionary and a half, or rather, I should say, a double missionary."*

DR. ROBERT MOFFAT, in laying the foundation of the Livingstone Medical Missionary Memorial in Edinburgh in 1877.



### THE PRAYER

GIVER of every good and perfect gift, may we regard our health of body and of mind, and the enjoyment of all our faculties, as the gift of Thy love and the fulfilment of Thy purpose. If weakness or suffering come to us, help us to bear it in faith and patience; and may we so order our lives that our bodies be worthy temples of the divine spirit.

# Is Beauty an Asset?

A Woman's Problem

By

Agnes M. Miall

**I**N the days when woman's only destiny was marriage, her essential qualifications were beauty and domesticity. More especially beauty; for whereas domesticity could always be acquired, good looks—in those simple times when the lipstick and waving irons were instruments of the evil one—was either natural or non-existent. And a very high order of prettiness it had to be, incidentally, to withstand the cruelty of the smooth Victorian coiffure!

Every heroine of every novel was automatically a marvel of loveliness, just as surely as she was sweet seventeen. No wonder the mammas of mediocre daughters discouraged the reading of "trashy love stories" calculated to bring matrimonial despair to their less well favoured offspring!

## Lily-white Hands

Nowadays marriage has by no means the same importance as in the era of plenty of servants to do the drudgery, combined with the complete unimportance and dependence of the spinster. The cultivation of her looks is not the only remunerative occupation open to a girl, and also the life led by modern women tends to destroy the lily-white hands, unruffled hair and fair fragility which were once held up to so much admiration.

Feminine existence is real and earnest as it never used to be. The only type of beauty which flourishes is that which thrives on hard work. Girls are asked to be capable rather than clinging. While it is still expected that they should be ornamental if they can, this must never supersede or interfere with their usefulness.

In fact, physical attractiveness was never so much at a discount as it is to-day. Certainly it is an asset to the girl in her love affairs; but romance, though always important, is no longer supreme. And in the busy world of wage-earning the verdict on pretty women is apt to be that of a wise ancient: "Beauties they are, but beauties out of place."

And yet—there is no woman in the world,

however dowered in brains, money or personality, who does not secretly long to possess also good looks. "Is she pretty?" is still one of the first questions asked concerning a woman. And magazine editors admit with some cynicism that fair young females smiling from their covers will lure the purchase money from the frequenters of book-stalls far more readily than a gem from Nature or the most fascinating child study.

So—Is beauty still an asset in spite of this changed world? Or is it negligible? Or even a drawback?

Weighty problems in economics or world welfare might be answered more easily. For on this engrossing topic there are as many opinions as there are men—and perhaps women—on the globe.

## The Man's Point of View

To take our lords and masters first. Socially beauty still draws them by a single hair; it is at once a bait and an introduction. The wisest of men will crave eagerly for presentation to the owner of a lovely face, whereas he will go through the same rite with an ordinary-looking woman only as an act of courtesy.

The modern man, like his predecessors, at heart brings to the becoming acquainted with a fresh member of the opposite sex the attitude of the philosopher who met a maiden weeping in a wood and elicited that she was bemoaning her plainness.

With great erudition and a touch of real kindness he elaborately pooh-poohed her grievance against Fate and her beautiful sister who drew all males to her feet. For whereas good looks must inevitably fade with time, she of the plain face had learnt the housewifely arts which would always appeal to men.

"When your sister is faded and has lost her appeal," ran his peroration, "you will still hold men by the perfect omelettes you make."

She of the snub nose and dull complexion wiped eyes distinguished only by the blotchiness of tears and prepared to face her unbeautiful life with new hope.

## IS BEAUTY AN ASSET?

The philosopher sauntered away, well pleased with his eloquence, but a moment later returned with hurried steps and shame-faced expression to inquire guiltily: "And what did you say was the address of your lovely sister?"

But if those two girls had applied to the philosopher for the post of shorthand-typist to take down his learned treatises, his attitude would have been reversed. While expatiating to the beauty on the value of her rippling hair and radiant skin—he's the type of man who must expatiate—he would have promptly engaged Miss Plain-as-a-Pikestaff, justifying his choice with hasty references to his wife, to his susceptible young son and to the theory (frequently though not always true) that beauty and brains do not go together.

### The Woman's View

As for the woman's point of view about beauty, it mostly depends on whether she possesses it or not.

The pretty girl is inclined to think it an illusion—though she heightens and preserves it to the utmost of her ability in case she should be—as she sometimes suspects—mistaken on this point. Of course, if she is brainless she regards it as an infallible antidote to all the ills woman is heir to; but I was thinking chiefly of the intelligent girl.

The latter finds that while good looks are an open sesame to many doors, especially social ones, prettiness alone will not carry her farther than the vestibule immediately behind those doors. The young goddess at a ball secures without difficulty one dance from every enterprising man in the room; but whether they return to her for a second and third is far more dependent on her sympathy and power to entertain than on the contour of her peach-blossom cheek.

Similarly, the girl physically well dowered seldom lacks a cavalier for theatre or boating; but her opportunities for marriage, assessed on a purely ornamental basis, are little, if at all, higher than those of her mediocre sister.

And on the subject of beauty in business the really pretty woman is apt to become bitter. She knows that the novelettes which portray the lovely heroine losing her post because her looks are too disturbing a factor is more like real life than some people believe. Either her employer is tempted to make love to her, or he is so afraid that he will be tempted or that other people will think he is tempted, that he often prefers to

give the post to a girl whom no one would look at twice.

Even on the stage, where undoubtedly prettiness is in some cases a girl's only claim to success, beauty may become a very real handicap, as a famous dramatic critic pointed out in an article on Miss Gladys Cooper.

### The Penalty of Beauty

"On the stage," he wrote, "beauty has its penalties. That may seem a paradox, but the career of Gladys Cooper proves its truth. She has had to fight against her beauty, and especially against her type of beauty. Those large blue eyes and that mass of spun-gold hair are all very well on the musical comedy stage, but they limit the possibilities of an actress.

"In such parts as Paula, in *The Second Mrs. Tangueray*, and Magda, in Sudermann's *Heimat*, Gladys Cooper has had to disguise herself. The dark hair brushed severely back in Pinero's play presented a new Gladys Cooper to the eye. There was something strange and exotic in her appearance, and that was emphasized by her pallor and the immense earrings that dangled from her ears. As Magda she has to wear dark hair, for the text demands it. Gladys Cooper again appears as a very pale, strange and nervous creature"—not half as lovely, in fact, as she really is.

On the other hand, apparently on the sour grapes principle, the effect of beauty is always over-estimated by the plain and even by the girl who is merely ordinarily attractive. She attributes to prettiness many results due to much more subtle causes.

"Anne's so lucky. Men always fall for that lovely face of hers," I heard in envious tones from a woman who had decided charm of her own, though she lacked actual beauty. She was speaking of Anne's luck, when the engine of her car froze on an exceptionally cold day among the Rocky Mountains, in finding men spring up in the middle of nowhere to help her with the refractory machinery.

Anne certainly is exceptionally pretty. But she is a great deal more than that. I had been with her on the unlucky expedition, and I'd noticed that though Anne's perfect features and wonderful complexion may have stimulated strangers to volunteer for active service with the car, it was her cheerful pluck that induced them to persevere till the thaw came.

Many a beauty would have stood by look-

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ing charmingly helpless—a pose that her knights would probably have tired of long before the tedious job was over (it took three-quarters of an hour). But Anne helped too, without considering whether she was disarranging her curls or getting grease on her fur coat. Half frozen as she was, she laughed and joked and sympathized; when she hurt her hand during operations she wrapped it quietly in her handkerchief and made no fuss.

No; it wasn't her face they "fell for," in my opinion; it was her personality and her grit, not to mention her graceful gratitude.

### The Place of Charm

Charm and beauty combined are, of course, irresistible. Separated, I would vote for charm every time. With it women quite devoid of personal attractiveness have accomplished wonders often denied to good looks.

Think of George Eliot. She was, as the woman of genius is frequently supposed to be, extremely plain, with a long face strongly resembling a horse's. Yet she not only achieved fame, but a romance of such extraordinary power as to defy the conventions of her age.

Obviously to do this she must have had some kind of enduring beauty. It is easy to imagine that this was of the mind and spirit—a loveliness possessed by many who are physically unattractive; but I think too, in spite of her unprepossessing portraits, there must have been something to hold the eye as well as the intelligence of Lewes.

As Bacon said, "The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express." There are faces which seem nothing when they gaze from a photograph, yet which light up in actuality into something rare and lovely because of the charm of expression or smile. It seems likely that many famous women of the past had beauty which was largely of this type. Think of Mary Queen of Scots, for whose surpassing fairness men schemed and murdered and gladly died. The portraits we have of her fail signally to portray the rare beauty which it is evident she possessed.

After all—what, exactly, is beauty? Standards differ extraordinarily here, not only from century to century, but in different countries and between the sexes. Every age, every race, every social stratum has its own ideal.

The masculine and feminine conceptions of beauty are as diverse as their sense of

humour; and this leads to many misconceptions. A girl who has been immensely admired by her schoolfellows finds herself neglected by men and comes to the conclusion that prettiness does not count, whereas the truth is that she has the variety which only appeals to the feminine eye.

Sometimes a woman combines in her own person the attributes sought by both sexes; then and only then does she acquire the general verdict of being a beauty.

Two girls I knew applied for the same post. Their qualifications were nearly equal. One, considered by the other to be very pretty, obtained it, and her success was unhesitatingly attributed by the defeated to her personal attractiveness. But much later I heard the employer's opinion of his new worker, expressed, not regarding her work, but in quite another connection. He said: "Well, it isn't as if she were good-looking, is it?"

### The Truer Standard

I cannot help thinking that women have the truer standard of beauty—which seems to imply that it is because it matters so much more to them. Women admire "beauty in the bone," as artists call it, rather than mere surface prettiness—perhaps because they know how easily such prettiness is assumed at will.

Wavy hair, skins like lilies and roses, and attractive figures make their great appeal to men who are (officially, at least!) unacquainted with the mysteries of permanent waves, rouge pots and skilful corseting. Women reserve their deepest admiration for beauty which is at once unfakable and enduring—perfection of contour and wonderful eyes rather than an admirable colour scheme.

But whichever may have the sounder taste, these differing standards do confuse one's consideration of the power and desirability of beauty. They do make it a tremendously varying and unknown quantity, and so give an added stability and value to assets of another kind—personality, charm, sympathy, character.

Is beauty an asset? Sometimes the answer is yes, and sometimes no, and the reply varies for the same person at different times and under other circumstances. Few people would be so rash as to give an unqualified pronouncement. It is as foolish to declare that good looks are a woman's greatest advantage as to assert that they matter not at all.



# Problem Pages

## *Bee-keeping—Loneliness— A Problem of Youth By Barbara Dane*

SEVERAL readers have written to me lately about their housekeeping problems. I am asked to criticize budgets, and this is difficult if one wishes to give a helpful, fair criticism. Before I accuse a woman of extravagance I want to know the prices prevailing in her shopping district, whether there is much entertaining, if there are children in the household, if the cooking is done by the mistress of the house or by a servant, if foreign or English meat is used.

A reader whom I should much like to help says: "I have three pounds a week for housekeeping expenses; there are six of us in the house. I am afraid these expenses must seem heavy to you, and I should like to know whether you consider this is an average allowance."

If this correspondent can keep house on ten shillings per head per week she has my admiration—and my envy. Long before the war, I remember, ten shillings a week per head for food was considered to be a reasonable sum, and I should say that the woman who, in a small household of adults, can keep house on a pound a week ahead, allowing for occasional hospitality and including in her budget all cleaning materials, is doing pretty well.

I know that there are women who do it on less, but I am thinking not of the superbly clever housekeeper, who somehow manages to make a shilling do the work of five, but of the middle-class woman of no special genius for housewifery but who manages to avoid extravagance on the one hand and meanness on the other.

A great deal depends on whether there is a garden which supplies vegetables for the table, if there are good shops near, and so on. Also, as every woman who has ever kept house for two knows, it is easier to feed six people economically than it is to feed two.

I asked a friend a few days ago what she spent weekly on food. The household consists of herself and her husband, and breakfast, lunch and supper are served at home every day; the husband and wife get tea

out. The wife does not eat breakfast, unless it is an apple or an orange, but drinks coffee. For the rest the meals are fairly normal. The daily servant has lunch five days a week, and there is a visitor about twice a week. My friend told me that her bills were never less than two pounds a week for food and cleaning materials. If any readers can suggest a reduction in expenditure here, and make any useful criticism on my correspondent who spends only three pounds a week on her housekeeping, including washing, I shall be happy to give extracts from their letters.

### Service in the Home

And here is another domestic problem. I have been asked to give some advice to a middle-aged woman who is anxious to obtain a post in a small house as housekeeper where a maid is kept. Naturally this is the kind of position that any well-educated domestic-minded woman, loving home life, would like to have, and it is exactly the post which is most difficult to find. In large schools and in institutions there is a demand for the highly paid woman who can direct the staff, keep accounts, and organize home life generally. But people who live in a small house cannot as a rule pay a housekeeper in addition to a maid. In the small modern house, planned to save labour, there is almost no rough work at all, and it surprises me to know how difficult it is to find sensible, adaptable women willing and able to run such a house single-handed. I feel very sure that in the future the problem of domestic service will be solved not by more maids at lower wages, but by fewer maids at higher wages, maids who will really give value for their wages—who will, in short, be ready to do in other people's homes what they would be expected to do in homes of their own. And this applies equally to well-educated women. It is always pleasanter in a small house to have living with one a good, companionable woman of wide interests, but if to employ such a person means that extra labour must be

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arranged to spare her hard work, then she becomes a luxury.

### **Bee-keeping as a Hobby**

Some time ago I asked for suggestions for hobbies. A Scottish correspondent sends me the following note on bee-keeping:

"Surely your lady in the north of Scotland could take up bee-keeping. It is very engrossing, and one can plan and think about it all the winter, besides preparing all the things that are required for the summer's work of honey-getting. If you like I could write and advise how she can get the things required. It does cost a little to start, but one has to begin in a small way. I could easily put her in touch with helpful people, and the books on the subject are so interesting."

Should anyone wish to take advantage of this kind offer, perhaps he or she will write to Miss M. E. Hamilton, Murtle, N.B.

### **A Question of Speech**

From Gloucestershire comes this interesting letter:

"I am writing to ask you about a matter which my mother calls mere snobbishness, but I am hoping that perhaps you will understand. My father is of good family, but married beneath him, and for the first five years of my life I lived with his old nurse. The result is that my speech is not the well-bred intonation which signifies good birth. Up till now this has never worried me. I have many friends of various classes, but for many years my greatest friend has been a girl of high birth. Now that I have left school, and am staying with my relations on my father's side, and meeting more people, I have discovered a great longing for the characteristic well-bred speech of gentlefolk. Can anything be done to bring this? I do not mean that I omit my h's or use bad grammar. Can you understand my desire or do you think it mere snobbishness? After all, I suppose one's speech is really a detail, but, nevertheless, a rather nice detail."

Well, this is not a hard problem to solve. Most of us would be the better for lessons in elocution, for very few indeed speak really well. Most of us use slipshod English, and rarely give the spoken word its full value. It is natural to wish to speak well, and I do not think it snobbish to wish to have a good accent. Lessons in elocution from a competent mistress or master would probably give you all you

require; but if you want what is popularly known as the public school accent, that is, the standard of pronunciation accepted by "society people," you can probably only acquire it by listening to it or by studying it phonetically. Reading aloud, carefully, so that every word is given its value, is a great help, but I think elocution lessons are what you need.

### **Making Decisions**

Sometimes unknown friends write to tell me that they are in great trouble, and that they are thinking of making decisions that may affect them for years. One such letter comes from a very unhappy wife in London, who asks me to write to her by post as she cannot wait until an answer appears in *THE QUIVER*. This I have done. But I should like to ask all such correspondents not to make grave decisions while their minds are in a state of great distress. When we are suffering deeply we are not normal, and drastic plans, which perhaps cannot at any time be unmade, are put into operation. It is often possible by waiting for three months to get a quiet mind, and to realize that things we should have thought impossible in our hour of misery have become possible, so that no alteration in living is necessary. I don't like to seem prosy, or too full of good advice, yet I know that many people have found happiness simply by waiting.

### **Loneliness**

Why are there so many lonely people in the world? A reader who writes in melancholy strain makes me ask the question. I know that there are many whose circumstances make it impossible for them to cultivate friendships. Some women are so bound by home duties that they cannot make interests outside; but how is it that the lonely folk with freedom cannot get together and make life more rich and vivid? Shyness is often the obstacle, but is there no other reason? Some women, I imagine, make the mistake of expecting too much from friendship in the first instance. "Unless I can be everything to you I can be nothing" is an expression of such an attitude. Such people deny themselves the joyous companionship of others, the exhilarating contact with other minds, simply because they wish at once to plunge into a deep and intimate relationship, expecting of people more than they can give. My correspondent who bewails the fact that

real friends are scarce is perhaps of this company, or maybe she too easily dismisses new acquaintances as "impossible" because she has not the power to see the possibilities below the surface.

### The Dancing Craze

Don't be too intolerant of the dancing craze, "H. M." After all, dancing is a healthy exercise: it gives poise and often grace, and it is perhaps, because one of the most primitive, also one of the most natural forms of enjoyment. Now that in most large towns there are opportunities for dancing at tea—and, with the help of a gramophone or piano, at home itself—it is not necessary for any girl to get her dancing only late at night and in the early hours. If I might give you a friendly bit of advice, it is that instead of complaining because your girls love dancing, you should yourself have dancing lessons and join them in their happy hobby.

### The Engagement Ring

Many engaged girls do not wear engagement rings, but it is the exception for them not to do so. It is the romance in a ring, not the cost of it, that is going to please your fiancée, "Dick," and even if you are "jolly hard up," do not omit the little gift. So much artistic jewellery is made to-day that, without buying diamonds or pearls, it is possible to get a very pretty and original ring for three or four pounds. The betrothal ring is almost as precious as the marriage ring, and I think if you fail to give your fiancée the customary gift she may feel a little hurt, thinking perhaps that you have no sense of romance at the very time when it is filling her own heart.

### A Business Failure

I am interested in the account of your friend's business venture, and am sorry it has failed. But a sense of the artistic will not make up for the lack of a sense of business. That is why pretty tea-rooms, with their chintz curtains, quaint furnishings, and attractive china, which one finds everywhere, do not always last. Pretty surroundings attract in the first instance, but people go to restaurants primarily to get food, and if they cannot get a variety of good ordinary food at reasonable prices they will return to the multiple tea-shops. Some time ago I went into one of the "artistic" tea-shops. I asked for brown bread and butter. No, they had all kinds

of cakes, but no brown bread. I asked for lemon instead of milk with my tea. They were sorry, but they had no lemons. The artistry of the place didn't make up to me for my inability to get the kind of tea I wanted. Generally speaking, people who use tea-shops of any description are ordinary people who want ordinary things; given these they probably prefer the "artistic" tea-shop to the other kind. But it is a commercial necessity to give people first of all what they know they want—and then think about the chintz. Any woman who thinks of starting a tea-shop should serve an apprenticeship first—that is, unless she has a quite exceptional business sense.

### A Problem of Youth

Yes, Viola, you have my sympathies. Any girl of five-and-twenty who has inherited a surprise sum of £250 would naturally wish to spend it as she desired and not follow the advice of her elders "not to be silly but to invest it." I feel very sure that had such a piece of good fortune come to me in my early twenties I should have planned all kinds of delightfully "silly" and probably selfish things. Like you, I should probably have thought of going round the world, though, seriously, I am afraid that in these days your tiny fortune is not enough for that, or at any rate of visiting any foreign lands. Perhaps if I were old enough to be your mother I should feel inclined to give you the advice which she has given, and there are certainly many women who in middle age are glad to have a nest-egg on which to draw. But as I said, my sympathies are with you, and if you want to travel—well, money spent in travel is never wasted. It widens the mind of an intelligent woman and provides a host of memories on which to draw for delight. If you really want to spend your money "in a bang," as you put it—well, it is your money, and I don't see why you shouldn't. But perhaps by the time the legal formalities are concluded and you actually have the money at the bank or in clean crackling notes, you will have made other plans. Write and tell me about them if you have, and here's good luck to you, Viola, and may you have much happiness with your little fortune.

### Letters by Post

I have replied to several correspondents by post lately. I am always glad to do this for people who want a quick reply or do not care to have their problems published.

# "The Quiver" Parliament

## Readers' Opinions on "The Ideal Hobby"

I HAVE received a number of suggestions from my readers in answer to my request in "Between Ourselves" for advice on choosing a hobby. I am glad to print a selection:

*High Wycombe.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Your amusing article on the "Ideal Hobby," and "Barbara Dane's" paragraph on "Hobbies," mention a good many, but all more or less commonplace.

I should like to suggest to those in need of relaxation and diversion "Keep Bees." The purveyors of bee apparatus will tell you, "Don't keep bees—let the bees keep you"; but that's really a little too strong, you know.

But bee-keeping is a thrilling, absorbing and well-worth-while hobby.

I will mention seven points in its favour which, I hope, may convince you.

1. If you are a handy man with tools, you can have the joy of making nearly all your own outfit. Or you can patent improvements on apparatus already on the market.

2. Bees being still capable of further development, they afford zest to life by continually surprising you with a new move.

3. Given normal care, and some fine weather (if only a fortnight) during the honey flow, you should be able to take *some* honey.

4. Mrs. Editor can have a share in the hobby by making your bee-veil, straining the honey, and making candy for the winter.

5. Having bottled your honey, you can exhibit it at the local horticultural shows and win prizes—and an enviable reputation, quite apart from your prowess in running THE QUIVER.

6. You will never be at a loss for a topic of conversation, or an after-dinner story. (I don't suppose you ever are, but one never knows!)

7. There is still plenty of scope for finding out all sorts of things about this most interesting little insect which are still unknown or in dispute.

I trust these seven points will suffice to convince you of the immeasurable superiority of bees to golf. A hobby is so much more interesting when it has to do with "live" things—except your opponent in the golf round!

Some people may tell you that bees sting—but so do humans if they are provoked. The right thing to do is to be prepared beforehand.—H. LOOSLEY.

*Ealing.*

SIR,—I have read with much interest and no little amusement your article on the ideal

hobby, and as you ask for readers' views I should like to put in a good word on behalf of cycling.

May I suggest that you have (unwittingly, no doubt) done rather an injustice to this wonderful pastime and hobby, a hobby suitable to all your readers of either sex and whether aged 7 or 70? You say that nowadays one dare not mention cycling, and yet cycling (I refer to cycling now as a pastime, as distinct from the utilitarian side of it) is growing in popularity by leaps and bounds, and my club is getting back quickly to its pre-war membership; and the people who "dare not" admit these facts are only those who, ostrich-like, pretend that cycling is played out and who have become bemused by the roar and rattle of mechanical traction.

Cycling is one of the healthiest (probably the healthiest) pastimes there is, and, as I have proved for a good many years, it is peculiar among pastimes in that it can be "played" all round the year and in nearly all weathers. The cycle can be ridden (not merely taken, though its very compactness is wonderful when walking has to be resorted to) in many wonderful corners of our wonderful countryside which the motorist would never see, or, if he saw, would never be able to navigate, and all the time the cyclist is obtaining exercise and an abundance of fresh air. The game can be "played" either alone or in company, your rate of progress may be just that which suits you, and, aided by good maps, sensibly used, you will be able to get such an insight into "this England" as the motorist or even pedestrian would hardly dream of.

I assure you, sir, that very many people "dare" mention cycling, and, if only because further on in your article you mention "exercise—fresh air—a new interest in life," I am daring now!—Yours faithfully, H. BRUCE PENN (Cyclists' Touring Club).

*Stevenage.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been much interested in your article on "Hobbies" in the February number of THE QUIVER, and as you ask for suggestions I should like to put in a word for "Braille" writing for the blind. I find it a most interesting occupation, and can strongly recommend it to anyone who has plenty of time and is much alone. It took me about six months to learn it and qualify for the exam., and now the National Institute in Great Portland Street keeps me supplied with work. All necessary materials and particulars can be obtained there, and I understand that they are in want of more voluntary transcribers.—Yours faithfully, (Miss) FLORENCE E. GIFFORD.



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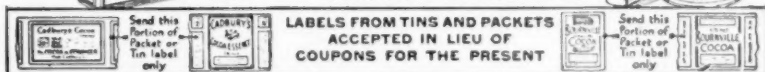
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# Out of Reach

By  
DAVID LYALL

*"It is the fruit over the wall, out of reach, that most of us long to grasp"*

## XVI

### Motherless

ELLEN RAEURN was one of the women who are born home-makers.

No sooner did she enter the old farmhouse at Copleys than a new atmosphere was developed. A house became a home! Mysterious, elusive, enchanting process impossible to explain! She did not seriously interfere with or alter the arrangement of the furniture made by Janet Ross and Hersey Vivian, she merely added her individual touch. Feeling strong and fit, she decided to get along as best she could without any help from without. In order to simplify work she decided that they should live in the kitchen.

There are kitchens and kitchens. The one at Copleys was the choice place of the house. It had no fewer than three casement windows latticed and easily opened, and an immense fireplace with two old oak settles at the sides. Cool red bricks, worn smooth by the feet of generations and well scrubbed by a strong woman Janet had sent in to clean up some of the Wagstaffe dirt, were partly covered by warm matting. Old-fashioned patterned chintz hung at the windows, and when drawn served the purpose of blinds. A red-and-white cover on the broad low table, a couple of leather-covered easy chairs and the oak dresser with old willow-patterned dinner-ware on its rack made an ideal living-room. When the curtains were drawn and the fire built up of an evening and the lamp lit it was easily the nicest kitchen the Raeurns had ever known. It was pleasant, too, in the afternoon, when the last rays of the westerling sun crept in at the corner window. Ellen was standing there cutting out a piece of cloth at a side table when a shadow darkened the panes. The afternoon was waning, she had had her tea, but was not expecting her son home for another couple of hours.

David Raeurn, too, had gone to Colchester Fair on some business connected with the farm. Recognizing Miss Vivian she ran out and had

the door opened before any knock sounded through the house.

"Come in, come in, but I'm pleased to see you!" she said heartily. "I've been by myself all the day, and I would like to give you a cup of tea."

Hersey answered nothing, but followed in a curious dumb way into the kitchen. Then where the light was stronger Ellen saw her face and sensed trouble. It was white and drawn, her eyes had a hunted look.

"My dear, what's ado? Have you bad news, nothing about Miss Ross, I hope?"

She could not think of anything else which would offer a solution.

Hersey shook her head, then suddenly with a swift impetuous gesture threw herself into Ellen Raeurn's arms. It was a poignant moment, the motherless girl and the mother who had mothered so many and lost them.

"There, there, lammie, never mind! What is it, then? Tell me, and if I can help ye I will."

She had her arm about her waist, drew her to the settle and sat down beside her. Hersey sobbed quietly for a few minutes, then drew back wiping her eyes and smiling tremulously.

"I've no right to come here. If Janet hadn't been gone to Scotland I needn't have come, but—but, yes, it is a trouble; I don't know that I can tell it."

"My dear, I'm not the one to ask; only believe that if there is aught I can do, it's as good as done."

"Yes, yes, I felt that, you see—I've never had a mother. She died when I was very little. Daddy was both father and mother to me, and if he had been living yet I don't think this would have happened."

Not knowing what "this" meant Ellen Raeurn could only pat her arm and say, "No, no, it never could have happened, but never mind, lammie, it'll blaw by, as we say in Scotland."

"Will it?" Hersey folded her two hands on her lap and stared for a minute or two into the red heart of the fire.

Then quite suddenly she put a leading question which showed the trend of her thought.

## THE QUIVER

"Mrs. Raeburn, don't you think men are very cruel—and—and horrid?"

It was a poser for Ellen Raeburn, who had had none but good men woven into the web of her life. Her own father and brothers, Adam Raeburn her husband, her fine sons, and now the only one left to her, none could equal them for goodness and for loyalty.

Faults of temper or tiresomeness they might have had, for these are common to all the sons of men, and are not the prerogative of any sex, but they had never wrung her heart. She was not, however, without knowledge of human frailty and the devastating sins which wring innocent hearts.

"Men are not all they should be whiles, lassie," she said kindly and diplomatically. "But life would be dreich without them."

"Would it? I don't know; I hardly think it. Women live at peace with one another and are full of kindness and goodwill. They don't lie and cheat and break vows."

"Some of them do, my dear. You can't sweep the board like that."

"Well, that is what I see already, though I'm not so old."

"They have more temptations, lassie. They are out in the world fighting the big fight, and unless they have the grace of God in their hearts they have a very sore fight, and sometimes they are mastered."

Hersey listened intently, her eyes cleaving to the pleasant, sympathetic face. She listened to the words as if they had been a gospel, but at memory of the two figures she had seen emerge from the edge of Piper's Pool her lips faintly curled.

"Some of them seek it," she said shortly, and then laid her head down again on Ellen Raeburn's shoulder to be once more comforted.

"It's very hard to be a woman," she said presently. "You can be made to feel so cheap. Tell me, Mrs. Raeburn, have you ever heard of a man, a decent man calling himself a gentleman, making love to a girl while there was another one who very likely had more claim on him, in the background?"

It was Ellen Raeburn's turn to smile, surely, but she restrained the desire. Had she ever heard of it? Is the tale not as old as the everlasting hills, the problem of the triangle, the story of life's tragedy through all the ages?

"It's not uncommon, my dear, but in the long run things get evened up in life, and them that bring sorrow to others get their share sooner or later. That's what I've seen—and I am fifty-seven."

"Fifty-seven, are you?" asked Hersey interestedly. "You don't look it. I'm only twenty-three."

"My little Euphan would have been your age if she had lived," said Ellen softly.

"Oh, had you a little girl too?"

"Ay, two of them, and three sons, and all I have left is here with me now, so I've borne my share of grief."

"Oh, you have, but somehow death is an

easier grief. When I think of my father I have no bitterness, except just now and again when I wish I'd done more for him, and not gone to France in the war or that I had come home when he began to be so ill."

"But I'm sure he was proud for you to be there, doing such splendid work. Miss Ross has told me about what you did, making the sunshine wherever you went."

"Did Janet say that?" asked Hersey, brightening up. "Yet she was always scolding me for leaving things undone. She never left anything undone. We had stores when everybody else was out of them, just because she was so careful, leaving nothing to chance. We became a kind of store ourselves for the needy and the haphazard ones; then she took the key away from me, because I handed them out so freely."

A little laugh gurgled in her throat as the memory of never-to-be-forgotten days rose up to push out sadder thoughts. "It was lovely out there, we were so needed, we hadn't time to feel what people called the tragedy of war, because there was so much to do. Yes, father did like my being there, in a way. He said I had to go because he was too old himself and had no son to send."

Tears welled in her eyes again and Ellen saw that the girl was wholly unstrung.

"It's a cuppie of tea you're needing, my dear. Let me get it."

"In a minute—no, I haven't had any. I only got back from Great Gobens about an hour ago, and I never thought about tea at all, only that I wanted to see you."

"You'll be the better for your tea; let me put the kettle right on, anyway. It'll soon boil. I'm expecting my son home soon."

"Where is he, at the Fair?"

"Yes, and was very keen for me to go, but by the time I get through with my day's work I'm not so keen on gallivanting."

"I should think not. I can't think how you do all you do, and keep this place shining. It's the loveliest, dearest little house. I hope you are beginning to love it?"

"Ay, am I, too; it's a real home, and as for Davit, I've not seen him happier since the day he marched out with the Borderers to the war."

Hersey's eyes, now wholly dried, grew round with interest. "Tell me about him. He never tells anything. Why are Scotsmen so silent, Mrs. Raeburn? Whenever I want to speak to him he looks as if he wanted to run away. Sometimes he does run; haven't you noticed it?"

"He's shy with young ladies," answered Ellen. "His father was like it before him, but he'll attend to your work, Miss Vivian, and if anything is to be made out of this place, he'll make it."

"I know that. What one feels with him is trust, Mrs. Raeburn, he's just like a rock; I often say that to Janet. But, all the same, I can't help wishing he wouldn't work so hard,

and you, too, I feel almost as if I were a slave-driver."

"Miss Ross will understand," said Ellen quietly. "We are grateful for this chance and will make the best of it."

"Oh, Janet!" cried Hersey, jumping up suddenly and pulling down her jumper with slightly impatient hands. "She has one watchword and one only—Duty! When I say to her your son is working too hard, she just says he's only doing his duty. There was a word you said a minute ago describing what life would be without men, I've heard Janet say it—but I can't pronounce it."

"Dreich," said Ellen with a smile.

"Dreich," repeated Hersey. "There's something the matter with our tongues, we can't pronounce the strange sounds which roll off yours so easily and so sweetly."

"Do you think that? My Davit says yours is music."

"Did he actually say that?" asked Hersey in an awe-stricken voice. "How wonderful! When he is particularly dreick and doesn't want me to ask how he is getting on, and how long it will be before he has ploughed all the fields, and how many furrows it takes to make an acre—I'll try and remember what you've told me. What I started out to say was that duty is dreick—I'm quite sure I've never wanted to do my duty in the whole of my life."

"But have just done it cheerfully and with that bonny bit smile of yours, my dear."

The smile came again, lightening the pouting gloom on Hersey's face. Suddenly she was sober again, her big eyes darkly questioning.

"Tell me, supposing a man—a man had made love to you, always speaking about the day when—when you and he might be together. Supposing he had kissed you and on the very day he had, you—you saw him with another woman, not the right kind of woman—what would you do?"

"I would give him the go-by," said Ellen promptly, and her eyes flashed.

"The go-by?" repeated Hersey. "What does that mean exactly?"

"Well, if I was sure there had been love-making with the other one, and that he had broken his promise to me—I'd not know him any more, nor speak to him ever again, lassie. To me there seems to be only two ways of it. If no right and satisfactory explanation was forthcoming, that is what I would do. But you would have to be very sure, my dear, because if your happiness should be involved, don't throw it away for a trifle. For, you see, there isn't so very much happiness in the world, and we have to take care of it, women particularly, that's part of their job."

"There couldn't be any doubt of it," said Hersey, and now that they had come to close quarters again she seemed inclined to tell the whole story. Ellen Raeburn, devoid of vulgar curiosity, would rather not have heard it, but was powerless to stem the torrent.

"It happened to-day. I was in Great

Gobens, and—and—oh, I had better be quite straight, for there is no use beating about the bush. It is Mr. Turner I'm speaking about, Mr. Stephen Turner, you know."

"Yes," said Ellen, her voice perceptibly hardening. "He has been here."

"Well, you see, I've always known him—since I was quite little. His father was one of my father's greatest friends. He was quite a figure in the county, held every office he could hold, and was trusted by all the old families, whose affairs had always been in his hands. He had both his sons trained to his business. Aldred went to the war, Stephen stayed at home. Both of them came quite a lot to the Holt, and of course my affairs had to be handled by Stephen after father died. Aldred was away at the war for five years, and is only now beginning to get hold of the strings again. I have thought—I mean, known—that Stephen cared for me. He was always hinting at it, taking things for granted and saying he hoped the time would soon come when he would speak out. I wasn't sure whether I cared, but it was pleasant, and when he didn't come I missed him. We don't agree about quite a lot of things, but that doesn't matter so very much.

"For instance, he was all against you and your son coming here, and if it hadn't been for Janet Ross I shouldn't have got my own way. Janet hates Stephen Turner; has she ever said anything to you about him?"

"Never."

"Well, the queer thing was that she began to hate him all of a sudden without rhyme or reason—I've often wondered about that. But I must get on. To-day I had to go to his office with some papers which came to me at the Holt, and which I didn't understand. He was very nice and sympathetic, like he always is, and—before I left he kissed me and I didn't make any objections. You see, it was Stephen, he had always been my lover since we were quite little and he used to spend days at the Holt. Now I must tell you that as I was going out there was somebody else waiting for him, old Wagstaffe's daughter who used to be here."

Ellen Raeburn's expression suddenly underwent a change, it hardened, became more alert.

"I stopped in the little waiting-room and spoke to her, I didn't think anything about her being there, because, of course, it was Mr. Turner got them out of Copleys, without him I'm perfectly certain they would have been sitting tight yet. I just thought possibly she had business with him same as I had, as he engineered all their affairs about the new lease at Pickers End. So I went out—I had some things to do after lunch, I wanted to call on some of my old pensioners, and as I had Jack Osgood in the cart it was a suitable opportunity. He could look after Diamond while I was paying the calls. Usually I drive myself, because, you see, we only have Osgood at the Holt now, and he has heaps to do. I went to Blackstone's and got them to make up some parcels of grocery and things and then set out

## THE QUIVER

to go home by rather a roundabout way. I'm all at a loose end without Janet, you see, and get tired of my own company. A little way out of Great Gobens I overtook Jinny Wagstaffe, and as I thought she looked tired I offered her a lift. She told me she was going to a place called Little Brasted; it's a farm midway between Great Gobens and Little Gobens. I left her at the end of their road and went on again to a place called Piper's Pool, where a poor half-witted creature called Sally Miggs lives all by herself. I had been feeling rather guilty about her, for I hadn't been near her for weeks and weeks. I left Osgood with the cart in the road and walked across a field and a bit of marsh-land to get to Sally's cottage—you're following me, Mrs. Raeburn?"

"Ay, am I, every word."

"I struck across the edge of Piper's Pool because the marsh seemed drier than usual, and it made the way shorter, and just there, who do you think came out of the thicket but Mr. Turner and Jinny Wagstaffe?"

Ellen Raeburn shut her lips with a snap.

Hersey, her colour high, the shamed light in her sweet eyes, went on.

"I just wished the earth would open and swallow me. I saw them, yet didn't see them, if you understand. I walked past them with my head in the air without the slightest sign of recognition, and that's all the story. What do you think about it?"

Ellen Raeburn could not say all she thought. She happened to have a little inside information regarding Jinny Wagstaffe from the wife of the cowman at Copleys. It was of a nature she did not care to repeat to Hersey Vivian.

"I'm glad you had the wit to treat them as they deserved, and that you'll keep it up, my dear. You are better without such a man, either as friend or lover."

"Then you think—then you think—that they could not be there for any other purpose? But of course they could not. Nobody keeps business appointments in a haunted spinney. So now you understand how awfully cheap and nasty I feel. But I'll take all my business away from Stephen Turner and give it to Aldred, and I will never go near the County Buildings again in case I should see him. Aldred will have to make business appointments at the Holt in future."

"Quite a wise plan, my dear."

"Mrs. Raeburn, wasn't it queer I should think of going to see Sally Miggs to-day? I needn't have, you know; in fact, I had half a mind when we came near the stile which leads over to the Pool to leave it till another day. Do you think there was some sort of fate in it?"

"Providence, my dear," corrected Ellen quietly. "You'll see it when this blows by, and you have got over having your eyes opened; it was hard on you, lammie, and my heart is wae for you, but you'll be able to thank God for it yet, and now the way is clear for a better man."

"No it isn't—I'm done with men!" cried Hersey hotly. "They just hurt people and complicate life. Janet thinks that, too, I'm sure, so we shall just stick together, good comrades and old maids to the end of the chapter."

Mrs. Raeburn smiled then a ready spontaneous smile, and as she passed by to lift off the steaming kettle patted Hersey's shoulder and then, moved by a mother's impulse, kissed her cheek.

"Kiss me again, dear Mrs. Raeburn—on the other cheek—it will wipe out the one I got in that horrible office at Great Gobens."

"You can't think how you've comforted me, but you won't tell Miss Ross?"

"My dear, what do you take me for? Many a story has been given to me, of grief and shame, and never once have I broken faith."

"And, above all, you won't—you won't—tell your son."

"God forbid!" said Ellen fervently. "Now come and get your tea. This will blow by, my dear, and there will be happy days in store for you yet."

As Hersey sat down on the chair Ellen had set for her there was the grating of a step outside, a sharp bark from the collie in the yard, and presently the door opened and David came in.

## XVII

### Bitter Reaping

**R**AEBURN stalked into the kitchen in no way prepared to behold a visitor with his mother, certainly not prepared for Hersey Vivian.

He looked surprised and slightly embarrassed. Hersey, with a little gleam of mischief in her eyes, leaped to her feet and pushed back her chair.

"Don't look so scared, Mr. Raeburn! I'm just going. Your mother has been most awfully good to me. I'm sure she wouldn't have dared if you'd been at home, would she, now?"

A slow smile gathered about Raeburn's firm mouth.

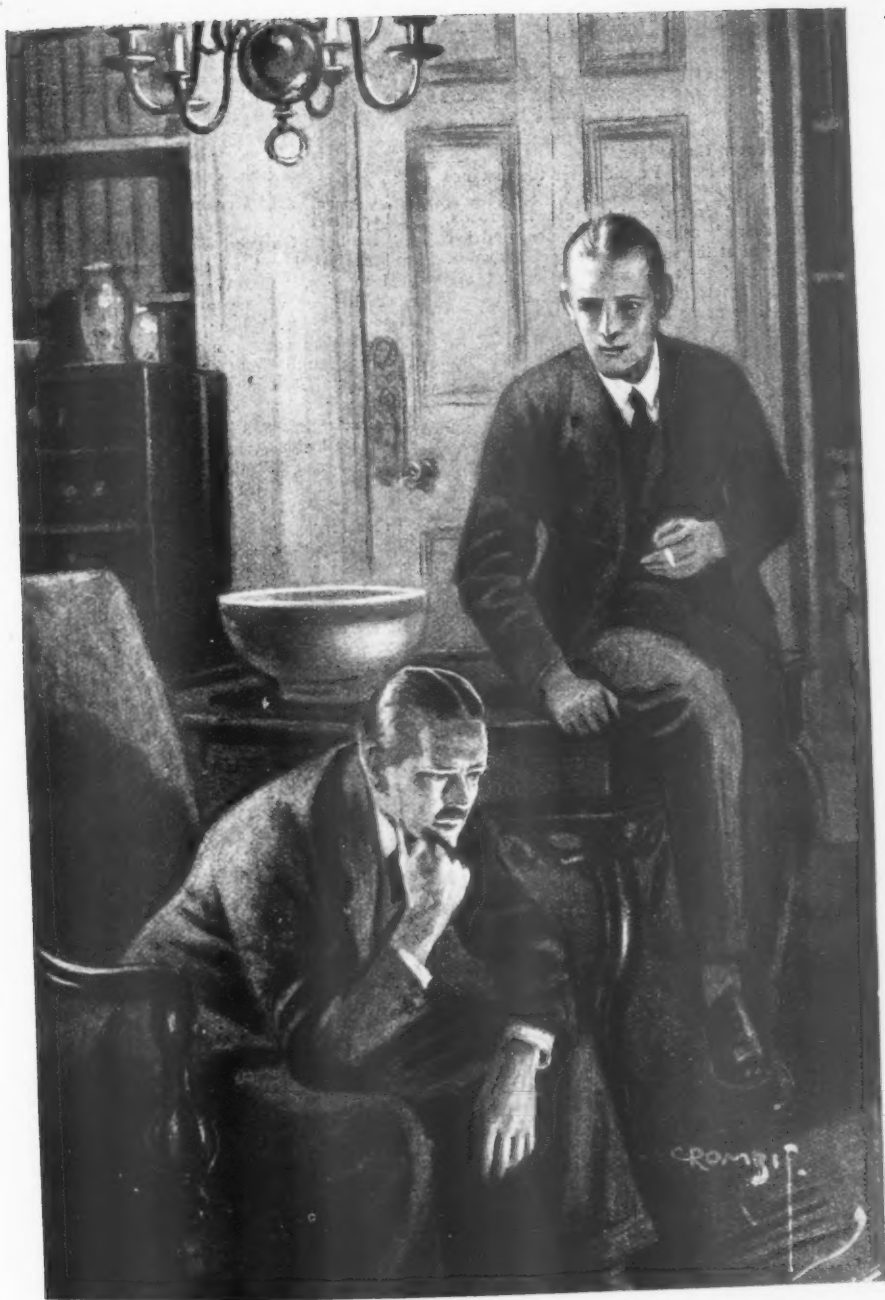
"Am I so bad as all that, Miss Vivian? I'm sorry you can't give me a better character."

"It isn't your character, it's your manners I complain of," said Hersey daringly. "Do sit down and tell us what kind of fair you had at Colchester; did you get the things you wanted?"

Raeburn shook his head.

"I did not. I'll send to Scotland for them, I think. It would pay even with the carriage added on. I don't want any tea, thank you, mother. I had a good meal in Colchester about four o'clock, and Mr. Hale from Little Brasted was good enough to bring me back in his car, that's how I'm here an hour or so before I expected."

Hersey walked over to the window and took up her scarf, which she had left on the table.



" 'Well, have you arranged anything?' Aldred asked, thinking it better to encourage his brother to talk "—p. 596

Drawn by  
Chas. Crombie

## THE QUIVER

"I'll go home, then, Mrs. Raeburn, thank you so much for all your kindness."

"The machine isn't there yet," said Raeburn. "I saw nothing on the road, either."

"If you mean the trap with Osgood it isn't coming—I walked over and I'll walk back."

"But it's pitch dark, I could hardly see my way up between the hedges."

"I shan't get lost. I could cover the distance blindfold."

"You're not feared on the country roads, then, my dear?" asked Mrs. Raeburn, and her son marvelled at the soft familiarity of her voice.

"Whatever for—it is only people that are unkind, the beasts of the field don't hurt anybody, and I've never seen a ghost."

"All the same, I'll see you across as far as the park," said Raeburn decidedly. Hersey did not say him nay; Mrs. Raeburn thought she even looked pleased. So they left the house together, and as Ellen cleared away the remains of the meal she pondered on the story the girl had told her, pondering pityingly, for she had discerned the hurt of disillusionment in a young and trusting soul. Yet she was glad, in a way, for by no stretch of imagination could she picture Hersey Vivian as wife to Stephen Turner.

"I hope Miss Ross won't stop long away. It's not good for her to be alone in that big house with nobody to speak to but servants," was her final conclusion.

Down the dark lane the pair went, until they came to a gate into a field which offered a short cut to the house. It was the way Hersey had come. Raeburn held it open for her, and when she had passed through closed it carefully. There was no stock in the fields then, of course, but it was Raeburn's nature to be careful, especially of other people's property.

"How kind your mother is," said Hersey, growing tired of the queer silence. "And she likes England," she added defiantly.

"Of course she does," answered Raeburn heartily. "There isn't anything wrong with England."

"Then you like it too?"

"Oh, yes, I like it, but the days don't go fast enough for me. I want to get on with the ploughing, and get the seed in, and watch the stuff coming up. I have to confess that I've been very extravagant with manure, Miss Vivian. I must come up and show you the accounts when Miss Ross comes back."

"I don't want to see the accounts," said Hersey blithely. "I trust you absolutely."

"Thank you very much, but it is best to keep strictly on business lines."

"And never on friendly ones? I'm so glad your mother isn't like you."

"How do you mean?" asked poor David perplexedly.

"Just what I say, you're very bracing mostly, not to say bleak—I must confess I don't like that side of the Scotch character. You are worse than Miss Ross, much worse."

"Oh, well—" said David, and then stopped, for he did not know how to go on. "I hope

you understand and believe that I don't want to be rude, Miss Vivian. I'm not accustomed to English ways yet, but I may learn."

"Oh, yes, you may learn," repeated Hersey demurely.

"At Colchester I saw the folk that went out of Copleys when we came in, the old man Wagstaffe came to speak to me, asking how I was getting on."

"Oh—" said Hersey, and her breath came rather shortly.

"He hadn't a good word to say of the place, and at last I got so exasperated that I just said to him, 'Mr. Wagstaffe, you'll only get out of a place what you put into it, and sometimes not that. When you put nothing in as you did, then you get nothing out.'"

Hersey laughed but only faintly.

"Wagstaffe wouldn't like that. Well, I simply won't let you come another step, Mr. Raeburn, unless you'll come in and dine with me—I'm all alone, you see."

"Oh, I couldn't do that—thank you all the same. I'll wait here till I see you across the bridge yonder by the lights, then I'll know you're safe."

Something thrilled in the girl's aching heart. He was so comforting, gave her such a sense of security and peace. She loved the idea of his standing by until he saw her disappear into the steady lights of the welcoming house.

"You are very good, and I think I want you to stand there, though it isn't in the least necessary. It makes me feel safe. You and your mother are wonderful. You know how to be friendly with the kind of real friendliness we haven't enough of. But I do wish you'd come in. Why won't you?"

"It is better not, Miss Vivian. We shall get on better if we keep to our bit."

"Oh, nonsense, all that sort of thing died in the war, and is never going to be resuscitated." Raeburn shook his head.

"I ha'e my doots," he quoted. "If all I see and hear is proof the pendulum is swinging back rapidly, and all the barriers rising again. It doesn't matter—I'm making no complaint!"

"Will you take a message to your mother?" asked Hersey in a queer detached voice as if she had taken no interest in what he said.

"Yes, of course."

"Well, tell her I'll expect you and her to come and dine with me to-morrow night at seven-thirty, nobody else, no dress clothes."

"I haven't got any," said Raeburn. "When I came back from the war I couldn't get into them, and they were sold with some other old stuff when our home was broken up."

"Did you swell so tremendously?" asked Hersey with laughter in her eyes.

"I must have done; anyway, that's what happened. I'll tell my mother, of course, but I don't know whether she'll come."

"Oh, yes, she will. It will be you who will refuse, but I'll come over to-morrow some time and see that she promises. Good-night, and thank you."





*"So you  
found it  
good  
too, Gran!"*

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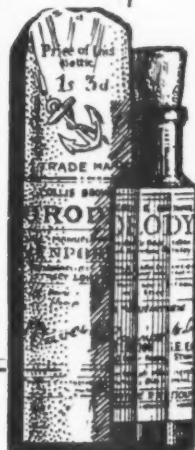
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## OUT OF REACH

She offered her hand and Raeburn just touched it. His pride was of the unbending kind, and he was determined to keep his place, to behave as a working bailiff ought to behave. He had never, even in his sorest straits, traded on his war service as others had done. But his mind was curiously disturbed as he strode across the moonless dark to the cheerful lights of home.

His mother, busy with the household sewing which never runs out in the womanly woman's home, welcomed him with a smile.

"Well, lad, you'll be glad to sit down now, but she's a bright wee thing that. It's a pity she hasn't a mother."

No answer came from the shut lips of David Raeburn. He sat down, took off his heavy boots, carried them into the scullery in the tidy way he had been taught as a boy, and then came back and began to knock a totally empty pipe on the high mantelshelf which he could easily reach with his long arm. Ellen sewed on undisturbed. She was used to silent men and never troubled her head about their moods. She did wonder, however, whether it was farm business or his young mistress that had brought that contraction to his brows.

"I tell you what, mother," he said abruptly. "It would be better if they didn't come here like that."

"They don't come so very often, Davit; I was counting up, it's near a fortnight since she was here before. Since they've got the hens they've been busier."

"Well, even once a fortnight is too often. It's better when folk stop in their place. Women interfere with work, especially when they don't know anything about it."

"Do they?" The slow smile hovered about Ellen's lips. "My, but you're like your father when you glower and speak so. But there never was anything to it with him. It was just his way of speaking."

"But, mother, it upsets me—I tell you I don't know how to speak to her or what to say. She provokes me, too, and one of these days I'll be saying something maybe that'll offend her, then we'll find ourselves chucked."

"What's to be done about it, then, Davit? I can't send out a message that I'm not at home, for there's nobody to send. Besides, she wouldn't take any such message. She'd walk in."

Her use of the single pronoun was significant, for David had spoken in the plural number. But Ellen was an understanding woman.

"Well, I call that a good cheek," said David with a queer savageness. "We may be poor folk, but we've surely the right to our own house, and nobody should lift the sneek without knocking first."

"Will you tell her that, then, Davit?—for it's a sure thing that I will not."

"Me tell her?" David snorted. "Is it likely I could be saying any such thing? When she's there I'm like clay in the potter's hand, and I won't have it, d'ye hear? I'll leave first."

Ellen sewed on, only a little perturbed.

"And, look here, mother, she's for us to go up and dine to-morrow night, just you and me. You can go if you like, but I won't go, not a step. So when she comes over the morn to see whether you've accepted, you can say I'm not going."

"I can do that, for I'm not wanting to go myself, Davit. You leave it to me—I'll make it all right."

She spoke tranquilly, for her inmost heart was undisturbed. Why she should feel this inward peace she could not say, for her son was certainly upset beyond the common. But there it was, nestling like a dove in her heart, refusing to be ousted from the nest. She had the comforting assurance that in England they had found a permanent home, one that was going to run the old one close for dear association.

"She was in trouble when she came to me this afternoon, laddie, sore trouble."

She saw something leap in his eyes and he sat forward eagerly.

"Trouble, trouble, it's impossible! She was chattering to-night as if there was no such thing as trouble in the world."

"It's there, all the same, poor lammie; she cried it out on this breast. So you must be gentle with her, laddie, for she's a lonely thing that has never known a mother."

David, his thoughts driven entirely in a new direction, sat staring into the fire; his pipe lost its savour. He did not ask his mother to name Hersey's trouble, because very well he knew she would not tell him. But it had gripped him, Ellen saw that. It therefore served its purpose at the moment and she gently guided the talk into less personal channels.

Meanwhile the cause of Hersey's passing trouble was having a difficult hour. Aldred Turner was kept late at the office that night owing to his brother's absence, and when he got home just before seven o'clock he found him sitting in the dark in the library, with his elbows on his knees and his eyes glowering into the fire. He switched up the light quickly and contemplated him with some concern. Aware of the tryst that he had gone out to keep, he judged by his brother's attitude and manner that nothing satisfactory had come of it. That did not surprise him in the least. In Aldred's estimation there was only one possible solution for an honest and honourable man—to marry the girl, take her away and start afresh. There was no alloy of self in this decision, it was simply his outlook and the advice he would have offered to any man in whom he had not the acute personal interest.

"Well, Steve?" he said, as he closed the door and stepped forward.

Stephen lifted his gloomy face.

"I thought you were never coming," he said in short staccato tones. "I've been sitting here for an hour or more."

"There was a rush of business between five and six, some people came in off the Colchester train, the Lipscombes and Dan Edge. He

## THE QUIVER



"If he don't write to-morrow,  
Jinny, I'm into him"—p. 600

Drawn by  
Chas. Crombie

wanted to see you, but I told him you weren't likely to be back at the office to-night."

"Nor any other night," said Steve in a savage undertone. "I'm damned to all eternity, Aldred. I went to see her at Piper's Pool, and as bad luck would have it, who should be seeing that old pauper in the cottage but Hersey Vivian. Yes, of course she saw us, she couldn't help it. Heavens, I'll never forget her eyes, they looked clean through me. So, you see, my torture's begun."

Aldred saw that it had. For a moment he was at a loss for speech. He sat down on the edge of the beautiful octagon table, part of the rare furniture which had been his father's hobby. Those who knew said there were more treasures in the old Turner house than anywhere else in or around Great Gobens. It was certainly beautiful, soft and alluring, with the charm of subdued colouring, old things, graceful outlines, and the rich rare depth of years. Aldred was very proud of the old house and deeply attached to it, but Stephen's ambitions had spread with wings to a greater old house

set in a noble park, where he would live the life of a country gentleman. These dreams were shattered now, and a woman had been his undoing.

"Well, have you arranged anything?" Aldred asked, thinking it better to encourage him to talk and get the load off his mind.

"She'll listen to naught but marriage, and to live here in Great Gobens in this very house! Can you picture it, Aldred? Wagstaffe's girl queening it here."

"It takes some doing, but it might be done," said Aldred encouragingly. "Courage, determination and lying low till people began to forget. If you decide that way I'll stand by you, Steve, and unless you and she wished it—I wouldn't even leave the house. That would help."

It cost Aldred something to make such an offer, for in his soul he loathed the whole sordid story, and felt himself detached from his brother more sharply than at any time in their lives.

Stephen flashed him a grateful glance.

"Thanks, old chap, but I couldn't stand up to it. It would probably end in murder of her or myself, possibly both. No, I'll offer her the only alternative, to go abroad with me. I'll begin now and make my arrangements quietly, and then just disappear. It'll be a nine-days' wonder in the place, and you'll have to stand up to it as best you can. Sorry I've let you in for this, Aldred—but—but—

well, many another man has been ruined by a petticoat. And she's a sticker. She doesn't know what she's doing, goading me like this."

The selfishness of this outlook angered Aldred.

"But, Stephen, she deserves some consideration from you, and if you really make her your wife, you'll need to try and make it up to her. She'll leave everything for you."

Stephen merely laughed.

"She has nothing to leave, she hasn't a spark of affection for her father or brother. She's out for self every time."

"Not a good quality at all, eh?" asked Aldred in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Oh, well, some, I suppose—she's a sport in some things, but to live with her always, to see that face morning, noon and night, to listen to her speech, by Heavens! Aldred, a man needs no heavier punishment, and it'll be life-long, don't you forget it."

Aldred tried to think up something, to suggest that in a home with wife and children in a new country where they could start afresh, Stephen might and could find compensation.

But somehow the words would not come for a full minute. When he spoke he said quietly and decisively:

"You're in the wrong mood, old chap. You've ruined the girl's life quite as much as she's ruined yours. You are both to blame, and your only chance is to make the best of it. It might be quite a good best if you put your mind into it. If I can help you I will. Don't let it down you. Men have risen on ruins before now and even blessed the necessity which drove them out into the wilderness."

A strange bitter smile flickered for a moment on Stephen's lips. He rose and shook himself.

"I'll have a wash, I think. It's almost dinner-time. I've often jeered at you for being a cold-blooded fish, Aldred, but, by gad! it pays in the long run, hand over fist. No fear of you ever getting yourself into a hole over a woman, you'll be a selfish, comfortable, and rich old bachelor to the end, and die in the odour of sanctity leaving a handsome fortune to charity. But it is I who will have lived."

Aldred suffered the gibe to pass. In mentality they were strangers to one another, and never would be anything else. Their standard was different, that was all. Aldred had never squandered the riches of his heart, they were stored safely, waiting for the woman who would find the key to the door.

### XVIII

#### The Dark Forces

THINGS were out of joint at Pickers End, Jinny at loggerheads with her father and brother, resenting their suspicious looks and unusual interference with her movements.

"If you're not pleased with me any longer, dad," said she one afternoon a few days after her interview at Piper's Pool, "you can make up to the Widow Bodger. The sooner, the better I'll be pleased."

Wagstaffe stared at her, flushed slightly, and gave a queer half laugh, half groan.

"I dessay you're not quite right in your mind, my gel. What for should I make up to the Widow Bodger?"

"Well, because I'm sick of both you and Bill and of messin' round after you 'ere. No thanks from either of you—I'm goin' to quit."

"An where'll you go, might I ask?" inquired Wagstaffe, eyeing her rather keenly out of his bleared orbs. He had been drinking heavily of late and there had been frequent words between him and his son. The question of emigration had come up again, and Bill had threatened that unless his father mended his ways, and drank less beer, he would leave him to get on as best he could at Pickers End. The suggestion that Jinny also might quit staggered the old man for a moment, and he regarded her with an odd fixed stare.

"Where'll I go? That's my business," quoth Jinny with her head in the air.

"Off wi' your gentleman lover, eh?" suggested Wagstaffe with rather an ugly sneer.

"I warn you, Jinny, if you bring disgrace on a name what's always been respectable—"

"Well, what'll you do?" asked Jinny calmly.

"You'll be no darter o' mine after it, that's all."

"Shouldn't mind—it hasn't been such a treat bein' your daughter after all, dad. Look at the way you skulk about the pubs an' never comin' 'ome sober a day from Leedham Market. I'm fed up—so is Bill."

She was glad to have somebody to blame. He slunk away at that, unable to continue the argument. His tongue was no match for Jinny's, it always ended in victory for her, discomfort for him. But, all the same, he was brooding darkly over the rumours abroad concerning Jinny and Stephen Turner. So were others, notably Bill and Sam Collett. Sam came often despite the distance. He had become moody and sullen, and would sit staring at her till she felt distracted and uncomfortable. Bill hardly spoke to her at all, and as the days went by without bringing any definite message from Turner, she began to get nervous and wretched. She was not well either, worry and fear for the future were undermining her usually splendid health. Her features had begun to look a little sharpened, and she had dark hollows under her eyes.

She walked out into the yard, where Bill was bringing in the horses from the plough. Spring was coming, the birds making melody in every thicket and on every hedge. The clear opal of the sky, the live feeling in the air all spoke of the promise and the beauty ready to break upon a waiting world. She leaned up against the lintel watching Bill idly, but he took no notice of her, until about ten minutes later, having fed his team, he came towards the house to be fed himself.

"Dad inside?" was all he asked as he approached the door, pausing to scrape the heavy clay off his boots before he crossed the threshold.

"Oh, yes, he's inside, bin asleep most of the afternoon. Fed up, I am, Bill, ain't you?"

"Not wi' the old man so much as wi' you—I wish we'd never seen this place. I wish I'd chucked the whole bloomin' business when we quit Copleys, I'd be at the other side of the sea by this time, and done with this lot."

"We're only yearly tenants," she reminded him. "You can quit after harvest. There might be a bit more money then, if it was anyways a good one."

Bill snorted, and having cleaned his boots to his satisfaction shoved past her into the house. She was obliged to follow, and after he had washed they gathered about the unsociable board for tea. Detached in interest from her present home, Jinny had grown careless and did not even provide as good meals as formerly.

Bill looked round discontentedly at the meagre table and at the piece of cold fat bacon, the only relish provided for his tea.

## THE QUIVER

"Is that all you 'ave to offer a chep arter a good day's work, Jin?" he asked rudely. "A pretty measly show, I call it, don't you, dad?"

Jinny fired up at once.

"There ain't anything but grumblin' 'ere, but I'm not to stand any more of it. One o' them days you'll find yourselves left to get your own grub, then perhaps you'll remember how well you was done by."

Bill laughed at that.

"We couldn't be much wuss done by. An' wheer would you propose to go when you leaves 'ere, eh?"

"That's my business," said Jinny, giving the same answer as she had given her father. "Urny up and let me git washed up. I've to go out, I can't stop messing about with you all the evenin'."

"Wheer are you going?" asked Bill suspiciously.

"Ask me another. That's my business too—I don't meddle wi' you when you goes out of an evenin'. I got some shopping to do in Leedham."

"Walkin' all that way in the dark?"

"There's a moon, and it isn't more'n a mile an' a 'alf," she said quietly. "I'm no chicken that can't be let out by 'erself."

Bill and his father, ignoring her, began to talk over farm affairs, and the moment they were finished their meal she began to clear away. She had really no intention of walking into Leedham and nothing to get when she reached the town, but was only possessed by a strange restlessness which would not permit her to remain in the house.

She washed up, then went upstairs and put on her outdoor things, leaving her father and brother sitting by the fire.

"I'm not going to Leedham, it's too late now, shops 'ud be shut. I'll just pop down as far as the crossroads and see Mrs. Robins. 'Eard to-day from the postman that one of her kids had been took to the fever hospital with dip-, or something."

They gave her no answer and she passed out. Then Bill spoke.

"Dad, I think it's true what they're sayin' about our Jinny," said Bill then. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Me? Nuthink! Jinny's perfectly capable of managing 'er own affairs, an' she don't stand no butting in. You should 'a' 'eard her at me jes' afore you come in, goin' on something awful, she was."

"But you should see Turner, and ask him whether he's goin' to do the right thing by Jinny."

Wagstaffe showed no taste for the task.

"If you feel as bad as all that, you can see 'im yourself, Bill; you're better able to stand up to his size an' sort than I am."

Bill Wagstaffe regarded his father with ill-concealed contempt. His brain was so addled with drink and his natural affections so cooled that he had forgotten a father's duty and obligation. Pride also had died in him, the pride in

an old and honest name that had been held in respect round about Great Gobens for so many years. It was strong in Bill; that alone had tempted him to remain and try to make good in Essex when strings were drawing him overseas.

"I'll stand up to 'im all rite, but it's your job, you know, dad."

"Jinny's twenty-five, Bill, she ain't no chicken—she can manage for 'erself," retorted Wagstaffe, and began once more to nod in the chimney corner.

"If Jinny's really gone to Mrs. Robins, as like as not she'll meet Sam. It's jes' about his time for comin' over."

"Mebbe that's what she's arter. Jinny has allus bin one what likes two strings to 'er bow," suggested her father with a queer low chuckle.

"You're wrong this time, about Sam, I mean. She ain't got any more use for 'im. An' I'm not sure but that it'll be Sam who will put Turner through 'is facin's if 'e don't do the rite thing—he won't get off scot free. I'm certain o' that."

"Do you think it likely a lawyer gentleman like 'im would marry our Jinny?" inquired Wagstaffe incredulously.

"It's what he ought to do and what somebody oughter see that he does do," said Bill, but his tone lacked conviction.

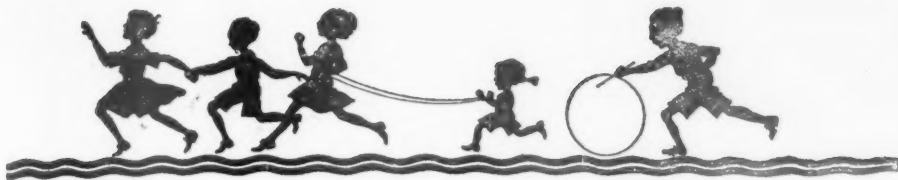
Meanwhile Jinny was walking down the lane, the soft night air enfolding her, the white moonlight lying like a flood over all the teeming earth.

In country places the night is full of wonderful brooding sounds for those who know how to listen and discern. The music never ceases. Jinny, however, though she was a child of the country, was not always in tune with it.

She was restless, unhappy, full of vague desires and unacknowledged fears. Stephen had not written, though he had faithfully promised, and as she sauntered down the lane she reflected that if no letter should come next morning, she would take a day off and go again into Great Gobens. The matter was urgent now. Besides, at the back of her mind was a new pulsing fear that perhaps he might flee the country, turning his back on her and every other responsibility, leaving her to face the music alone. Men quite frequently did that. Jinny had heard of such stories both in real life and in the newspapers. If that should happen, she would be stranded indeed, for her father and brother, already suspicious and watchful, though they had never put the question straightly to her, would have no sympathy to give her. She had no mother and very few women friends. She was a man's woman rather than a woman's woman.

Presently in the bright moonlight she saw a figure approaching and easily guessed that it was Sam Collett. She felt no thrill; yet neither had she any objection to meet him. She had simply forgotten that there was a chance of his coming that way. Both stopped at the same moment. Jinny spoke first.





## How Flat Foot Starts

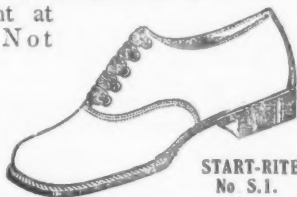
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*This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.*

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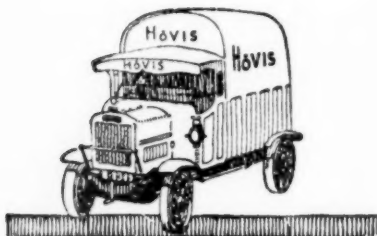




## The Bread for YOU

**R**ICH in nourishment—that is an essential. Digestive, too, as all good bread ought to be. But, more than this, HOVIS is doubly delicious—and appetising to a degree.

Your Baker Bakes it.



*A Pot or a Pan, a Bath or a Kettle,  
No matter which kind, no matter which metal,  
When they spring a leak, oh! why worry in vain?  
For FLUXITE and solder will mend them again.*

**S**OLDER is the only real substance for mending leaks. Substitutes will do for a while, but for a while only, for they either come apart or work loose. Therefore make sure of the job by Soldering with the aid of FLUXITE—the Flux that makes Soldering so easy.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

# FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT

## SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/8. **BUY A TIN TO-DAY.** Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

## FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Write to us should you be unable to obtain it.

FLUXITE LTD., 226 Bevington St., Bermondsey, Eng.

PRICE

7/6



*For the tool-kit of your car or motor cycle  
or any soldering jobs about the home.*

## OUT OF REACH

"Evenin', Sam."

"Evenin'," he answered. "Is Bill in?"

"Yes, both Bill and father, criss-cross as two sticks, that's why I come out."

"Where are you goin'?" asked Sam abruptly, knowing well enough he was likely to be snubbed for his pains. To his surprise she answered gently enough.

"Only as far as Mrs. Robins'; she's got a kid down with something, and they've took her off to the hospital, poor soul; she do get a peck o' troubles."

"Can I walk with you, Jinny?" asked Sam.

"I don't mind, I'm sure," she answered, thus stilling his suspicions that she was out to keep an appointment with another. They proceeded down the lane in silence for about a hundred yards. Jinny could see his face set in the hard gloomy expression which of late had seldom lifted.

Old Mrs. Collett had great store of bitterness against Jinny Wagstaffe for having changed her son from a light-hearted boy into a hard, bitter man. Poor Sam had only had the one love affair, he had never strayed from his lifelong devotion to the girl he had championed in their schooldays. The pity was that she had mistaken dross for gold, and set aside the faithful affection which would have stood her through life.

He cared still, but was obsessed by the worst passion which can torment a human soul. The Scriptures sum it up in the words, "Jealousy is as cruel as the grave."

His face brightened when she gave him leave to walk by her side. He had no pride where Jinny was concerned, only a faithful dog-like affection which she had flouted and despised.

At the first stile they turned out of the lane and took an angle at the end of which a twinkling light beckoned them.

"Will you be long inside Mrs. Robins', Jinny? Can I wait for you?"

"Oh, yes, or you can come in if you like, unless you're feared for the Dip. Can't understand what for folks should get that round here, an' Squire so particular about the water, an' what not. Now if we'd all died at Copleys nobody need have wondered. That was a place! Hear the new folks have got it very smart. That's what happens, Sam, them that toils and moils gets nothing and the new-comers gets all they ask. I'm sick o' life in England, I am."

"So've I been for ever so long," assented Sam. "An' if things 'ad been as they onst were wi' you an' me, Jinny, we might bin t'other side o' the sea by this time getting a nice little place of our very own."

To this Jinny made no answer.

After a moment or two Sam ventured further.

"They're sayin' things, Jinny, sayin' 'em 'ard. I'm showing the lies down folks' throats as fast as ever I can—I want you to know I don't believe 'em."

Jinny turned a rather defiant head to him, asking flatly:

"What are they sayin', Sam? Don't be

afraid to tell me, I ain't afraid of 'em, dirty lot, takin' away folks' characters instead of mindin' their own. It's all a matter o' being found out in this world, Sam, that's what I think."

"They're sayin' just that, that you've lost your character," said Sam mournfully. Jinny laughed, a sound that might have meant anything or nothing.

"Oh, well, it's up to me to find it again, Sam. Let 'em talk."

"But if it's true or false I don't care, Jinny. Only come to me! Gimme the right to smash 'em when they takes your name in vain."

Jinny was touched. Somewhere among the deeps of selfishness and indifference a spark of womanly feeling flickered. Suffering and a sharp anxiety about the future were beginning to awaken her to the sorrow of others.

"You're a good sort, Sam, far too good for me," she said softly. "But it's too late."

Sam stood still in the path.

"Then it *is* true, Jinny?"

"It's true I'm going to marry Mr. Turner," said Jinny boldly. "One of them fine days all the liars and backbiters are goin' to get their set-back. Nuthin' but envy and jealousy wi' them, 'cos a gel has a bit of looks an' people take notice of 'em. Now I never meddle with anybody's character, nor their business. Got something else to think of, thank goodness."

Sam did not gainsay these platitudes. All that concerned him was the announcement that Jinny expected to become Mrs. Stephen Turner. He did not believe it would ever come to pass, for several reasons, one in particular which he did not care just then to pass on to Jinny.

He was surprised, however, glancing at her face the moment after she had spoken these brave words, to see two tears which looked as if they were wrung from an aching heart roll down her cheeks, to be angrily dashed away.

"If that's true, Jinny, why don't he come straight and fair to Pickers End and talk to your father, man to man? He was talkin' to me yistday."

"Who was?" asked Jinny hotly. "Is it father you're meanin'?"

"Yes, of course, in Leedham Market."

"I'll thank you not to discuss me in Leedham Market, Sam Collett! That's you men all over, pretend to go to market to do great business, and spend the time talkin' about folks, an' tearin' 'em to pieces. I thought you was a cut above that."

"So I am," said Sam stoutly. "But when the old man asted me questions."

"You could have shut 'im up, but what was it he asted, anyway?" said Jinny, her natural curiosity getting the better of her dignity and pride.

"Oh, he knows perfectly well what I'd like to do, Jinny. All he asted was when it was likely to come off."

"You an' me, d'ye mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, next time he asts that you can tell

## THE QUIVER

'im what I'm tellin' you. It's too late. He knows enough not to ast me any such questions. I'm sick o' men, Sam. They make all the trouble there is."

"Only some o' 'em, Jinny. There's a few o' the right sort left yet. An' when are you an' Mister Turner goin' to git married, then? If all's true we hear it don't seem as if he was thinkin' that way." Jinny started and looked round at him quickly. She was eating her heart out in the silence which Stephen had imposed upon her, and was now suffering the last pangs of hope deferred. She was therefore not above tapping whatever source of information happened to be within her reach. Sam Collett had always been a newsy person. Silent men who go quietly about their business, meddling with nobody, quite frequently hear more of what is going on than the talkers. Lots of people told things to Sam because he had the reputation of being a safe man, who never went back on a friend, or manufactured news at other people's expense.

"What 'ave you 'eard, Sam? Whatever it is it's lies, o' course," she added loftily. "Like all the rest, but I may as well 'ear it."

"It was young Willett, Tony Willett, you know, he's a clerk at Turner's. He says something's wrong there and that there's going to be a split in the partnership, that most o' the business is goin' to Mr. Aldred now and the brothers are not on speakin' terms."

"Is that all?" asked Jinny in scorn. "Could 'a' told you that, Sam. Steve told me all about that ever so long ago. But he's the head of the business, and more'n likely it's Aldred who's goin' to be kicked out."

"That maybe, but Tony 'e don't think it. Anyway, it's the general idee that Stephen's getting ready to do a bunk without you, Jinny."

They had crossed the field by this time, and another stile barred their way. Jinny stopped by it, leaned against it and looked Sam full in the face. Hers looked rather white in the searching moonlight and her eyelids heavy with unshed tears. Her look and expression wrung Sam's faithful heart. He forgot everything at the moment but that the girl he loved was suffering.

"Jinny, give me the right, and I'll go to that ruffian's throat and wring the truf out of him," he said thickly.

She did not resent that as she might have done a few minutes before. Anger, pain and secret fears were robbing her of her sense of proportion.

Quite suddenly she began to cry, not gentle, healing tears but a wild storm of passion, the piled-up misery of the last few weeks seeking vent like a flood too long kept in check. Sam tried to comfort her in clumsy fashion, while

the sum of his anger against Turner deepened into an unholy flame.

"I'm the most miserable gel in the whole world, Sam, and you didn't ought to 'ave come wi' me to-night because I ain't treated you well. I haven't a friend in the world, I can't believe what you tell me. It may be true that he's getting ready to go, but he'll take me wi' him, he promised true."

"Then why doesn't he write or come to your 'ouse the way decent chaps do?" inquired Sam fiercely. "He's a scoundrel, that's what he is. But I ain't done wi' him yet."

"You can't do anythink, Sam. He wouldn't see you even if you was to go. I'll 'ave to send Bill or father, if it comes to that. But it won't come to that. He'll write, perhaps to-morrow."

She tried to speak hopefully, but there was no hope in her heart. She was, however, doing Stephen an injustice at the moment. He was still wrestling with the problem of their dual lives, and had that very day decided on the next step. He would cut himself off from Great Gobens and go abroad, not with Jinny, but making arrangements for her to follow him. That was his programme, arranged, however, too late to avert the Nemesis stalking his steps.

"If he don't write to-morrow, Jinny, I'm into him. After all, I 'ave the right," he added gloomily. "You was my sweetheart afore you was his."

Jinny smiled a melancholy smile at that and stepped over the stile. "We'd better say good night here, Sam, yes, I'd rather. I'll sit 'art an hour or so wi' Mrs. Robins. Maybe the sight of other folks' troubles will make me forget my own. Good night, Sam. Forget me, it's the best way. Sorry I ain't been better to you. Life's a queer thing, that's what it is, and somehow we don't seem able to 'elp our selves."

She went from him with that, quickly, towards the lighted window a few yards away. Sam hung about for a few minutes and then began to walk away slowly, like a man who had little object in life. All was over now between him and Jinny Wagstaffe, they were parted by a gulf as deep as the sea. Sam Collett was a man of strong elemental passions and his standard of conduct was direct and unpromising. Stephen Turner had wronged Jinny Wagstaffe. It was on the cards that he was seeking to escape the consequences of what he had done. Jinny needed a champion. There seemed to be none in her own home willing to undertake for her.

Therefore he, Sam Collett, would step into the breach. It was quite simple reasoning from his point of view. All the elements of tragedy were abroad that night operating in these strangely intermingled lives. And the stars in their courses did not intervene.

(To be concluded)





## "SLEEP WELL!"

Let *your* children enjoy Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat for their supper to-night. The wonderful nourishment of either and the ease with which it is digested makes it ideal for the last meal of the day. Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat for supper means sound, easy, natural sleep.

### No Cooking—No Trouble.

You buy Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat all ready to eat—alone, or with milk or cream. They are very convenient and most economical. Your Grocer sells them.

# Puffed Puffed Rice *also* Wheat

The foods shot from guns

### Ready to serve

The children—daddy, too—will be very interested in the wonderful story of how rice and wheat are cooked by being shot from guns. See it on the packets.

Guaranteed by

QUAKER OATS LTD., London, E.C.2.



# Delicious with all Kinds of Fruit.

Green's Chocolate Mould is most delicious and is particularly appetising when served with Stewed Prunes, Plums, Figs, Apples, Blackberries or with tinned Pineapple, Pears, Peaches, Apricots, etc. Try this enjoyable sweet to-day.

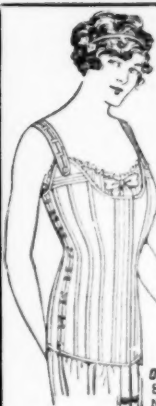
Prepared by Greens of Brighton.

## GREEN'S CHOCOLATE MOULD.

(CHOCOLATE BLANC-MANGE)

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PER PACKET  
OF ALL HIGH CLASS  
GROCERS &  
STORES



## Healthy Women

especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

**The CORSET of HEALTH**  
The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2.

**7/11 pair POST FREE**

Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

Outsizes, 31 in. to 35 in., 1/6 extra.

**SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST**

No bones or steels to drag, hurt or break.

No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders, detachable for washing purposes.

It is laced at the sides with elastic Lacing to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.

It has a short (8-in.) bust in front which ensures a perfect shape

& is fastened at the top & bottom with non rusting Hooks & Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

These "Health" Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or break.

Singers and Actresses will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Corset of Health." They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

**SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.**

Place your Order and make payable to—

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### For Wash and Wear

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greater satisfaction or stands such constant washing without losing its attractive appearance.



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Every genuine Hercules Garment bears the "Mother and Child" ticket, and is guaranteed. Should any Hercules Garment prove unsatisfactory in wash or wear your draper will at once replace it FREE OF CHARGE.

Does not shrink when washed. It shrinks.

**JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, Ltd.**

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## For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headaches, etc.

Of all Chemists and  
Stores, 2/-,  
or post free, 2/3.

Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Ltd., Reading, England.





### The Flourishing Fire Fund

**M**Y DEAR READERS.—When I launched the Fire Fund in the December number I said that I aimed at collecting £100, but although my faith in the generosity of my Helpers is great, I was rather doubtful as to whether we should reach that figure. For the Fire Fund is only one of many causes for which I appeal and to which readers respond. But to use an apt metaphor, my appeal caught fire, the flame of response leapt up and has burned steadily ever since. The result is that at the moment of writing I have received no less than £145 11s. for lighting fires in cold rooms, and so splendidly have you enlarged the scope of my ambitions that I am now hoping to reach £150 before the fund closes. We have already more than doubled the sum we collected for this object last year, and if, as it would seem, readers are more than ever convinced of the usefulness of the scheme, I can assure them that my second year's experience has shown me that it fulfils a unique purpose and brings into poor homes comfort and cheer that would most certainly be lacking were it not for our gifts. In fact, so pathetically and transparently happy are the letters I get month by month from those whose empty cellars we have filled that, while I gladly pass on their gratitude to the kind subscribers to whom it is due, I feel that I must personally add my thanks for having been given the means of warming so many hearts and hearths. As to the excess of the sum we have collected

Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver* Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

over that which I originally named, there is unfortunately no difficulty about disposing of that. Every month I hear of new and terribly sad cases of distress, and not only have I been able to include them in my list, but in several instances of special hardship I have been able to add to the allowance. For instance, where invalids are old or specially feeble it is most necessary that a fire should be kept going night and day, and I have taken into account such emergencies.

"You have given us a joyful surprise. We thank you with all our hearts and with most happy gratitude for your gloriously welcome cheque. The weather has been so cold and is still so wet that we are indeed thankful to be enabled to get some more fuel."

"I am most grateful for the cheque which arrived this morning. I have had a rather severe attack of bronchitis, and find I must keep indoors and warm. I need coal, so this splendid gift comes like a ray of sunshine."

"I cannot thank you enough for your great kindness to us both in sending 15s. for coal. It is very, very good of you, and oh! such a help. Your money is a godsend. I feel you are my fairy godmother."

"Just a few lines to thank you again and again for your kind gift for coal. Oh, what pleasure in store—lovely warm fires."

If I had space I could go on quoting from my bundle of letters indefinitely—and I never receive them without realizing that, although they are actually addressed to me, I am merely your representative. You must just believe me when I tell you that, thanks to those who responded to my appeal, the friend on the hearth has made many a pilgrimage and received many a hearty welcome.

### The SOS Fund in 1923

The Fire Fund is just one offshoot of the SOS Fund, and I want to give a brief review of the general finances for last year.

## THE QUIVER

### Income

|                                | £           | s.        | d.       |
|--------------------------------|-------------|-----------|----------|
| Balance brought forward ... .. | 84          | 16        | 2        |
| Donations ... ..               | 379         | 19        | 2        |
|                                | <u>£464</u> | <u>15</u> | <u>4</u> |

### Expenditure

|                                    | £           | s.        | d.       |
|------------------------------------|-------------|-----------|----------|
| Gifts sent out ... ..              | 302         | 15        | 7        |
| Cheques ... ..                     | 2           | 8         | 0        |
| Balance in hand, Dec. 31, 1923 ... | 150         | 11        | 9        |
|                                    | <u>£464</u> | <u>15</u> | <u>4</u> |

I must point out that the balance of £159 11s. 9d. is rather misleading. This includes the sum of £100 odd for coal to be sent out during the months of January, February and March, and certain sums earmarked for special cases, so that the amount available for general purposes is not very large. Here I wish to thank most heartily not only those who fed the fires but those who have generously answered my appeals for folk in special need. Every one of the cases I mentioned in December received some help. The private typist and M. M. have quite goodly sums to their credit, and the relief to both these hard-worked girls is inestimable. The words of sympathy that I have been asked to pass on with the money have also worked wonders. I constantly read, "I did not know that there were so many kind people in the world." It is a rather sad reflection, but the New Army could not ask a better tribute. On the top of this record of generosity it seems shameless to place an appeal; but Helpers realize as well as I do that if our relief work is to be really valuable it must be available all the year round, and as our purse empties I must ask you to fill it again.

### Where to Live

This is still a vexed question, and I have recently heard of a number of homes for invalids and others that sound very attractive. But first I am asked by a reader to help her in her rather discouraging search:

"I have great difficulty in finding somewhere to live. Being a poor gentlewoman I cannot afford to pay much. I often think there are people who have an unused room in their house who would let it as a bed-sitting-room for a small sum. I feel sure there are benevolent people who would do this if they realized what a boon it would be to me. I would do everything for myself. I am helping in good work, which takes me out two and sometimes three days weekly. I want to be somewhere within easy access of Kensington. I should get my own food the days I was in."

Unfortunately none of the homes offered are within easy reach of Kensington. A charming bungalow in Clevedon is described as a Rest and Convalescent Home for Gentlewomen. The charge for those who come simply for rest is £3 3s. weekly, for those who require nursing £4 4s.

In healthy Westcliff-on-Sea a reader and her mother have secured a very pleasant house in a quiet road, only a few minutes from the trams and park and quite near the sea. The reader is a qualified nurse, and is anxious to have two convalescent patients or semi-invalids or rest-cure patients. Patients coming permanently could bring their own furniture if they liked. The terms are from three guineas a week.

The scene changes, and we are transported to a small market town in Wensleydale 640 feet above the sea in lovely country. My correspondent, who has been a reader of THE QUIVER for more than thirty years, writes:

"Some time ago I saw that elderly ladies had difficulty in finding suitable and happy homes. I should be pleased to have as paying guest someone (not an invalid) who would appreciate a very comfortable, happy home in a sunny detached house with good garden, a large sunny bedroom, good cooking, own poultry, eggs and vegetables. My husband and I are just over 60, keep a pony and trap and a good maid."

I have also heard of a home in Hythe, Hants, and I shall be very glad to send addresses to any who may ask for them.

### A Word about Parcels

Since I asked readers to write to me for an address to which to send parcels, very few have gone to the office, but still occasionally goods are received there. I shall be very glad if *everyone* who is good enough to contemplate sending gifts will apply to me first and send them direct to the recipients. It would also be a great help to me if readers offering clothes would describe them a little more fully, so that I may know for whom they would be most suitable. "A parcel of clothing" is a very vague description. Then most reluctantly I have to say that in one or two instances—the number is almost negligible, but it should be non-existent—the parcels sent have not been worth sending. I know of two people, poor but very refined, who received coats so soiled that they had to wash them before they could be used at all, and in one case some unwashed stockings were included as well. Clothes need not, of course, be new,

*A new little coat  
for next to nothing*



IT isn't an easy job to keep the youngsters' wardrobes in condition. There are so many demands on the purse these days.

Mothers who like to see their children looking as nice as anyone else's, can do wonders with Twink. Little coats and frocks can be renewed several times, to the pride of parents and the delight of the small wearers.

**PRICE**

**4<sup>D</sup>. AND 7<sup>D</sup>. PER PACKET**

*Of all Grocers, Chemists,  
Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.*

**TWINK** is made in these **24**  
beautiful shades:—

|            |              |                  |
|------------|--------------|------------------|
| Pale Blue  | Black        | Crimson          |
| Saxe Blue  | Grass Green  | Rust Red         |
| Navy Blue  | Jade Green   | Tabac Brown      |
| Royal Blue | Bottle Green | Dark Fawn        |
| Lilac      | Pale Pink    | Nigger Brown     |
| Purple     | Salmon Pink  | Daffodil Yellow  |
| Wine       | Old Rose     | Sunflower Yellow |
| Grey       | Scarlet      | Tangerine        |

**Twink**  
CLEANS AND DYES  
AT THE SAME TIME



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED. PORT SUNLIGHT.

## C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S (LIMITED) CIRCULAR - POINTED PENS

SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil—Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a Special Process.

Assorted Sample Boxes 9d., to be obtained from all Stationers.

If out of Stock, send 10d. in Stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham.

## HARRISON'S HAIR GROWTH

A user from Chathill, writes:—  
"Can you send me a box of your 'Hair Growth' with which I am delighted. I have only used one box and my hair has ceased falling out and is rapidly regaining its own rich colour and lustre."

IN ALUMINIUM BOXES 1/- DIRECT FROM  
G. W. HARRISON, M.P.S., Hair Specialist, READING

## KEEPS A HEALTHY SCALP!

THE NAME HARRISON IS BEHIND IT...

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY says:—"I have never seen the 'Arethusa' excel."

A Good Work in Sore Need.  
THE PIONEER SOCIETY. FOUNDED 1843.

## The 'ARETHUSA' Training Ship and THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES URGENTLY NEED £25,000

(Received to date £1,000)

To prevent curtailment of any branch of the Society's Work, 10,000 Boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, 9,000 Boys have been trained for Civil Employment and Emigration.

1,000 Boys and Girls now being maintained.

Patrons—THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.  
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Cheques, Etc., should be made payable to and sent to  
The Shaftesbury Homes & 'Arethusa' Training Ship  
165 Shaftesbury Avenue London, W.C.2.

## RHEUMATISM CURED WITH 2 BOXES OF URACE

112, Bon Accord St., Aberdeen.

Dear Sirs.—Being unable to dance through Rheumatism in my feet, I tried Urace and it has worked wonders. I am as light on my feet as a fairy and dancing as good as ever, everybody tells me. I bought one 1/3 box and one 5/- box, and all I can say is, Urace

for the Rheumatic Race is "It." Yours thankfully, W. H. SMART, Comedian.  
URACE and URACE alone, can cure rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system, and prevents its reappearance. This is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY. 1/3, 5/- and 6/- per box from Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's and all Chemists and stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 57 Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

## URACE TABLETS

1/3, 5/- and 6/- from Boots and all Chemists



## For Washing Woollens Cloudy Ammonia. For Softening Water

Sole Manufacturers: G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., Osborne Works, King's Cross, London, N.7.

## Piles

are caused by internal disorders which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

### "Pylitna" Powders

harmless taken in a little warm milk or water remove the causes & speedily cure or prevent attack. M.D. (Lond.): "Act far more quickly and efficiently than usual treatment." Of all Chemists or Pylitna, Farrington Rd., London, E.C.4, 2/6 and 5/- box.

The Cost is nothing for a Cure, and they will Cure.

## DO YOU KNOW

That you can clean your carpets at home quite easily if you use

## CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

Which is sold at all Stores.

This Soap has been used for over 60 years, and in addition to making your carpets look like new, will purify your home. A 9d. ball will clean a large carpet.

A Sample will be sent on receipt of 2d. stamp, from Makers,

F. CHIVERS & CO. Ltd., 9 Albany Works, Bath.



## IMPERIAL HOTEL RUSSELL SQUARE LONDON

1000 Rooms fitted H. & C. Water. 7/9  
Bath and Breakfast from ...

## SOCIETY FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF LADIES IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES

Under Royal Patronage.

### LEGACIES.

I frequently look down the papers to see if anyone has been kind enough to leave my Society a legacy, but alas! I cannot find one. Any sum from £100 up to £1,000 would be a great boon, and many people who are not able to give during their lifetime might bequeath money at their death; then their works will surely follow them and relieve the needs of the sick and lonely.

EDITH SMALLWOOD, Hon. Sec., LANCASTER HOUSE, MALVERN.

## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

but they must be clean. The vast majority of readers send parcels that it is an unmitigated boon and pleasure to receive, and it is just because this phase of our work is so very useful and so deeply appreciated that I do not want it marred by any transgressions.

### Where to Shop

There has been a lull lately in the brisk demand for my list of workers, and it is time that I advertised our wares again. Buying through THE QUIVER saves all the weariness of shopping and sales, and I have never heard anything but praise of the goods. Jumpers and knitted and crochet goods of all kinds, beautiful embroidery, raffia work of every description, hand-made lace, pokerworked goods, lingerie, blouses and dresses, typewriting, picture-framing, basket-making, fancy articles, rugs, table-centres and cushion covers, toys and window wedges, the restringing of tennis rackets—all these are offered at very reasonable prices.

Miss F. E., the invalid of 36 to whom readers have shown much kindness, writes:

"I would so like if you could get me a few orders for any kind of crochet work, cotton, wool or silk (I would like, if the latter, for ladies to provide their own materials, as I am not able to get them)."

Miss W. W., who is having very heavy doctor's and dentist's fees to pay, has added the following raffia goods to her repertoire: slippers, 6s. 6d., shopping bags, 6s. 6d., work-bags, 3s. 6d., letter racks, 3s. 6d., serviette rings, 6d., and dinner mats, 6s. 6d.

Mrs. E. M., an old lady who wishes to earn money in order to help her son who is out of work, knits men's socks and stockings.

Miss G. H. thanks all who have given her orders and says:

"I shall always be so glad of orders for my work. THE QUIVER readers whom I've worked for have always been pleased with what I've done for them. I've done two silk jumpers lately."

I am still waiting for orders for baskets to pass on to the disabled ex-service man at War Seal Mansions. I can personally testify to their excellence.

Miss M. P. paints scroll texts, and kindly offers the proceeds to the SOS Fund.

Mrs. H., an old lady of 73, makes pin-cushions, needlecases, jug-covers, cosies, etc.

I hope I have said enough to cause an unprecedented demand for THE QUIVER catalogue and a consequent avalanche of orders.

### Anonymous Gifts

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged:

*SOS Fund*.—Douglas, £8 10s. (£3 for fires); K. I. D., 5s.; I. V. Y., 10s.; Anon., £3; O. W. L., 1s.; Miss Dixon, 5s.; A. W. S., £1; E. W. Hastings, £1; Anon. (for typist), 2s.; E. N., £2 (£1 for coal); B. F. (for widow), 2s. 6d.; Inasmuch, 2s. 6d.; Typist, Glasgow (for Mrs. K.), 10s.; A Willing Giver, Clifton, 5s.; A Friend, Olton (for Miss F.), 5s.; Anon., £1; K. C. (for Miss C. and Miss E.), £1; E. G. S. (for M. M.), £1; Anon. (for M. M. and Mrs. H.), £2; Three Friends (for nine cases), £1 2s. 6d. The cards and gifts from "Three Friends" were also much appreciated. The following donations were earmarked for the Fire Fund: P. K., 10s.; An Old Maid, Hammersmith, £1; Inasmuch, 10s.; Anonymous, 10s.; A. M. S., Staffs, 10s.; "Petite," £1; E. K., 10s.; B. C. B., 5s.; Fires, 10s.; Anon., 5s.; M. S., 7s. 6d.; A Sussex Reader, 10s.; Grateful Mother, Edinburgh, 10s.; Staffs, 10s.; Cymraes, 5s.; H. A., 15s.; A Friend in Shetland, 10s.; K. I. D., 5s.; C. A., Bourne-mouth, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. A. P., Knutsford, 10s.; Une Institutrice, £2; Addiscombe, 4s.; Louise, 2s. 6d.; M. B. L., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; A Sympathiser, Salisbury, 2s. 6d.; E. C., 15s.; E. M. C., 5s.; A Reader from Richmond, Surrey, 5s.; Towards lighting fires in cold rooms, 13s.; A. C. E., £2; L. K., 15s.; A. M. H. S., 5s.; Anon., 10s.; M. D., 10s.; Mrs. H. Warburton, £1.

*British Home for Incurables*.—A Brighton Woman, 2s. 6d.; A. B., Ipswich, 4s.

*Dr. Barnardo's Homes*.—P. E. N., 10s.; A. B., Ipswich, 4s.; F. W. H., Birmingham, 10s.

*Church Army*.—H. M., £1.

*Save the Children Fund*.—H. M., £1; M. D., £1.

*Sunshine House*.—Lewis, 10s.

*St. Dunstan's*.—F. W. H., Birmingham, 7s. 6d.

*Christian Refugee Fund*.—F. W. H., Birmingham, 7s. 6d.

*British and Foreign Bible Society*.—H. M., 10s.

*C. E. Z. Missionary Society*.—H. M., 10s.

### Peter's Cup

There are a few loyal supporters of Sunshine House, the Blind Babies' Home, but I am sorry to say that subscriptions for this wonderful work do not flow in as freely as I could wish. There is a school in Hampshire where interest in it is very much alive, and under the inspiring influence of the headmistress an entertainment or sale is held every year on its behalf. The children also send gifts to the blind babies, and there was a touching instance of self-sacrifice where one of the boys parted with his pet engine for their benefit. It proved to be rather too "advanced" for the tinies at the home, but in the following letter the Matron shows that it was extremely valuable:

## THE QUIVER

"I have delayed writing until I could tell you of the fate of the engine. The Kindergarten mistress is buying us a tea-set in exchange for it. The tea-set we had has gradually been broken, and the babies were so fond of the little cups especially, so the new one will be a great treat to them. One of the babies, Peter, had a great fancy for one particular cup of the old tea-set, and used to take it to bed with him, and when it came to grief last week he was much upset about it. I will let Peter choose another cup and tell him who sent it for him. Peter is nearly five."

For such pathetic people as Peter it should be easy to plead. A very welcome cheque for £5 5s. was received with this letter:

"The enclosed cheque is part proceeds of a concert I organized here in aid of the Blind Babies' Homes. We cleared £11 11s. 6d., and I have sent the balance to the secretary. I wanted to send you some for THE QUIVER Cot, as it was through THE QUIVER I first heard of the charity."

I thank all those who are already supporting this splendid work and sincerely hope that in 1924 many more readers will join up.

### A Long List

To the following I send best thanks for gifts, letters and parcels received:

Miss Annie Jack, Mrs. Robertson, M. M. Bennett, Mrs. Close, Mrs. Hendy, Miss Brookier, Miss C. Kilpatrick, F. G. Steane, Mrs. R. Walden, Miss Hopton, Miss Mabel Griffin, Miss May Wilson, Annie Turnbull, Miss Kate M. Chappell, Mrs. James Gilmour, C. S. Fenner, Miss Florence Edwards, Mrs. C. Hilton, Miss F. E. Parson, Mrs. Ernest Gough, Miss T. E. Robinson, Mrs. Peacock, Miss M. P. Stewart, A. Powell, Miss B. Jenner, Mrs. Elliott, A. Hewitt, Mrs. Stockbridge, Mr. William Wheeler, Mrs. Castleton Ellis, Mr. Patrick Cronin, Miss Dolly Robinson, G. Williams, Miss Husbands, Miss Morton, Miss W. Heath, Mrs. Edley-Morton, Miss E. W. Purdon, Mrs. Newland, Mrs. Jenkins, M. Ogden, Miss K. Cook, Mrs. Bettesworth, Mrs. Atkins, Miss Gollifer, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Earwaker, E. Clark, Mrs. Midgley, Miss I. M. Ozanne, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Kimmins, Rev. F. A. Smith, Miss L. G. Whitworth, Miss M. F. Bleackley, Mrs. Flight, Mrs. Haworth, Mrs. Killaston, Miss Quincey, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pickles, Mrs. Court, Mr. Hill, Mr. Walter Olney, Miss A. H. Higgs, Miss MacLurg, Mrs. Chrislop, Miss E. A. Barker, Miss Frampton, Miss Warren, Mrs. Slacke, Miss Parkin, Miss Emma C. Fleury, Miss J. S. Stones, Mrs. Millar, Miss Harbottle, Miss D. Neal, Miss Hilda Coley, Mrs. Hepworth, Mrs. Clapham, Miss M. C. Mann, Miss Dolton, Miss Southcombe, Miss Hope Clarke, Miss Brett, Miss Lydia Robinson, Miss Philipps, M. Johnston, Mrs. G. Kirk, Mrs. Knott, Miss Bartlett, Mrs. Godbehere, Miss H. M. Cooper, Mrs. Milne, Miss L. A. Morrison, Mrs. Mann, Miss Violet M. Hatton, Mrs. Fellows, A. M. Jones, Mrs. L. J. Adams,

Mrs. Gowing, Miss M. Hutton, Miss Mary G. Flower, Miss E. Hedley, Miss Prideaux, Mrs. Riddiford, Miss G. E. Mahaffy, Miss L. Sherwin, Mrs. Farnworth, J. M. Lane, Miss Esther Wood, Mrs. R. E. Garnett, Mrs. Day, Miss Mary Wallis, Miss Harper, Mrs. Tillard, Miss G. Selby, Miss Conway, Miss Catherine Hunter, Miss Stott, Mrs. Dorling, Mrs. Wetherall, Mrs. Lester, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss H. F. Walker, Miss E. M. Williams, Mrs. Holloway, Miss Cecilia Shaw, Mrs. Wood, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Mary Thomas, Mr. C. H. Gough, Mrs. Smail, Mrs. Biggs, Miss Henderson, Miss Effie Smith, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Rouse, Miss Arnold, Miss Parkes, Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss Burgess, Miss Farnworth, Miss Preson, Miss Kate E. Taylor, Mrs. Middleton, Miss Olive Coupe, Mrs. Turnley, M. Gould, K. Robinson, Miss Darby, Mrs. Ingate, Mrs. Montague Browne, Mrs. Edgar Ennals, Mrs. Claremont, Miss C. Birtwhistle, Miss Lydia Brown, Miss Beatrice Taylor, Miss Cull, Miss Winifred Bull, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Drewitt, Miss H. M. Rookes, Mrs. Musgrave, Miss Margaret Howe, Mrs. H. H. Barnett, Miss Emma Kyle, Miss Frances Kirke, Mr. J. E. Faunch, M. Hannam, A. Fairhurst, Mrs. George Holmes, Miss Mary Pain, Mrs. McRae, Miss E. A. Greenwood, Mrs. Rogers, Miss F. Vernall, A. L. Bradley, E. M. Edmonds, Miss Fox, Miss Elsie Fletcher, Miss Helen Gallo-way, Miss E. H. Mitchell, Miss G. Clifford Smith, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Aldred, Mrs. Kate Kirk, Mrs. Jackson, Miss A. Henderson, Miss Gillingham, Miss Ida Wilmot, "Scotia," Miss Annie Hall, Miss M. Willan, Miss Ruby Robinson, Mr. J. Mitchell, Mrs. Berridge, Miss Garratt, Miss Haigh, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Smith, Miss Margaret Gollifer, Miss K. Startin, Mr. Bunker, Miss Elizabeth Shirley, Mrs. McNeill, Mrs. Beaver, Miss E. Pratt, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Procter, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Bower, Mrs. Stanford, Miss Wilson, Miss L. A. Robinson, Miss Mary McAdam, The Misses Fitness, Mrs. Reading, Miss Winifred Williams, Miss Owston, Miss Helen Wright, Mrs. Austin, Miss Maggie Bell, Mr. Arthur Black, Miss A. W. Dunn, Miss Elizabeth Lovatt, Miss Muncaster, M. Summerson, Mrs. Lowe, Miss W. J. Dobie, Miss Cope, Miss Wilcox, Mrs. Scarlett, Mrs. Blackall, Miss Nina Stephenson-Browne, Miss Howes, M. Wallace, Mrs. Welch, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, G. H. Muir, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Wainwright, Miss A. E. Nicholas, Mrs. Scutt, Miss Cocking, Mrs. Cooper, Miss K. Harrison, Mrs. Clogg, Miss F. M. Cone, Mrs. Farrar, Miss A. M. Parsons, W. S. Barton, Miss I. M. H. Whyte, Miss Mabel Daniels, Miss Williams, Miss Florence Graham, Mrs. Mellor, Miss Kate Whitehead, Mrs. Leslie, Mr. Alfred Martin, Mrs. Brown, Miss Pinchen, Miss A. Toplis, Miss E. Forty, Miss Lily Pay, Mrs. Russell, Miss Sarah Millard, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Chadburn, Miss Wilkinson, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Gladys Salter, Miss Stedman and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,  
FLORA STURGEON.





## *Slide the soap over the fabric*

Behind every Sunlight washday are the skilled chemists at Port Sunlight. They are vigilance itself. They make sure that every bar of Sunlight Soap is up to the very high standard insisted upon by Lever Brothers.

All the tests carried out by the Sunlight chemists have only one aim—to make washday easy for *you* and easy on the clothes. If the soap you use is the best, your work will be the lightest. The chemists look to it that Sunlight is the best soap in the world. They see to it that Sunlight yields a pure and powerful lather, every little bubble of which lifts the dirt gently out of clothes as a vacuum cleaner lifts it out of carpets. It is because of this that no hard rubbing is needed, only a sliding of the soap to and fro over the wet surface, and then a soaking and rinsing as directed on the wrapper.

*£1,000 Guarantee of Purity on Every Bar.*



# SUNLIGHT SOAP

S 437—23

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED PORT SUNLIGHT.

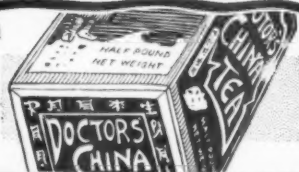
*Dyspeptics can drink it!*

## DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Dyspeptics and Invalids can drink Doctor's China Tea because it contains no free tannin—and tannin is the injurious part of tea. The careful blending of fine leaf makes it the most desirable tea for those who are hale and hearty, too!

**free ¼ lb**

Send 3d for a pound of Doctor's China Tea to-day. We will include 2 ozs. of the 4d and 2 ozs. of the 4d qualities as a FREE GIFT, together with name of nearest agent.



HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd., Dept. 87a, 23, Rood Lane, London, E.C.3.

## A New Hobby!

It is amazing to know that in these hard times one can collect gifts for the asking. None of our readers, we feel sure, would refuse an exquisite burnished aluminium casket, like beaten silver, or a handsome red and gold casket, reproducing beautiful Japanese lacquer—each filled with a delicious variety of best quality chocolates.

These caskets and chocolates are extraordinarily good. All you have to do is to collect Fry's Breakfast Cocoa labels, and write to them at Bristol for particulars.

You will find also that they make delightful presents for giving away to your own friends.



THE LITTLE ONES CAN BE SAVED—  
made whole and happy if you will send to

## THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, Vincent Square, Westminster,

your mite towards the expenses.

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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER

# Lady Pamela's Letter

**D**EAR COUSIN DELIA,—The next few months will see the arrival in England of large numbers of visitors, most of whom are our overseas cousins returning home after perhaps a long period of exile. I was reading with interest the other day the suggestion of a thoughtful writer that we, the stay-at-homes, must be careful to give the right impression to our visitors. They are 'just as much members of the British Empire as we are, and although we have stayed at home and they have wandered far afield, we cannot claim superiority on that score. Any hint of patronage or of superiority must be taboo. We must remember that our overseas cousins have just as much claim on our historic landmarks and beauty spots as we have; possibly more, for custom has made us blind to their interest and charm, whereas our visitors greet them with eager appreciation.

Another point to remember is that, as far as we can, we must all take our share in giving a hospitable welcome to our guests. This need not mean costly entertaining, but a friendly and informal kindness towards those overseas visitors with whom we happen to come in contact. If we all live up to this, there will be an atmosphere of goodwill and friendship which will do much to knit more closely the bonds which link together all members of the British Empire.—Your affectionate cousin,

PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

**CURE FOR FRECKLES.** Edith.—During the coming summer and early spring you must try to avoid exposing your face to the hot rays of the sun. Before going out you can rub a little of this preparation into the skin. Take 2 oz. of boro-glycerine ointment and beat it into  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of rose-water. Another lotion which is sometimes useful is made by mixing together 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice, 2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar and 30 drops of spirits of wine. Paint this on the freckles when the face is cool.

**CHILDREN AND SWEETS.** Merlin (Harrow).—It is quite an old-fashioned idea that sweetmeats are not good for children. Nowadays doctors agree that a certain amount of sugar in the diet is good for both grown-ups and children alike, and what pleasanter form can be chosen than Clarmino Lily Brazils? They

are perfectly pure and wholesome, and have a delicious flavour. By all means pass them round after every meal. You will find they are much appreciated, and another advantage is this, their price is reasonable.

**FOR THE "FLU."** Derrick (Colchester).—You are certainly unfortunate in falling so often a victim to "flu." You had better take Cephus, which will not only enable you to recuperate quickly from the last attack, but will help to ward off future ones. It is very trying and depressing to be so subject to this dread complaint, but I feel sure you will derive much benefit from the use of Cephus. If you write to the makers, Cephus, Ltd., Blackburn, for a free sample and mention THE QUIVER, they will forward it at once.

**A WAKEFUL BABY.** Worried Mater (Derby).—It is indeed a serious matter when so young a baby not only sleeps very little during the day, but is also wakeful at night. The broken nights are bad for him and also very bad for you. I am inclined to think that there is something wrong with baby's diet. I suggest that you get the Allenburys infant diet suited to his age and give it regularly according to the directions supplied. If you do this the child's appetite will be satisfied, he will digest and thrive on the food, and healthy sleep will follow as a natural sequence.

**SOOTHING TO THE SKIN.** Emmeline (Torquay).—Your skin is evidently particularly sensitive, and the bleak winds of early spring irritate and chafe it. Personally I think Beetham's La-rola is unrivalled as a soothing and pleasant lotion for both hands and face. Apply a little of the lotion after washing, and you will find your skin keeps beautifully white and smooth in spite of the vagaries of the climate.

**A FREE CAMERA OFFER.** Smith Minor (Welshpool).—As you tell me you are under 16 you can certainly avail yourself of the offer made by Messrs. Wright, of Coal Tar Soap fame. Ask your mother and friends to save you the wrappers from the cakes of the Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and when you have 40 send them to Camera Dept. 02, Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd., Southwark, London, S.E.1. The camera offered is most attractive, and will take pictures  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. in size, so it is just what you want.

**HOME STUDY.** Ambitious Girl (Reading).—Your determination to make the very best use of your talents is very praiseworthy. As you have such facility for languages, it would have been very nice if you could have spent a year or two abroad, but you need not distress yourself because that is impossible. I suggest that you get into touch with Pitman's School.

## THE QUIVER

They issue a free booklet on "Home Study," which they will send you on request if you mention this magazine. They offer many postal courses of instruction, including excellent teaching of modern languages. You can make your choice and pursue at home your study of the languages you select.

**A SPLENDID SOAP.** Busy Bee (Lincoln).—The soap you mean is called Preservene. You cannot do better than use it, and you will find it a wonderful help in lightening the labour of housework. On washing day it is a tremendous help, and does away with the ordinary drudgery of the wash-tub. It is also economical in use, an important point to most housewives in these hard times.

**FOR THE HAIR.**—Titania (Ilfracombe).—Probably the long period of ill health from which you have only just emerged accounts for the lack-lustre appearance of your hair. With a little attention in the matter of shampooing it will soon recover. Wash it once a fortnight, using one of Evan Williams' shampoo powders. These are not only delightful to use, but they also make the hair soft and easy to dress and make it glossy.

**FOR THE HOME.** Dorcas (Kingswood).—The spring is certainly the best time to introduce improvements and fresh decorations into the house. The sun has a way of peering into dark corners and revealing the shabbiness of loose covers and curtains which we do not notice in the dark days of winter. If you want to get some new ideas for your window curtains and cretonnes, write to Messrs. Williamson and Cole, of Clapham. They will send you, if you mention *THE QUIVER*, a charming illustrated booklet full of helpful suggestions about furnishing and home decoration.

**PROTECTION FROM INFECTION.** Constant Reader (Hull).—Yes, it is certainly true that in trains and omnibuses we run great risk of infection from other people. When an unpleasant complaint like influenza is about it is only prudent to fortify ourselves against infection. Nostroline is highly recommended for this purpose. Just place a little in your nostrils and sniff it up and you are well protected when you go into any crowded place.

**FOR THE LIBRARY.** Book-lover (Caterham).—You are very fortunate to possess so many nice books, but the question of housing them seems to present difficulties. Your idea of turning the now-disused nursery into a library is excellent. You can line the walls with bookcases, and I personally recommend you to get the "Oxford" sectional bookcase made by Messrs. Baker, of Oxford. These bookcases possess the great advantage that you can add sections as your library grows, and there is no visible join between the sections, so the appearance is always pleasing. You had better write, mentioning *THE QUIVER*, and ask for their illustrated catalogue, which will be very helpful to you.

**EASTER HOLIDAYS.** Paterfamilias (Croydon).—It is quite a good idea to take the family away for the Easter holidays. As your house is rather small, I can quite understand that

when all your young people come back from school you feel rather cramped. Why not go to Bournemouth? It is delightful in the early spring, and there is a splendid daily train service.

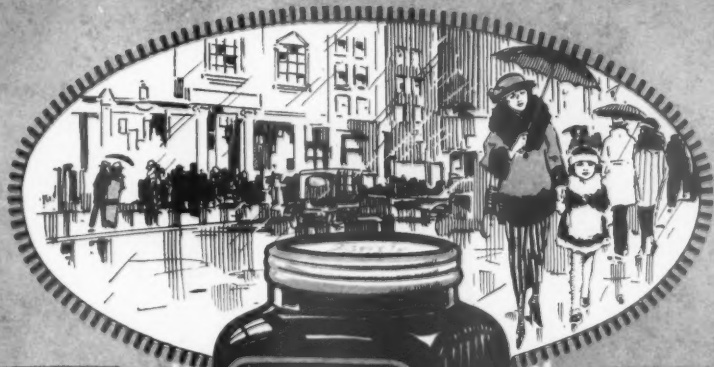
**TEA FOR A DYSPÉPTIC.** Anxious (Lichfield).—If you have always enjoyed tea you will, of course, miss it if you give it up. Fortunately there is no reason why you should, but you must always take Doctor's China Tea, from which all excess of tannin is eliminated. This tea is therefore quite harmless to invalids and sufferers from dyspepsia, so you can take it and enjoy it, feeling confident that it cannot do you any harm. It has, besides, a delicious flavour, very delicate and pleasing.

**WHERE TO BUY CARPETS.** Ivy M. (Denbigh).—Your new home sounds delightful, and when you have the new curtains and carpets it will be very comfortable. You cannot do better than write to Messrs. Hodgson and Sons, of Leeds, for particulars of their wonderful offer of a carpet for 14s. 6d. As you want to re-carpet several rooms you might well accept their offer of two carpets and two rugs for 28s. 6d., which is really a remarkable bargain.

**A FURNISHING HINT.** R. L. M. (Sutton).—There is certainly a great deal of satisfaction in choosing the furniture for your future home. As you know exactly the sum you mean to spend, and have apportioned it between the different rooms, why not get some really good second-hand furniture? You will get excellent value for your money at W. Jelks and Sons, and they have a really wonderful show of bargains in their large showrooms. Your best plan would be to send for the bargain booklet they offer to readers of this magazine, and having previously studied it, you can then come up to London and make your final selection. This firm also will arrange easy terms with their customers if cash payment is inconvenient.

**LEARNING BY POST.** N. R. (Oswestry).—Personally I think you would be making a mistake if you came to London for purposes of study. From what you tell me of your circumstances you cannot really afford it and the expense is unnecessary, for you can get postal tuition which will serve your purpose admirably. The International Correspondence Schools, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, offer courses in the subjects you mention, and if you write to them for full particulars and terms you will, I am sure, consider this by far your best method of obtaining the instruction you desire.

**A Dainty Handbag.** Lucie (Exeter).—You tell me you are very fond of wearing black and find it suits you better than a colour, and yet you do not want to give the impression that you are wearing mourning. You can introduce a touch of colour in your hat—a ribbon cockade or bow would conform with to-day's fashion—and you can carry a handbag which repeats the same colour. A metal handle looks smart, and you can easily mount it with an effective ribbon covering. The handsome moiré ribbons now so fashionable wear well, and you can use a softer silk ribbon as lining to the handbag.



1/1 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>  
1/10  
3/6  
PER JAR



1/1 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>  
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*Be weather proof!*

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*The Gift of Spring*

# BIRD'S Custard

Rhubarb



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